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TALES OF THE CASTLE:
OR,
S T O R I E S
OF
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

V O L. II.

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TALES OF THE CASTLE

OF THE

DELIGHT.



VOL.

5271

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

S T O R I E S

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLÉES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata fia,
Meno a chi l'udirà noiosa fia?

ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOLE.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

Printed for Messrs. PRICE, MONCRIEFFE, JENKIN,
WALKER, BURTON, EXSHAW, WHITE,
BYRNE, PARKER, H. WHITE-
STONE, and CASH.

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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

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INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLES DU CHATEAU

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY M. CAMILLE COMTE DE CHATELAIN

ATTORNEY OF THE TREATY OF EDUCATION,
AMERICA AND THEODORE GOSWELL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS H. CROFT.



ASSISTED

And the board, with pleasant French grace,
Care then to exercise the dancing class;
So, while my Mole pursues her varied train,
The following Tale the taverners relate.

MOORE.

V O L I M

D U B L I N :

Printed for Messrs. Price, Moncrieff, Jenkins,
Walker, Burton, Keshaw, White,
Byrne, Parker, H. White,
Stone, and Linn.

MOORE.

THE
TALES OF THE CASTLE.

ALPHONSO AND DALINDA,

OR, THE
MAGIC OF ART AND NATURE.

A MORAL TALE.

Ce n'est point en se promenant dans nos campagnes cultivées, ni même en parcourant toutes les terres du domaine de l'homme, que l'on peut connoître les grands effets des variétés de la nature : c'est en se transportant des sables burlans de la Torride aux glacières des Poles, &c. (a) M. DE BUFFON.

ALPHONSO, the hero of my history, was born in Portugal. His father, Don Ramirez, enjoyed riches and preferment because he was a favourite. Born of an obscure family, but with

(a) It is not by walking in our cultivated fields, it is not in riding post through any habitable country, that the great varieties and effects of nature may be known, but in transporting oneself from the burning sands of the torrid zone, to the icy mountains of the Poles.—M. DE BUFFON.

VOL. II.

B

a subtle,

a subtle, intriguing, and ambitious character, he introduced himself at court, found protectors, formed partizans, and became at last the idol of his sovereign. The young Alphonso was educated at Lisbon, in the sumptuous palace of his father: an only son to the richest and most powerful man in the kingdom, adulation kneeled at his cradle, accompanied and corrupted his youth.

Don Ramirez, occupied by great projects and little cabals, could not be at the same time an assiduous courtier, and a vigilant father; he was therefore obliged to commit the care of his son's education to strangers. Alphonso had teachers of languages, history, geography, mathematics, music, and drawing, all of whom wondered, or pretended to wonder, at his prodigious capacity and strength of genius. Notwithstanding which, Alphonso learnt little except to draw flowers, and play a few airs on the guittar.

This was sufficient to charm all the ladies of the Court, especially when he gave them to understand he was also a profound mathematician, an excellent naturalist, and a great chymist. Neither did he tell them any thing he did not himself believe; for his governor, his teachers, his valets, and the croud of complaisant people that paid their court to his father, all declared he was a miracle so repeatedly, he could not doubt of its being a certain fact.

He not only supposed himself the most distinguished young man at court, by his talents, beauty, and knowledge, but he likewise believed his birth to be as illustrious as his fortune. Don Ramirez, during his leisure moments, had invented a list of his forefathers, as far back as the fabulous times

times of Lufus (a); which genealogy, every body but his son laughed at; the world is not apt to credit old titles, never heard of till the pretended owner is become rich. Alphonso, however, too vain not to be credulous on such a subject, saw no one superior to his father, except his sovereign, and the branches of the royal family; and yet Alphonso, inebriated with pride, full of ignorance, folly, and presumption, spoiled by pomp, flattery, and fortune's favours, Alphonso, I say, was yet not lost past retrieving; he was possessed of courage, a feeling heart, and a good understanding; and the inconstancy of fortune was preparing a lesson, that should teach him to know himself.

As Don Ramirez owed his elevation only to intrigue, so a new intrigue unexpectedly changed his destiny; he was disgraced and stript of all his employments, just as Alphonso was seventeen. This unforeseen revolution not only deprived Don Ramirez of titles that flattered his pride, but also of a great part of his wealth; and he was one of those little ambitious people, who equally regret titles and riches: besides he was in debt, and his disgrace made his creditors as pressing and importunate, as they had been formerly moderate and forbearing; in fine, Don Ramirez saved nothing of all his fortune, except his magnificent palace at Lisbon.

It is true, that this palace contained immense riches, in furniture, plate, paintings, and especially in diamonds; all which Don Ramirez only

(a) The Portuguese were anciently called Lusitanians, from Lufus or Lylas, one of their kings, who, according to the fable, was either the son or companion of Bacchus.

waited for a favourable opportunity to sell, when a dreadful adventure happened, which gave the finishing stroke to his misfortunes. He had not yet ventured to tell his son, that the state of his affairs forced him to sell his palace, and return into the country. At last he determined to declare his real situation, and accordingly sent for him one morning, to open his heart to him on that subject.

As soon as they were alone, tell me, Alphonso, said Don Ramirez, what effect has my disgrace, and the loss of my fortune had upon you? I have always thought, my father, said Don Alphonso, from having always heard, during your prosperity, that never ministry was so glorious as your's, nor ever minister so loved and respected by a nation: the love of the people, therefore, and the glory you have acquired, ought to console you for your unjust disgrace. Besides, you have so many friends, who, no doubt, will all return as usual, the moment you shall wish them so to do. Don Nugnez, Don Alvarez, and many others whom I have met, have all protested as much to me; several of them have even told me, that they have only seemed to absent themselves, the better to serve you in secret: add to which, you still have an immense fortune, and an illustrious birth; and in spite of the snares of envy, will ever remain the first Peer of the realm.

You are deceived, Alphonso, interrupted Don Ramirez; what are you ignorant, that the name of my father was absolutely unknown?

I know it was replied Alphonso; but I also know, that the old titles which you have retraced in our family, make it equal to any in the kingdom. You yourself, my father, have deigned to

read

read those precious proofs of honour, which are contained in the casket that is locked up in the cabinet.

Don Ramirez listened and sighed; he had had the ridiculous vanity to purchase a genealogy, and never sufficiently felt, till his disgrace, how superfluous, unworthy, and contemptible is such deceit. At last he saw what flattery till then had hidden, which was, that, except his son, every body knew his birth, and laughed at the silly pretensions. He wished to undeceive Alphonso, but could not resolve to confess a falsity which must make him appear so mean.

He was in this mournful perplexity and silence, when he was suddenly staggered, and saw Alphonso reel; the colour forsook his cheeks, and he rose; save yourself, my father, cried Alphonso, support yourself on my arm, follow—come——

So saying, he impetuously hurried his father away; at the same instant a thousand confused cries were heard; they ran towards the stair-case, and as they ran, the floor opened beneath the feet of Alphonso, who, that he might not drag his father down to destruction, quitted the arm of Don Ramirez, instantly sunk, and seemed buried in the ruins.

Alphonso had the good fortune, however, to be only slightly wounded; he rose, and found himself in his father's cabinet: amongst the rubbish which surrounded him, were two caskets, one containing the jewels of his father, the other, the so much vaunted genealogy. Alphonso did not hesitate, willing to save, amidst this dreadful disaster, that which appeared to him most precious, he seized the box of titles, and fled into the garden; but recollecting the danger of his father, was deter-

mined, at the hazard of his life, again to enter the house, when he heard Don Ramirez calling him at the other end of the garden.

It was not without difficulty they rejoined each other; the earth on which they trod, like the sea agitated by a violent tempest, rose in mountains, or sunk in dreadful valleys beneath Alphonso's feet. His ear was struck by a subterranean sound, like the roaring of waves furiously breaking upon the rocks; he staggered, fell, got up, and fell again, and unable to keep upon his feet, crept on all fours, with great difficulty, towards his father. He saw the earth open on all sides, and forming gulphs, whence issued fire and flame, which rose and vanished in the air; the heavens became dark, the pale and livid lightning pierced through the black clouds that covered them, the deep thunders rolled, and Alphonso beheld the bolts of heaven ready to fall on his head, and hell opening beneath his feet.

Often when he imagined himself within a step of his father, a new shock threw him at a distance; the sweat ran down his face, his cloaths and hair were covered with sand and dust: yet, amidst the scene of horrors, he never abandoned his dear casket; he imagined Don Ramirez would receive it with transport: that idea sustained his courage and his strength. At last he rejoined his father, who received him with open arms, though with an aching heart. Oh my father! cried Alphonso, look, I have saved the casket.

The jewels! hastily interrupted Don Ramirez.

No, no, replied Alphonso, I knew better how to chuse; it is your genealogy.

Don Ramirez, in dreadful consternation, raised his eyes to heaven; I am justly punished, said he, for

for my ridiculous vanity. He could say no more, his tears interrupted his speech. Alphonso, too much prepossessed and agitated to comprehend the meaning of these words, continued in his former error, and thought only of saving his father. A moment's calm left them time to consider the mournful objects that surrounded them.

They sat down opposite their palace, now half destroyed: that magnificent palace, built within the last ten years, that palace so new, so rich, so admired, is now only a heap of ruins. Whoever had beheld the bare walls, the mouldered columns, the glassless windows, would have believed that time alone could have produced so terrible a revolution! Ages seemed necessary to destroy a monument built with so much solidity, and yet the fearful destruction is the work of a few minutes!

The garden too, the master-piece of art and nature, is now an unmeaning chaos of dust, mud, and mouldered leaves. In the morning there was seen a superb cascade, where is it now? In the very spot where an artificial mount was raised, at a prodigious expence, gapes a dreadful gulph. What are become of the citron groves, the marble statues, the vases of alabaster and of porphyry? A few vestiges still remain, a few broken fragments, the rest is swallowed up and lost!

Don Ramirez looked at the surrounding dissolution; he was sitting near a little wood, that had risen beneath his own eyes; the trees are all torn up by the roots, scattered here and there, buried or extended in the mire: those trees, destined to survive the hand that planted them, are torn from the bosom of the earth, with as much ease and rapidity, as the verdure and yielding flowers that grew beneath their shade.

Oh!

Oh! day of horrors! cried Don Ramirez aloud; lost labours, treasures interred in this place of terrors; why did not I make a better use of the money this building and this garden have cost? But the earthquake is abated (1), let us endeavour to regain the ruins, let us save my diamonds if possible.

So saying, he arose, and at the same instant a new and dreadful shock extended him again upon the ground: the remaining walls tumbled, the rubbish was ingulfed, and the palace disappeared; a whirlwind, and cloud of smoke and dust rose as it were at his feet; yet, amidst this scene of desolation, Don Ramirez perceived a moment after a band of hardened wretches, bearing lighted torches, and creeping towards the ruins of the palace, with an intent, before the last shock, to pillage (2).

Alphonso wished to punish such unbridled villainy, and would have rushed upon them, had not his father caught and retained him in his arms. Oh! my son, said Don Ramirez, bathing him with a deluge of tears, let us fly from this scene of horrid destruction we are near the banks of the Tagus, let us seek shelter and safety on board the ships.

Alphonso lent one arm to his father, held the casket in the other, left the garden, and entered one of the public squares; the houses were all in ruins, overthrown, or consumed, by the flames of a general conflagration. After a thousand fearful risks, Don Ramirez and the young Alphonso, at last found protection on board a vessel, commanded by the brave and generous Fernandes. The same Fernandes, who formerly had so much cause to complain of Don Ramirez, but who,
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in this time of public calamity, saw only in an ancient enemy an unhappy man, to whom his assistance was become necessary. He ran to Don Ramirez, embraced and consoled him; for compassion in great minds is so forcible and so delicate, that it can soften woes the most cruel. In the mean time, as Fernandes did not once bewail his own situation, Don Ramirez questioned him concerning it. You had, said he, a great fortune, is it not all lost in this dreadful day?

My house at Lisbon is consumed.

The loss is, no doubt, considerable.

No; the building was small and simple.

Your jewels and diamonds; are they saved?

I had none.

You had a garden.

Yes; but far removed from Lisbon, where I passed the greatest part of my time; it is in Alentejo (a).

I have heard of it, and hope to God the earthquake has not ravaged that province. Is your country-house a fine one?

No; but is convenient.

Have not you formed some advantageous establishments there?

Some satisfactory ones; a manufactory, and a hospital. (Don Ramirez sighed).

Is your manufactory profitable?

Yes; it gives subsistence to a number of workmen, and defrays in part the expences at the hospital.

I see you make a worthy use of your wealth; heaven preserve it to you. It is, indeed, horrible, to be ruined with a benevolent heart, and to be

(a) A province of Portugal, between the Tagus and the Guadiana. Evora is the metropolis.

obliged to relinquish such honourable, such glorious establishments.

One should find consolation in the remembrance of the good one had formerly done.

Don Ramirez again fetched a profound sigh, and bitterly regretted the use he had made of his fortune; his eyes at last were opened; but too late, alas! either for his glory or repose.

Thus totally ruined, Don Ramirez received from his sovereign, thanks to the solicitations of the noble Fernandes, a small pension, though sufficient to afford the means of subsistence. With this he determined to retire to the province of Beira, whither he departed with his son, and settled in an obscure but pleasant retreat, on the agreeable banks of the Mondego; but, followed by deep regret and incessant recollection, he found not the tranquillity he sought.

Alphonso, devoted to ambition, and nothing abated in presumption and pride, consoled himself for the loss of fortune, by the hope, that in time, he should establish a more brilliant, and far more solid one than what his father's had been. He formed a thousand extravagant and chimerical projects, the absurdity of which his ignorance and vanity did not suffer him to perceive: incapable of reflecting and employing his time in a useful and rational manner, he passed a great part of it in reading romances; these frivolous and dangerous books heated his imagination, and gave him false ideas of men and things.

Not far from the retreat he inhabited, was the famous Fountain of Love; a name it owed to two unfortunate lovers, who, in ancient times, often met on its brinks, drawn thither by an imprudent passion. There it was that Don Pedro,
and

and the beautiful, the tender Ines, a thousand times discoursed of their secret loves (a). Two antique palm-trees overshadowed the Fountain, united to each other by a flexible garland of vine branches and ivy. The water rises impetuously from a majestic rock, returns in a cascade, and forms upon a bed of shells, a large rivulet, which slowly winds, and gently murmurs among eternal verdures, shrubs of myrtle, of citron, and the laurel rose.

Thither Alphonso often went to read and ruminate. One morning, happening to go later than ordinary, he heard, as he drew near the Fountain, two persons speaking in an unknown tongue: in one of their voices Alphonso found an inexpressible sweetness, which wonderfully, excited his curiosity; he hid himself, with emotion, behind a myrtle bush, through the branches of which he discovered an object most worthy of fixing his attention: a young nymph, for so she seemed, scarce fifteen, of the most perfect beauty, was sitting on the banks of the Fountain beside a man, who appeared to be her father; to him she was listening with the utmost attention, and by her looks it was evident, he was reciting some interesting event.

As he proceeded, he often pointed to the palm-trees and the fountain, whence Alphonso supposed he was relating the history of the unhappy Ines. The angelic listener had fixed her eyes upon the unknown relater, and kept a profound silence; but, from the expression of her countenance, her

(a) Such is the tradition. This fountain still exists in Portugal, near the Mondego, and is called the Fountain of Love. Camoens, in his beautiful poem of the *Lusiad*, gives birth to this fountain, from the tears which the nymphs of the Mondego shed at the death of Ines.

thoughts might easily be divined; curiosity, fear, and pity, were successively painted in her eyes; and with so much energy, that Alphonso imagined himself was hearing a tale that she was telling; he saw her tears, and wept with her the death of Ines. Presently her eyes became suddenly dry, her cheeks pale, and terror and indignation succeeded to pity. Alphonso shuddered in sympathy, detesting the excess to which passion and a desire of vengeance, had carried the unfortunate Don Pedro.

The history of Ines is ended, and yet the stranger continues speaking: no doubt he is making prudent reflections on the danger of the passions, and on the criminal and fatal imprudence of a young woman, who without the consent of her parents, dared to chuse for and dispose of herself.

The beauteous hearer ran to the arms of the stranger, with all the expression of the strongest feeling; then turned her glistening eyes towards that Fountain, which had formerly been a witness of the indiscreet vows of love: she sighed, fell on her knees, raised her clasped and eager hands to heaven, and seemed to promise the author of her days an eternal obedience; her beauty in that attitude, had something celestial and angelic.

Alphonso could not contain his extatic transports; an exclamation escaped aloud, and fearing to be discovered, he hastily fled from his hiding-place, full of the idea of what he had seen. He followed the first path he found, but presently awaking from his dream, again returned towards the Fountain. The beauteous stranger was gone, and Alphonso contemplated with grief the place where she had sat, and thought he still saw her

on

on her knees before her father. The next moment he remembers her absence, his heart is oppressed, his eyes filled with tears, he is plunged into a profound and melancholy meditation, when suddenly he hears a cry of terror, which pierces him to the very heart.

He runs, he flies; but what does he behold! It is the stranger alone, pale, dishevelled, and flying from a mad bull that pursues her. Alphonso darts towards her, seizes her in his arms, and bears her off, at the very moment, when overcome by the excess of fear, she was fallen, not ten paces from the furious animal.

Alphonso charged with a burthen so precious, rapidly turns aside behind the palm-trees of the Fountain, and bears her senseless in his arms in safety upon a high rock.

Here he perceived the father of the stranger running wild, and as soon as he saw his daughter in safety blessing God and her deliverer. At the same instant the bull returned, and bent his course towards the father, who had not time to avoid him or mount the rock. In vain did Alphonso still hold his senseless prize in one arm, and extend the other towards her father; the latter cried aloud to him in Portuguese, not to abandon his daughter on that dangerous summit, and ran himself immediately behind one of the largest of the palm-trees of the Fountain.

The bull endeavoured to pass between them; the passage was narrow, he was in full speed, his body became fixed between the trees, and his head and horns entangled in the festoons of ivy and vine-trees. The stranger seized the moment, drew an etwee case from his pocket, opened it, took out a pin, and ran it in the back of the bull; but

but how great was the surprize of Alphonso ! when he heard the bull bellow dreadfully, saw him drop, struggle to rise, again fall down, and, after a few vain efforts, expire.

Nay now, but sure, cried all the children at once, that is not possible.

Pardon me, said Madame de Clémire, but it is.

What, mamma ! cried Caroline, a bull killed by the prick of a pin !

Yes my dear, it is very true.

Then I hope you will not say, said Pulcheria, I was so very wrong, to cry when the rose thorns pricked my fingers.

That thorn was not quite so dangerous as the pin of the stranger.

Was it very long, mamma ?

Much shorter than the pins with which I pin on my hat.

This seems incredible. Shall we find the explanation of this prodigy in your notes ?

Assuredly.

That will be very curious.

Oh, I have many more things, far more astonishing, to tell you yet.

It is a delightful story : do, dear mamma, have the goodness to go on, we will not interrupt you any more.

Alphonso, declared Madame de Clémire, was not less surprized than you are at the sudden death of the bull ; amazement rendered him motionless, while the stranger ascended the rock and took his daughter in his arms, just as she began to recover the use of her senses and look round. Alphonso was not an unfeeling witness of the pure joy testified by the father and daughter ; the latter did not understand Portuguese, therefore could not thank Alphonso ; but she related
to

to her father in a few words, the dreadful danger from which she had been delivered.

The stranger testified a lively sense of gratitude towards the generous protector of his dear Dalinda, for that was the name of his lovely daughter; and while he spoke, Dalinda cast a tender glance at Alphonso, still more expressive than the thanks of her father. Alphonso, penetrated and enraptured, endeavoured to prolong a conversation so sweet, by questioning the stranger, concerning the manner in which he had been separated from his daughter; he replied, that he had been culling simples; that Dalinda, occupied after the same manner, was at some distance from him, but not out of sight; that lifting up his head, he had seen her running with incredible swiftness; that she had already got above six hundred yards from him, and that at the same moment he perceived the bull pursuing her; that he ran after her with all his power, but had stumbled over the trunk of an old tree and fallen.

Having finished his recital, Alphonso asked if he intended to stay long in Portugal? No, answered the stranger, we set off immediately for Spain, being desirous of seeing as much of that kingdom as possible. This intelligence threw Alphonso into the utmost consternation; he hung down his head, and was mournfully silent; the stranger, after again repeating his thanks and gratitude in the most affectionate terms, rose, took his leave, and disappeared with Dalinda.

Alphonso remained, some time, petrified, and scarcely seeming to breathe; at last, coming to himself, he flung impetuously from the fountain, and flew to find the stranger once again, to ask him a thousand questions, and especially to enquire what was his name, and what his country.

He

He wondered how it was possible he could have let him depart, without first gaining such interesting information. He ran here and there, like a madman, but all his searches were in vain.

Overcome with fatigue and despair, he returned once more to the Fountain. As he drew near, he saw something shining in the path, and approaching, found it was a large blue ribband, embroidered with gold; his heart beat, he knew it to be the scarf of Dalinda. It was in that very place that Dalinda, overcome with terror, had fallen senseless; and there it was that Alphonso, raising her in his arms, had untied the ribband that girded her waist.

Alphonso affected, stooped with transport and respect, to take up a ribband so precious; the sash of Dalinda was the cestus of innocence, and the girdle of the graces. He sighed, and vowed for ever to preserve a pledge so dear to his heart, which he had thus acquired by chance. In the mean time the hours glided away, Alphonso could not tear himself from the Fountain; and night and darkness had surprised him, still plunged in his reverie, if Don Ramirez had not come to search for him himself.

Don Ramirez had never taken any part in his son's education; had never asked, nor ever possessed his confidence. Alphonso did not mention his adventure to him; but, on the contrary, carefully concealed the thoughts and emotions of his soul. Devoted to the romantic ideas which seduced his imagination he had only one pleasure, that of passing his hours at the Fountain, where he first beheld Dalinda; there every thing recalled the object, which reason ought to have erased from his memory; here Dalinda, at the knees of
her

her father, was retraced in his fancy ; here, in his fixed thoughts, she still lived in all her bloom of beauty, adorned with every charm of innocence and virtue : near this shrubbery, Dalinda owed to him her life ; upon that rock she opened her eyes, and cast a look of sweet thankfulness upon Alphonso ; beneath these palm-trees did she sit, and that clear water once reflected her seraphic form.

Thus did Alphonso consume his days, in vain regrets upon the dangerous brink of this fatal spring. Such does fable paint the wretched Narcissus, a feeble victim of insensate love ; and so did Alphonso, pale, dejected, without force, without courage, fix his eyes, drowned in his tears, upon the Fountain of Love. The Echoes of this solitary place, which anciently so often resounded with the name of Ines, repeat at present only that of Dalinda. Dalinda is carved upon every tree, even on the very palm-trees, on which formerly Ines alone was read. Alphonso sung to his guitar the verses he had written on Dalinda, and engraved upon the rocks the rhymes that love and melancholy dictated.

These romantic follies totally occupied him for some time : but as the pleasures which reason disapproves are never durable, his imagination cooled by degrees, and wearisome disgust succeeded enthusiasm ; his songs and complaints began to cease, the Echoes of the Fountain became mute, and the trees, the streams, and verdure, no longer could inspire him with poetry and profound reveries.

Don Ramirez observed the alteration of body and mind which had happened to his son ; he questioned him, and Alphonso confessed himself dissatisfied

dissatisfied and consumed with *ennui*. He had not forgot, that the stranger told him he should remain some time in Spain; and Alphonso added, he ardently desired to travel through, and become acquainted with that country. Don Ramirez, who, for his own part, had none of those resources in himself, which make men fond of solitude, gladly seized this proposition, and two days after they departed for Spain. After traversing the province of Tralos-Montes, they entered Spain by Galicia; they then travelled through the northern part of Spain, the Asturias, Biscaye, Navarre, Arragon, and arrived at last in Catalonia (3).

Alphonso's passion for Dalinda was relumined by this voyage; the hope and the desire of once more finding her, acquired new force from thoughts which an enthusiastic imagination had at first produced. He was impatient to arrive at Madrid, thinking he could not fail to meet her in this metropolis; but Don Ramirez would absolutely remain some time in Catalonia, in order to visit the famous Mont-Serrat; this mountain, composed of steep rocks, is so high, that, when arrived on it's summit, the neighbouring mountains that surround it, seem so diminished, as to look little more than mole-hills; and the views from thence are the more majestic and extensive possible (a).

At the foot of one these solitary rocks is an antique monastery (b). " But the most interest-

(a) It is said you may see the islands of Majorca and Minorca from this place, which are more than sixty leagues distant. See *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne*, Tom. I.

(b) Saint Ignatius there devoted himself to penance, and there formed the design of founding the Society of Jesuits.

“ ing part of the mountain is the desert, in which
 “ are several hermitages, affecting asylums in the
 “ eyes of true philosophy; each of these retreats
 “ contain a chapel, a cell, a small garden, and
 “ a well, dug in the rock. The Hermits, who
 “ inhabit them, are most of them gentlemen,
 “ who disgusted with the world, come to this
 “ place of tranquillity and rest, and give them-
 “ selves up entirely to meditation (c).”

At break of day, Don Ramirez and his son began to ascend Mont-Serrat; the aspect of the mountain, might well have made them renounce their design; its prodigious elevation, and the enormous and craggy rocks which projected on every side, promised no agreeable walk; but in traversing these menacing steeps, delicious vallies, meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers, thickets formed by the simple hand of nature, and cascades, which throw themselves from the white and stoney ridges with animating tumult, give a thousand varieties, and embellish this solitude, which is become the fortunate refuge of peace and virtue (4).

Don Ramirez in entering the desert, met one of these Hermits reading as he walked. He was struck by his noble and venerable figure; he passed near them, and as Don Ramirez was speaking with his son, the Hermit hearing the Portuguese tongue, took his eyes from his book, and approached the strangers. He told Don Ramirez, how happy he was once more to meet a countryman, and invited them both to rest a while in his hermitage. The proposition was

(c) See the work last cited, Tom. I.

gratefully accepted, and the venerable Recluse brought them vegetables and fruits.

After the repast, Alphonso, desirous of continuing his walk, left them, telling his father he would wait for him in the desert. The old man led Don Ramirez to his garden, and there they sat themselves down beside a gentle water-fall, upon a rock overgrown with moss.

Don Ramirez, then addressing himself to the Hermit, said, what revolution, what cruel reverse of fortune, my father, can have torn you from our native country, and fixed you in this desert? It is easy to see by your manners, you were not born to end your days in a wilderness like this.

No, replied the Hermit, it has been my misfortune to know the world and the Court.

These words inspired Don Ramirez with the most ardent curiosity, which the Hermit consented to satisfy.

It imports you but little, said he, to know my name: I have been twelve years an inhabitant of this mountain. By this time they believe in Portugal that I am dead. I have devoted myself to oblivion, therefore I will not speak of my family but in as few words as possible, relate my deplorable story.

Madame de Clémire was continuing to read, but the Baroness gave the signal of retreat; in vain were several voices at once heard, entreating for one quarter of an hour more, the rule was absolute.

The following evening Madame de Clémire again opened her manuscript, and said, we left off yesterday, where the Hermit was going to recount his history. Don Ramirez listened; the Hermit sighed, and thus he said,

“My

“ My family is one of the most ancient in all
 “ Portugal. I received a good education, in-
 “ herited a tolerable fortune, and by my success
 “ in war, obtained the esteem and benefactions of
 “ my Sovereign, married a woman whom I
 “ loved, became a father, and of course perfectly
 “ happy.

“ Such was my situation when the late King
 “ died. This event deprived me of a beloved
 “ master, a protector and a father; for to a
 “ faithful subject a good King is all these. I re-
 “ tired from court to an estate in the country,
 “ and dedicated my time solely to the education
 “ of my son. This son, the object of a most
 “ tender affection, was superior even to my
 “ hopes.

“ As soon as he was of age proper to ap-
 “ pear at court, I entrusted him to the care of a
 “ relation, sent him to Lisbon, and remained in
 “ my country solitude. I was now, for the first
 “ time, separated from my son, and yet never was
 “ happier. I imagined his future success, and
 “ indulged the fondest hopes of his future
 “ fame.—Hope, though the most uncertain, the
 “ most deceitful, is yet, perhaps, the greatest of
 “ blessings, and which the heart of a father only
 “ can properly estimate. When our own in-
 “ terest produces the flattering illusion, it is mo-
 “ derated, enfeebled, or, perhaps, dispelled by
 “ fear; but what father ever yet prescribed bounds
 “ to the hopes he conceived of his son? Alas! I
 “ thought to have beheld some of mine realiz-
 “ ed!

“ My son set out with the most brilliant success.
 “ His name, his family, my services, which his
 “ presence brought again to remembrance, but
 “ especially

“ especially his understanding, good temper,
“ and accomplishments, obtained that respect at
“ Court, which the jealousy of courtiers looked
“ upon as the beginning of favour.

“ He saw a young lady of Lisbon, who, in
“ addition to personal attraction, talents, and
“ virtue, was of a noble family and large fortune.
“ My son aspired to her hand, I approved his
“ choice, and this attachment, authorized by my
“ approbation, fixed the short destiny of his life.
“ Her parents consented to a union, by which his
“ happiness would be ensured, but on-condition
“ that he obtained a place at Court. My son
“ asked a place, and he was promised one in
“ three months; it was only required he should
“ keep his success a secret, for reasons assigned,
“ till the moment of actual possession; with per-
“ mission, however, to inform the parents of his
“ mistress of the event, which he instantly did.

“ He was accordingly presented to the young
“ lady as her future husband, and she at this in-
“ terview, thus authorized, confessed an affection
“ for him, which crowned his felicity.

“ As the marriage was of course deferred, till
“ the period when he should be in actual enjoy-
“ ment of his promised place, he tore himself
“ from Lisbon, and came to tell me all his hap-
“ piness. I had then the pleasure to hold in
“ my arms, and press to my bosom, the child
“ whom I so dearly loved, and whom I consider-
“ ed as at the height of all his wishes. Alas!
“ while I supposed myself the most fortunate of
“ fathers, a Barbarian, a Monster, was forming
“ the black plot, which at once deprived me of
“ wife and son.

“ My

“ My son’s natural candour, prevented him
 “ from suspecting the probity of a traitor, who
 “ only wished his confidence, that he might ruin
 “ him with greater certainty. This wretch, who
 “ had been dragged from obscurity, by the caprice
 “ of his Sovereign, imagined he beheld in him
 “ a dangerous rival; but, dissembling his jealousy,
 “ he fought, and soon obtained the friendship of
 “ the unsuspecting youth.”

Don Ramirez was greatly disturbed at this part of the Hermit’s recital, but the old man perceived not his emotion, and continued his story.

“ When my son solicited the place of which
 “ he was so desirous, he trusted the secret to that
 “ abominable man, who not having, just at that
 “ instant, the power to injure him, pretended to
 “ second his request and participate his joy; but
 “ the absence of my son gave him an opportunity
 “ to exercise his fiend-like malignancy. He knew
 “ his own ascendancy over the King; he calum-
 “ niated my son, and inspired a young and in-
 “ experienced Prince with false fears; the gift
 “ was revoked, the place given to a creature of
 “ this unworthy favourite, and my son exiled the
 “ Court. By his Majesty’s order, I was first in-
 “ formed of this terrible calamity, which forbid
 “ my son to quit his country-seat; and my son,
 “ at the same time, received a letter from the
 “ young lady he loved, which contained these few
 “ words:

“ You have most unworthily deceived us; we
 “ know, from the best authority, the place now
 “ disposed of, was never promised you; forget,
 “ therefore, the name of one, who will never for-
 “ give herself for having once esteemed you.

“ After

“ After having read this fatal billet, my son
“ exclaimed, Thus then I have lost the woman I
“ loved, and am dishonoured! In saying this,
“ his knees violently knocked together, the blood
“ forsook his face, and he dropped into my arms.
“ He was taken to bed, whence he never rose;
“ a violent fever for ever deprived me of him in
“ less than a week. Oh horrible remembrance!
“ Oh most unfortunate father!

“ His unhappy mother, a witness of the vio-
“ lent emotions of her son, seemed equally struck;
“ her reason became disordered, in a few hours
“ she lost the use of it, yet appeared sensible of
“ her afflictions, and at last, a victim to maternal
“ love, sunk into the same grave with her son.

“ Condemned to live, I supported life only by
“ the hope of vengeance. Oh thou! cried I,
“ Sovereign Arbitrator of the fate of miserable
“ mortals! Being Supreme! whose heavy hand
“ has fallen upon me! deign, at least, from the
“ bottom of that abyss in which thy wrath
“ has plunged me, deign to hear the cries of my
“ despair! The voice of the oppressed can reach
“ thee, and never hast thou rejected his prayer.
“ I aspire not to happiness, that is for ever
“ lost; 'tis vengeance I ask, 'tis justice I im-
“ plore. May the perfidious wretch, whose in-
“ fernal arts have robbed me of my wife and son,
“ lose at once fortune and favour. He is a fa-
“ ther; let him weep bitterness, like me, and
“ may he, above all, be unhappy in his son!”

The Hermit stopped, he saw Don Ramirez
look wildly round, and rise from his seat. You
tremble, said he; my excess of hatred, and desire
of revenge, has made you afraid of hearing the
remainder of my story; but fear not, I have no-
thing

thing farther of tragic to tell. Heaven converted my heart; I soon abhorred the revenge which religion condemns.

Don Ramirez again moved, without answering; and, after a few minutes, astonishment and terror made him motionless; then suddenly starting—Where am I! cried he; in what asylum!

What is the meaning, sir, said the Hermit, of the fearful agitation in which I see you? What imprudence have I been guilty of? Is my persecutor known to you? Is he your friend?

This Persecutor! this Barbarian! this Monster! was Ramirez!

It was, sir, I confess it; he was the author of all my misery.

This Ramirez! this---

Repeat not that dreadful name, sir, I shudder when I hear it.

Unhappy Alvarez! Learn at least, heaven has punished your enemy.

What say you? Does he no longer govern Portugal?

Ruined, stripped, without relations, without friends, he has little left but vain regret, and never ending remorse!

Does he suffer, I am sorry!

Sorry! Is it possible?

Doubt it not. But wherefore do you weep, sir? What ray of light breaks upon my mind! Oh God! Can it be?

Yes!—I am that wretch, cried Don Ramirez, casting himself at the Hermit's feet, who, penetrated with involuntary horror, drew back. Oh! reverend father, continued Don Ramirez, following on his knees, and seizing his vest, Stop, hear me, holy man! I own I have merited thy hatred;

no words can express the horror with which my presence ought to inspire thee, but remember I now am unfortunate. And yet I have a son, who might console, might—Oh! cease, holy father! to curse me! Cease to pray my son may make me more miserable!

Oh God! cried the Hermit; Don Ramirez! in this place—beneath this poor roof, a suppliant at my feet, and giving me the sacred title of father! a title formerly my greatest glory and my bliss! a title which he robbed me of—yet—fear nothing, said he, casting a look of compassion on Don Ramirez, I again repeat it, hatred has long been banished this bosom. Thou callest thyself unhappy; complaineest of fortune! Art thou persecuted? Art thou proscribed? Speak—This grotto shall become thy place of refuge; in partaking it with thee, I shall observe the holy rites of hospitality. Fear no unworthy reproaches; if my succour be necessary to thee, thou shalt find in me only the father and the friend.

Oh, greatness of soul, which confounds me! exclaimed Don Ramirez. Can man then raise himself to so sublime a degree of virtue?

No, Ramirez, answered the Hermit; seek not for that generosity in the heart of man, which is not in nature; admire not the feeble Alvarez, but acknowledge and adore the high hand of heaven.

Thus saying, he held out his arms, and advanced to embrace Don Ramirez, whose tears bedewed the bosom of the virtuous old man; that bosom, which formerly he had so cruelly torn.

A quarter of an hour after this reconciliation, Alphonso returned to the Hermitage. Don Ramirez took his leave of the Hermit, and quitted the

the mountain, bearing with him remorse the most grievous, and apprehensions the most fearful; he could not remove from his mind, the malediction so solemnly pronounced against him by Alvarez; he saw it's effect already in the loss of his fortune; and notwithstanding the generous pardon he had received, he felt himself too guilty not to dread the wrath of heaven, and it's justice towards the injured Alvarez. Alas! cried Ramirez, in his height of anguish, he remitted vengeance to the arm of GOD! Such vengeance must be terrible! Oh my son! thou art to become the instrument of my punishment; Alphonso must chastise his father; he is the avenger of Alvarez!

Full of these melancholy thoughts, Don Ramirez became absent, silent, and gloomy; often as he looked at his son, would the tears rush to his eyes; a vague dread would come over him, and an inexplicable terror seize his heart. He no longer felt the happiness of being a father.

They left Catalonia, after having visited Tarragona and Tortosa (5), and went to Madrid, where Alphonso vainly hoped once more to meet Dalinda. He learnt, however, from the description he gave of her she had been there; that her father was a Swede, his name Thelismar; that he intended to remain some time in Spain, and that he had taken the route to Grenada.

This intelligence, which he had been careful to procure unknown to his father, gave him an ardent desire to go to Grenada; and Don Ramirez, who every where carried his inquietude with him, readily consented to leave Madrid sooner than he had intended.

They went first to Toledo, where they saw the Alcazar, or ancient Moorish Palace (*a*); the architecture of which, is a mixture of the Roman, Gothic and Moriscan. What they most admired in this palace, was an hospital for the poor of the city and it's environs, established by the Archbishop of Toledo. This hospital contains manufactories and drawing schools. They educate about two hundred children, to whom they give a habit of labour, and a love of virtue. Old men and women likewise find an asylum in this ancient palace, thus consecrated by religion to suffering humanity (*6*).

After a short stay at Toledo, our travellers went to Cordova, in their route to which they crossed the Siena-Morena (*b*), a wild and uncultivated tract of land, which the active and beneficent genius of a single individual (*7*), has since metamorphosed into an habitable and agreeable country.

Cordova is built upon the borders of the Guadalquivir, and is overlooked by a chain of mountains, continually covered with verdure, which are a part of the Siena-Morena. This city, formerly so famous, retains little of it's ancient grandeur, except a large extent of ruins, and a superb Mosque, built by Abderama (*8*).

Don Ramirez staid three days at Cordova, and continued his journey. Alphonso saw not the walls of Grenada without emotion (*9*); he flattered himself he should find Dalinda in that city, but he did not long preserve that hope. Notwithstanding the cares of love, he was forcibly struck with the delightful situation of Grenada, the beauty of

(*a*) There is also an Alcazar or Moriscan Palace at Seville, but not so beautiful as that at Toledo.

(*b*) A long chain of mountains so called, for that being covered over with rosemary, holly, and other ever-greens, it appears black at a distance.

its buildings (10), and the antique and curious monuments, the remains of which, at every step, recall the remembrance of Moorish magnificence. Alphonso visited with rapture the Alhambra and Generalif, and amused himself in places full of inscriptions and verses, which retraced to his memory the ancient gallantry of Grenada's Kings, the misfortunes of the Abencerages, the persecutions and triumph of a virtuous Queen (11), and all the marvellous adventures with which history and romance abound.

Alphonso, however, more and more uneasy about Dalinda and her father, soon learnt they had left Grenada almost a fortnight, and were gone to Cadiz; and that they talked of staying there six weeks, and afterwards of embarking for the coast of Africa. This news afflicted him much; he endeavoured not to persuade his father to go thither, for Don Ramirez had declared Grenada should be the last place he would wander to, and that he would afterwards return to Portugal.

The desire of travelling, of finding Dalinda, the hope of making a great fortune, ambition, love, and especially, pride, idleness, and curiosity, inspired the culpable Alphonso, with the imprudent and cruel resolution of secretly flying to Cadiz, and abandoning his father. He felt great uneasiness in coming to this determination, but he suppressed such salutary remorse which he could not help feeling, and employed all his powers to find specious reasons that might excuse, and even dignify this criminal act.

My father, said he, has lost his fortune; he has only a small pension, not sufficient for both of us; in taking half his expence away, I shall double his income. I feel I am a charge to him; I even perceive my company is not so agreeable to him as

formerly; he is become pensive and silent, my conversation fatigues, and my presence lays him under restraint. Besides, in seeking to distinguish myself, and emerge from obscurity, is it not for him I labour; if I can procure wealth, to him shall it be dedicated. My absence may give him some uneasiness for a time, but my return will ensure his felicity.

Such were the reflexions of Alphonso, who sighed while thus he reasoned, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears. Had he consulted his heart, duty, honour, and reason would soon have resumed their functions; but he endeavoured to deceive himself and he succeeded; without the power, however, of totally stifling the voice of conscience.

He had taken care to seduce one of the servants into his design, and had consulted with him on the means of flight. It was agreed that Alphonso should go off in the evening; that the servant should wait for him at the city gate with two horses, on which they should ride without stopping as far as Loxe, to which place the servant knew the road.

Alphonso had no money. Certain jewels, which he happened to have about him on the day of the earthquake had been saved, all of which his father had sold, except two diamond rings which he had given his son. One of these Alphonso privately sold for four hundred piastres (about seventy guineas,) which he thought a sum sufficient to make the tour of the world if he pleased.

The day fixed for his flight he pretended a violent head-ache, in order to conceal his own anxiety, and induce Don Ramirez to go be-
times

times to bed. Accordingly, about eight o'clock, his father retired. Alphonso's heart was ready to burst when he bade him good night, and he ran and shut himself in his chamber, whither he was pursued by his remorse.

Bathed in tears, he writ to his father, to inform him of the motives of his flight, without mentioning what route he should take, or his passion for Dalinda. He sealed the letter, and left it on the table, that his father might find it on the morrow; then wrapping himself in a country-man's cloak, he put on thick-soled clouted shoes, took a staff in his hand, with his purse, and a pocket-book that contained his other ring, and Dalinda's sash properly concealed, opened a window, leaped into a court-yard, and went out of a private door, of which he had procured the key. He passed hastily along the streets, got through the city gate by means of his country disguise, found his servant waiting a little way out of town, mounted his horse, followed his guide, and proceeded towards Cadiz.

The darkness of the night would not permit him to travel as fast as he wished, while the fear of being pursued, the grief of leaving his father, his inquietude, remorse, and repentance, all stung him to the heart, and inspired him with a certain insurmountable terror, which was doubly increased by the blackness of night.

He had quitted Grenada about two hours, when he was awakened from his gloomy reverie by a most surprising phænomenon, surrounded as it were by the deep, the profound obscurity of night, darkness in an instant disappeared, and light, the most radiant, dazzled the astonished eyes of Alphonso. He raised his head amazed,

and beheld a globe of brightest fire in the heavens, precipitating itself some what horizontally towards earth, and augmenting as it fell. It exhibited a thousand dazzling colours, and left a long train of light that marked it's path in the atmosphere. Having traversed a part of the horizon, it began to rise again by degrees, and shot forth on all sides sparks, and blazing sheaves, that seemed like vast artificial fire-works. At length, the enormous ball opened, and sent forth two kinds of volcanos, which formed into two prodigious rainbows; the one of which vanished in the north, the other in the south; the fiery globe became extinct, and the most impenetrable darkness instantly succeeded to day-light the most fervent (12).

Alphonso was forcibly and irresistibly alarmed by this prodigy. All uncommon accidents are ill omens to a troubled conscience. This was highly so to him; his grief and doubts were doubled, he increased his pace to get rid of his fears, and galloped the rest of the night without stopping.

At day-break his Valet perceived they had lost their way, and had struck into a cross road. Alphonso looked round, and saw a barren mountainous country covered with rocks. Unable to discover any beaten track, he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and followed by his Valet, went towards one of the highest and nearest rocks, hoping to discover from it's summit the town of Loxe, from which he imagined they could not be far distant.

Observe, his country shoes were clouted with hob-nails all over; and his staff, being a Peasant's, had a thick iron ferrule at the end.

Scarcely had Alphonso proceeded twenty paces upon the rock he meant to ascend, when he felt his feet fixed to the stone! he could not lift! he could

could not stir them! and his staff too heavy to move, stood upright, and seemed to take root on this fatal rock! (13).

Oh, my father! cried he, heaven has undertaken to punish my ingratitude by a new, an unheard of miracle.

He could say no more. Remorse, astonishment, terror overwhelmed him; took away what little strength he had left, made him immoveable and mute, caused his hair to stand erect, and spread a death-like paleness upon his cheeks.

Oh dear, mamma! cried Pulcheria, is he changed to a statue?

Not entirely, answered Madame de Clémire smiling; though he himself dreaded he was, for that idea struck him as well as you.

And well it might, mamma. That invisible power that fixed him to the rock, might make him expect worse.

However, my dear, that invisible power was not supernatural. You remember I told you, the seeming marvellous in my story should all be true.

And yet the globe of fire, and the fatal rock, appear so extraordinary! But tell us, dear mamma, what became of poor Alphonso?

He remained petrified with terror in the situation I have described, when the sky became covered with clouds, the winds howled in the air, and the rain began to shower. But how was the terror, how was the horror of Alphonso increased, when he beheld that dreadful rain! When he saw, what he thought millions of huge round drops of blood, instantly cover the white rocks that surrounded him; felt them run in streams from his face, hands, and all parts of his body, and view-

ed rivers of blood descend on all sides to the green vallies ! (14)

Uncommon terror gave uncommon strength. Alphonso quitted his staff, which remained erect, planted on the rock, and with violent efforts wrenched his feet from the adhesive stone, and fell almost senseless on the sand.

His Valet soon after, shocked with the miraculous shower, came running, and assisted his master. He had been seeking a track which he had discovered, and, as soon as they could sufficiently recover their strength and recollection, they once more mounted their horses, and left this scene of horrors.

Arrived at Loxe, he staid two or three hours to recover, then ordered mules and a guide, and pursued his journey. He crossed Mount Orespeda (15), passed the ancient city of Antequerra, and did not stop till he came to Malaga. He arrived without any remarkable accident at Cadiz (a), and put up at the first inn he came to.

As he was going up stairs he heard a female singing, and accompanied by the harp. Alphonso trembled, and guided by the sound, approached the door of the apartment whence it issued. It was sure an Angel singing, and the harmony was heavenly ! He could not mistake the voice, it went to his heart. Delighted, ravished, astonished, he hastily descended the stairs, enquired for the master of the house, questioned him, and learnt his heart had not deceived him. Dalinda and Thelismar inhabited the house whither he had been conducted by chance.

(a) In going to Cadiz, it is necessary to take a boat at Port-Santa-Maria, a pretty town two leagues from Cadiz. The passage is dangerous, and the boats are frequently lost.

Transported with the discovery, he went into the court-yard, found which were the windows of his Love, and then went and locked himself in his own room, that he might enjoy his unexpected felicity without restraint.

In the afternoon he sent for a guittar, and in the evening, after supper, planting himself under Dalinda's window, with a trembling hand he ventured to strike a few arpeggios. The window opened, and fearing to be overheard by Thelismar, who understood Portuguese, Alphonso durst not sing the verses he had written on Dalinda at the Fountain of Love; but, in timid accents, and an irresolute voice, he sung the Torments of Absence.

In about a quarter of an hour the window was shut, and on the morrow Alphonso again began to sing, but in vain, it opened no more: and this rigour afflicted him as deeply, as though it had destroyed hopes that had some foundation.

Alphonso formed a thousand projects relative to his passion, and executed none of them. He ardently longed once more to see Dalinda, but never could determine to present himself as an adventurer. His intention, when he left his father, was to offer himself as a companion to Thelismar during his travels, not doubting but his knowledge and talents would make this proposition very acceptable; and supposing, likewise, that gratitude, for having saved the life of Dalinda, would put his reception out of doubt.

When passion forms projects, it is blind to all obstacles, will hear no objections; but fearing all reasons which may deter it from what it is previously determined to do, it never discovers it's own folly and imprudence till they are past remedy.

Full

Full of fear, incertitude, and hesitation, Alphonso could resolve upon nothing. He had carefully concealed himself from Dalinda and her father, when one night he was informed that Thelismar had prepared every thing for his departure, and that he was to go on board the *Intrepid* at break of day, which vessel was to carry him to Ceuta. (a)

This intelligence determined the irresolute Alphonso; he sold his remaining ring, went to the captain of the ship, obtained his passage, got on board before day-break, and took possession of his little cabin. He had not been there a quarter of an hour, before he heard the voice of Thelismar, and presently afterwards the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail.

Before dinner-time, when the passengers must meet at the Captain's table, Alphonso collected force enough to desire a moment's audience of Thelismar, which was immediately granted; and with the anxiety and agitation impossible to paint, he entered the cabin. Thelismar was alone, and turning his head at the creaking of the door, he beheld Alphonso. He could not forget the deliverer of his daughter; he instantly rose, ran to Alphonso, and embraced him with all the warmth of the most tender friendship.

Transported with joy, Alphonso felt hope spring in his heart! He answered the questions of Thelismar, however, with more embarrassment than truth. Afraid to confess his faults, my father, said he, had formerly an immense fortune; but now, with barely what is necessary, he lives re-

(a) A town in Africa, opposite Gibraltar. John, King of Portugal, took it from the Moors; after which it belonged to the Spaniards, to whom it was ceded by the treaty of Lisbon in 1668.

tired on the peaceful banks of the Mondego. He approves my desire to travel, and hopes with the education he has bestowed on me, I may become known and acquire fame, and——

What is your age? And what are your projects in quitting your country and your father?

I knew, sir, you were in Spain, heard you intended to go to Africa, and flattered myself you would permit me to follow you as a companion in your travels.

You were not deceived in me; I mean to traverse a great part of the known world; if you will be the associate of my labours, I joyfully consent.

Here Alphonso, at the height of his hopes, embraced Thelismar with transport, and swore never to forsake him.

But, continued Thelismar, my travels will not end in less than three or four years at soonest, how do you know your father will consent to this long absence?

Oh I am very certain——

Well, if you love study, if, as I have no doubt, you possess noble and virtuous sentiments, you shall find in me a faithful friend, and a second father, happy, too happy, if by my cares and affection I may shew a part of my gratitude. Dalinda owes her life to you, and your empire over me is absolute.

Alphonso blushed at the name of Dalinda, and too much affected to reply, was silent.

I have need, added Thelismar, of consolation, and hope to find it in your friendship.

Of consolation! Are you then unhappy?

I am

I am separated, and for four years, from objects the dearest to my heart! from my wife and daughter!

From Dalinda!——

Yes. I durst not expose her to the fatigues and dangers I shall undergo. We travelled thro' a great part of Europe together, I parted from her at Cadiz, and while we are riding towards the African coast, she is returning with her mother into Sweden.

Oh heaven! cried Alphonso in anguish; Africa and Sweden! What immense! what dreadful distance between her and——you! How I pity you!——

Alphonso could no longer restrain his tears, and the conversation being interrupted by the entrance of the Captain, Alphonso went into his cabin to hide and assuage the agitation of his heart. In despair to think he must be four years absent from Dalinda, he was yet in some measure consoled by the friendship of her father; and he determined to neglect nothing, by which it might be confirmed and increased.

Thelismar put several questions to him in the evening, and asked if he understood the elements of any of the sciences?

Oh yes, answered Alphonso, with great self-sufficiency. There is nothing I have not been taught.

Do you know any thing of geometry?

I had a mathematical master ten years.

Have you any acquaintance with natural history and philosophy?

Every thing of that kind is familiar to me: besides, I am passionately fond of the arts, understand

stand music, and delight in drawing. I draw *flowers* charmingly.

Flowers ! Do you love reading ?

Very much.

Your language is not rich in good authors ; but you know the Latin ?

Oh perfectly ! as you may imagine, for my teachers said I construed Virgil and Horace well at ten years old ; so that I left the study of the classics at twelve, and have not looked at them since, having had other employment.

And I warrant you left mathematics also soon after ?

I did. I then read generally, and soon began to write verses.

And from a scholar became a wit. The metamorphosis is not always successful.

My poetry was very successful.

Among your friends, I suppose.

Oh universally.

How do you know ?

Every body that visited my father told me so.

Alphonso's answers made Thelismar smile, and he changed the conversation. Presently afterwards the youth retired, persuaded he had given Thelismar a high opinion of his knowledge and genius. The next day Alphonso recollected the adventure of the mad-bull, killed by the prick of a pin at the Fountain of Love, and asked Thelismar the meaning of so extraordinary a death.

Thelismar replied, he had that very day received from an old friend just returned from America, a poison, so powerful and subtle as to produce the effect to which he had been a witness ; that his friend had given him a case, which enclosed the fatal pin that had been dipped in the
poison,

poison, and design ing to make an experiment of it's power, he happened to have it in his pocket (16).

But what surprizes me, said Alphonso, is, that I have never heard speak of this poison.

I do not think that so very surprizing, replied Thelismar ; for, if I am not mistaken, there are many other extraordinary things of which you have never heard.

I will not say there are none, answered Alphonso, but I dare presume their number is very limited ; for I have had teachers of all sorts, and am not ignorant ; add to which, I have read much, and seen and remarked more.

What prompted Alphonso to brag with greater confidence was, he supposed he might do so without danger of detection ; he looked upon Thelismar as a plain man, who had only one pursuit, that of botany, and imagined him to be exceedingly ignorant of every thing else ; in which he was frequently confirmed, by the natural reserve and modesty of Thelismar.

Here Madame de Clémire stopped, put up her manuscript, and ended that evening's entertainment.

The next night, at the usual hour, after having begged her children not to interrupt her any more by their questions, Madame de Clémire thus continued her narration.

At length they landed at Ceuta, and Thelismar hired a lodging for himself and Alphonso, at one of the best houses they could find.

Alphonso's first care, on his arrival, was to write to his father a long letter, very contrite and submissive. In this he made a faithful confession of all his proceedings, implored his pardon, and permission to follow Thelismar in all his travels ;
and

and as the latter intended to stay at Ceuta long enough for Alphonso to receive an answer, he conjured Don Ramirez to send his orders instantly, promising they should be obeyed, be they what they might. Nor doubting his father had returned to Beira, his letter was directed accordingly.

Something easier, after thus in part relieving his conscience, Alphonso fell into his customary habits, sung, played on his guittar, and drew various flowers, which he thought master-pieces, and which he constantly carried to Thelismar, who he continued to believe was highly delighted with his talents.

Thelismar sent for him one morning, and said, as I know you are exceedingly fond of music and drawing, I thought I might do you a favour, by bringing you to see two very extraordinary children. One is a little boy, who draws astonishingly in your style, and the other a girl, who plays charmingly on the harpsichord; come and see them.

So saying, he conducted Alphonso into another room, but desired him to stop at the door; for, said he, youth you know is timid; and as you are a connoisseur, you might disturb them were you too near.

Very true, answered Alphonso, the girl blushed as we entered.

And can you then observe her emotion, added Thelismar?

Oh very plainly; she can hardly breathe, though her bosom heaves.

All this passed at the far end of the room from the young artists, and Alphonso happy in the supposition of his own repute, encouraged the musician

fician as she played, calling out *brava! brava!* with as much pedantry and pride as any other demi-connoisseur, who supposes a word like that from him confers fame and satisfaction.

When she had finished her sonata, the little musician made a low courtsey; Alphonso applauded, and Thelismar advanced.

Come, said he, now let us see the boy draw—stand there, behind him, and then you will overlook this work with more ease, Alphonso followed his directions, and remarked, it was odd enough the child should keep his gloves on, and surprising enough that he should design from his own invention, without any drawing to copy from.

And yet, said Thelismar, see how that flower grows as it were, and is embellished beneath his fingers.

Wonderful! cried Alphonso; astonishingly correct! Courage my little fellow! There, shade that outline a little: that's it! The little angel! I declare I could not do better myself.

All these praises gave no disturbance to the child, who continued his work without remission, except removing it, to observe it at a distance occasionally, and blowing away the light dust of the crayon.

When the flower was finished, Alphonso ran directly to kiss the child, and as suddenly started back with an interjection of astonishment.

Gently, said Thelismar, laughing, take care lest you should demolish the young artist.

Good heaven! It's a doll! a figure!

It is an automaton (*a*).

(*a*) Every body at Paris, in 1783, saw the Automaton, of which this is a description. Another has since been shewn still more remarkable, for it plays at chess with any person.

And

And the musician, what is she ?

Own sister to the designer.

But did I not see her breathe ?

You thought so ; and you really saw her play with her fingers upon the harpsichord. Hence you may learn, Alphonso, that it is unreasonable to place too high a value upon accomplishments which automaton may possess.

I will break my guitar directly, and burn my drawings.

That would be wrong, answered Thelismar. We should be astonished to see a man pass his life in playing on the guitar, and designing flowers ; but no one would blame you, when you use such things only as recreations, by way of agreeably saving time which would otherwise be lost, and without being proud of such trifling accomplishments.

This lesson made some impression upon Alphonso ; but it was necessary he should receive many more, before a thorough reformation could be effected.

Thelismar was ready to depart from Ceuta, yet Alphonso had received no letters from his father : imagining, therefore, that Don Ramirez approved his projects, by his not being in any haste to recall him home, he determined to proceed with Thelismar.

Some days previous to their departure for the Azore Islands, Alphonso, who had observed workmen busy about raising a kind of machine in the garden, the use of which he did not comprehend, learnt that it was done by the order, and under the direction of Thelismar, of whom he therefore enquired it's use. The proprietor of this house has told me, said Thelismar, that the lighting

ning has twice, within these twenty years, fallen upon and damaged the building, and I have promised him it shall do so no more.

And which way can you prevent it ?

By means of the thing you have seen.

I confess I do not comprehend.

That I can hardly believe ; and yet it is not the less true, that the lightning will now fall at the other end of the garden.

Four or five days after, there was a violent thunder-storm ; Thelismar went to the window, and pointing with his cane towards a black cloud, which was seen over the house, look, said he, to Alphonso, look at that cloud, it's going soon to remove from us, and follow the path which I shall direct : I intend that it shall open, and be dispersed at the end of that walk ; so saying, Thelismar raised his cane towards the sky, while the cloud seemed obedient to his will, and durst not depart from the path which he prescribed in the air ; at that instant he had the appearance of an Enchanter, who, by the power of his magic wand, commanded the elements.

Good God ! cried Alphonso, what do I behold ! You direct the clouds and they obey, they go to the spot that you ordain.

You see them assembled, said Thelismar, and now they shall descend, and the lightning shall fall not thirty feet from yonder spot. Scarcely had he spoken, but the thunder began to roar, and its bolts were discharged exactly as Thelismar prescribed (17) ; who then shut his window and went out of his room, leaving Alphonso petrified with astonishment.

The next day Thelismar, in presence of Alphonso, read aloud a letter he had received from

Dalinda.

Dalinda. Alphonso had by this time learnt the Swedish language, to the study of which he had applied with great assiduity, ever since he had first been told Dalinda was a Swede; and since he had travelled with Thelismar, his progress in that language had been astonishing. He was enchanted at the letter of Dalinda, and could not repress his feelings while he heard it read; he found an inconceivable delight, in understanding words traced by the hand of Dalinda; he heard the ingenuous detail of her thoughts and sentiments, and imagined he heard her speaking; he obtained a knowledge of the goodness of her heart and understanding, and that knowledge fixed for ever in the bosom of Alphonso the most inconstant of all the passions.

Alphonso was very desirous of having the letter in his own possession, and seeing Dalinda's writing; but Thelismar, after having read, put it in the drawer of his bureau. Alphonso, with his eyes fixed upon this drawer, heard no longer the discourse of Thelismar, but fell into a profound musing; Thelismar therefore took up a book, and Alphonso recollecting himself left the room.

In the evening Alphonso returned to the same chamber, and Thelismar rising as he saw him enter, said, As you know we shall embark to-morrow morning for the Azores (a), I have various orders to give, if you will stay here I shall

(a) The Azore Islands are situated between Africa and America, about two hundred leagues from Lisbon. Gonzalvo Vello first discovered them about the middle of the fifteenth century, and called them Azores, or Hawks, from the number of those birds he saw there. They are nine in number; the town of Angra, in the island of Tercera, is the capital.

be back in half an hour ; so saying, he left Alphonso sitting opposite the bureau.

This bureau enclosed the letter of Dalinda, and the key was not taken out of the drawer : Alphonso felt a temptation, which at first he did not give way to ; he passionately desired to open the drawer, and once more read the letter. He felt how much such an action was to be condemned, and yet, said he, this is not to pry into the secrets of Thelismar ; he has read me the letter, I shall learn nothing new ; I only wish to see, to contemplate the writing.

At last, after various struggles, Alphonso stifled his scruples, approached the bureau, and tremblingly took hold of the key ; but scarcely had he touched it, before he received a stroke so violent that he thought his arm was broken. Alphonso terrified, started back, and fell into an arm chair. Just heaven ! cried he, what invisible hand is it that strikes (18) ?

The door opened, and Thelismar appeared ; what have you done Alphonso ? said he, with a severe tone of voice.

Oh, sir ! replied Alphonso, you, whose supernatural art produces so many prodigies, you surely have the power to penetrate my most secret thoughts, read them at the bottom of my heart.

I can read nothing there, answered Thelismar, that can excuse an act like this. Remember Alphonso, to betray a trust is unpardonable, and that a second fault of this kind would for ever deprive you of my esteem. As for the mysterious key, cried Thelismar, it is only hostile to indiscretion ; it strikes none but those who would turn it without my leave. I now give you my permission

mission to open the drawer, which you may do without danger.

Alphonso advanced, as he was desired, towards the bureau; opened the drawer, and cried, yes Thelismar, I see that nothing is impossible to you; your discourse is full of wisdom, and your actions of astonishment: deign, sir, ever to be my guide, my tutelar genius! My submission, affection, and gratitude, will, I hope, render me worthy of your cares. So saying, Alphonso, with a tender and respectful air, drew near to Thelismar, who only answered him by holding out his arms, and embracing him with affection.

The next day, after this adventure, Thelismar and his young travelling companion embarked for the Azores. After a happy voyage they landed at the island of St. George (*a*), where they rested for some days.

Thelismar lodged in a small house, the aspect of which pleased him; the owner was a Swede, who had been six years in the island. As they had only one agreeable apartment, Thelismar partook his bed-chamber with Alphonso, and had a bed made up for him beside his own. One night as Alphonso and Thelismar were in a sound sleep, they both awaked, and leaped up at the same moment; they imagined they felt the violent shock of an earthquake, and fled into a small garden, whither the master of the house, and several servants, who had likewise experienced the same sensation, ran for refuge; the latter brought flambeaux, for the darkness of the night was extreme; and in expectation of a disaster, like that of Lisbon, they remained there in great anxiety for the space of three hours; not having, however,

(*a*) Twelve leagues from Angra.

felt the least motion during this whole time, they determined then to return again to the house. Thelismar and Alphonso did not go to bed again, but conversed till day-break.

Alphonso, who now no longer hid the name of his father from Thelismar, and who had often related to him the circumstances of the earthquake at Lisbon, did not let this occasion slip; but again gave a pompous description of the magnificent palace of Don Ramirez, and an emphatic enumeration of the jewels and diamonds he possessed before that catastrophe.

When day began to appear, Thelismar and Alphonso went to the window, whence they had an extensive, and most unusual prospect; how great was their astonishment, to see the house they lived in, and the garden totally separated from the land, and forming a small island in the midst of the sea; they shuddered at the danger they had been in, and could not conceive by what means the house, which had been thrown several fathoms from the main land, could sustain so violent a shock without being destroyed. It is no doubt, said Thelismar, the humble dwelling of a virtuous man, preserved in so miraculous a manner by the justice of a divine Providence.

As Thelismar was speaking, his chamber-door opened, and the master of the house entered. This venerable old man as he approached Thelismar, fetched a deep sigh, and said, I come to implore your protection, sir—not for myself, but for my son. Though six years an exile from my native land, I have not forgot those men which are an honour to it; your name, sir, is not unknown to me. Our Monarch is the protector of genius and science; he honours you with a particular

ticular esteem, and I come to beg you will give me letters of recommendation for my son.

You intend to return into your own country then?

Yes, sir.

What accident first brought you out of it?

I was born in an humble condition; but, notwithstanding the smallness of my income, I found the means to give my son a good education, much superior to my rank of life. This son answered my expectations and cares so well, that he obtained by his merit, at five and twenty, an honourable and lucrative employment. Some time after he fell in love with an amiable, rich young woman, and was upon the point of marrying her, when a dreadful accident obliged me to quit my country. There was a rich merchant who lodged in my house; this unhappy man was found one morning murdered in his bed, and his coffers broke open and robbed; all his servants were taken into custody; and I, of my own accord, delivered myself into the hands of justice. The Wretch who had committed the crime was my accuser; I had enemies, and the affair took an ill turn. Thanks, however, to the cares and Protectors of my son, as they had not sufficient proof, I obtained my liberty; but I could not recover my character, I could not endure to live with ignominy, in a land where I had been generally beloved, and determined to become a voluntary exile; I endeavoured to conceal my intentions from my son; but he guessed them too certainly from my preparations. I sold the little I possessed, and secretly departed by night; I regretted only the loss of my son; I left him, however, in possession of a good post; and knew that, notwithstanding our misfortunes, the

young woman whom he loved still preserved her first affection. Consoled by such ideas, I endeavoured to support the excess of my misfortunes. I travelled in a post-chaise, and at day-break perceived myself escorted, as it were, by a stranger galloping on horseback at some distance from my carriage; I looked out—but what was my surprize at the sight of my son; it is impossible to express what I felt; I stopt, jumped out of my carriage, and was instantly in my son's arms. What hast thou done, cried I?

My duty, answered he.

But what is thy design, said I? bathing him with my tears.

To follow you, to consecrate the life you gave to your service,

But thy post, thy future fortune.

I have left them, abandoned all for your sake; all, even the woman I love: you see me weep, yet do not suppose, my father, but that I gladly sacrifice every thing to you.

Since thou sawest my fatal resolution, wherefore didst thou not oppose it; knowest thou not the ascendant thou hast over me?

Appearances condemn you; and though you are dearer than ever to me by your misfortunes, yet having lost your honour, your present flight is necessary; be comforted, you are still innocent and virtuous.

And dost thou not complain of thy own fate?

My own fate! can it be happier! have not I now an opportunity to prove my gratitude and filial affection? To comfort my father in his distress? Shall not my hand dry his tears? Shall not my zeal and tenderness stop its source? Oh, yes, my father; suffer the love and reverence of a son to drive

drive from your memory an unjust country, ungrateful relations and faithless friends. Heaven has destined me to fulfil the sacred duties of nature in all their extent; and should I, should you, complain of my fate? No; you, my father, who are a model for parents, you should enjoy the solid glory, the sweet happiness of having formed by your own instructions, and your own example, a son worthy of yourself.

You, sir, are a father, continued the old man, therefore can easily imagine how readily I resigned myself thus supported to my destiny. We travelled for some time before we fixed our abode here. My son undertook some branches of commerce in partnership, and bought this house, where we have lived in a contented mediocrity.

It was my intention here to have ended my days; but the intelligence which I received about two months since, has made me change this resolution. My innocence at length is fully acknowledged; the Monster, who had been guilty of the murder, having committed new crimes, was apprehended and condemned. Before his death he publicly acquitted me, by confessing himself to be the Murderer. We learnt, at the same time, the young lady my son loved was still unmarried. This has made me wish once more to return to my native land. We intended to have departed in half a year; but the disaster of last night, and the loss of my house, which though not destroyed, is no longer habitable, must hasten my departure. It is therefore I come to ask recommendatory letters of you, sir.

I will give them you with pleasure, answered Thelismar with emotion, and such as I would give a dear friend or brother. Oh, yes; doubt

not but our just and beneficent sovereign will worthily reward the virtue of your son.

Oh, sir! cried the old man, with tears of joy in his eyes, permit me to bring him hither that he may thank you himself.

So saying, he went out without waiting for an answer; and Thelismar turning towards Alphonso, saw him mournfully leaning over a chair, and covering his face with his hands. Thelismar perceived he was weeping; wherefore, said he, would you hide your tears from me? Let them flow freely, they are an honour to your heart.

Thelismar was mistaken; he attributed those tears to compassion, which repentance and bitter remorse made flow. How criminal did Alphonso feel, when he compared his own-conduct with that of the young man's whose history he had just heard. This touching recital had torn his very heart, and made painful and afflictive the sweetest of all sensations, the admiration of virtue.

The old man returned, leading his son by the hand; Thelismar clasped the young man to his breast, renewed the promises he had made his father, and dismissed them penetrated with gratitude and joy.

Several inhabitants of the island soon arrived in light boats, to inquire the fate of those who inhabited the small house, which they had seen so suddenly thrown as it were into the sea; they told Thelismar, that all the neighbouring houses had been destroyed, while that belonging to Zulaski (for that was the name of the virtuous young man) had been thus miraculously preserved.

Thelismar and Alphonso went on board the boats, and desired to be conducted towards that part of the island which had suffered least from the

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the earthquake. Scarce had they made a quarter of a league, before they were petrified with astonishment, at beholding eighteen islands newly risen from the bottom of the ocean (19).

Ye new creations of a just and beneficent God! cried Thelismar; ye new born isles, how does your aspect move my heart! Human industry will soon make you fertile. Oh, may you never be inhabited but by the virtuous!

After having coasted along some of these islands, Thelismar landed, and was received in a house where Zulaski came to rejoin him the same evening. As Zulaski embarked on board a vessel bound for Lisbon, in his return to Sweden, Alphonso committed two letters to his care; the one for his father, in which was set down their route, and the places they meant to stop at, earnestly conjuring him to write, and inform Alphonso of his will and pleasure; the other for a young man, who lived in the province of Beira, whom Alphonso entreated to write him news of his father, and to whom Alphonso likewise sent an exact itinerary of his travels.

Zulaski, after receiving these letters and those of Thelismar, departed without delay; and a few days after, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for the Canary Islands (a). Thelismar made a long

(a) The number of these islands is seven; *Teneriff, Great-Canary, Gomero, Palmo, Ferro, Lancerotta, and Fuerta Ventura*. Their first discovery was strongly contested by both the Spaniards and Portuguese, each of which nations claimed the exclusive honour. It is, however certain, the Spaniards, assisted by the English, first subdued them. Beside these seven, there are six smaller ones which surround Lancerotta: the Canaries were not unknown to the ancients; they called them the Fortunate Islands.

stay at Teneriff; his first object was to go and admire the delightful district that lies between Ratava (*a*) and Rialejo: nature seems there to have assembled all she has of pleasant, useful, and majestic. Mountains covered with verdure; rocks which cast forth pure water; fertile meadows, fields of sugar-cane, vineyards, woods, and shades for ever green (*b*). Thelismar and Alphonso knew not how to tear themselves from the enchanting spot; they passed an entire day there, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting beneath the shade of the plantain-tree, reading passages from Ovid, or Camoen's *Lusiad*.

Alphonso's imagination full of the agreeable ideas of fable, wished, before he quitted that charming place, to carve four verses he had just written upon the bark of a tree: he, for this purpose, went to one much like the pine in appearance, drew his knife, began to cut, and saw the blood follow the wound (20); tempted to suppose he had wounded a nymph, metamorphosed to a tree, he recoiled with terror, and the murderous weapon dropt from his hand. Thelismar smiled, and encouraged him, by protesting there was nothing miraculous, nothing wonderful, in this seeming prodigy.

Thelismar passed some days at Laguna, a large and beautiful town, the houses of which are most of them embellished by parterres and terraces, in-

(*a*) Two towns of Teneriff. Laguna is the capital of the island, and stands near a lake so named. At the time of the conquest, about 1417, the Spaniards called the natives Guanches; and the town of Guimar, in the island of Teneriff, is peopled chiefly by the descendants of these ancient Guanches.

(*a*) See *Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages*, par M. de la Harpe, Tom. f.

terfected by immense walks of the orange and lemon-trees ; it's fountains, gardens, and groves, its lake and aqueduct, together with the cool winds by which it is refreshed, render it a delicious habitation.

Thelismar passed through several other towns till he came at last to one called Guimar, where are still found many families, the descendants of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of these isles. These people, though they have renounced the idolatry of their savage ancestors, have yet preserved much of their wild superstition, and many of their old customs.

One day, as Alphonso was walking alone in the environs of Guimar, he strayed thoughtlessly into an unfrequented wood, in which he was soon lost. In searching his way out, he got entangled in a thicket, which he could scarcely make his way through, and which led to a kind of desert, without trees, shrubs, or verdure, a dry plain, covered with shells, and bounded by a mountain. As he beheld this dismal place, he recollected that Thelismar had more than once advised him never to walk in strange places without a guide, but this recollection came too late.

Night drew on, and Alphonso walked a little farther ; at last, overcome with fatigue, he stopt near a hill, surrounded with briars, underwood, and huge stones, heaped confusedly on each other. In sitting down on one of these stones, he destroyed the equilibrium of others, which began to roll with considerable noise. Alphonso sprang from his seat to avoid being hurt, and turning round, he observed that the stones, by being removed, had discovered a cavity large enough for a man to enter.

He again drew near, and looking down the cavity, saw, with surprize, steps like a stair-case: incited by unconquerable curiosity, he entered the subterraneous grotto, and descended by steps exceedingly steep: when at the bottom he looked upwards, but could no longer see the light of day. He was inclined to re-ascend, had he not perceived a light very distinctly at a considerable distance. The sight of this, determined him to accomplish an enterprize which promised something extraordinary, and he pursued his road. He proceeded to a kind of obscure alley, at the end of which he found a spacious cavern, lighted by lamps suspended from the roof. Alphonso looked round, and saw himself in the midst of two hundred dead bodies, arranged, standing, against the walls of this dreary vault.

Into what place of death has my temerity brought me? cried Alphonso; it seems to be the cave of Polyphemus, or perhaps a robber, still more inhumane, and the dead here, have no doubt been the victims of his monstrous cruelty. Well, if I have not the prudence of Ulysses, at least I have his valour.

Alphonso drew his sword, and determined to sell his life dearly; he would not attempt to fly, lest he should be assaulted in the obscure narrow passage; he thought he might more easily defend himself in the cavern; besides, that he supposed it certain the assassins had already closed the mouth of the cave. A profound silence, however, reigned in the drear vault, and Alphonso had time to consider the dismal and surprising objects by which he was environed.

He remarked, that none of the bodies seemed to suffer putrefaction, or sent forth the least smell,
but

but that they had all preserved their features. Alphonso was lost in these reflections, when he thought he heard the trampling of feet; he listened attentively, and soon distinguished the voices of people speaking in an unknown tongue.

Alphonso would not begin the combat, on a supposition that it might not be their intention to attack him, but placed his back against the wall, hid his sword, and was silent; he soon saw twelve men appear, walking slowly two and two, and cloathed after a strange fashion. Their peaceable and grave countenances did not announce any thing inimical; but no sooner did they see Alphonso, than, uttering shrieks of horror, rage and indignation blazed in their countenances. They drew the long daggers which they carried at their girdles, and fell instantly altogether on Alphonso, who, brandishing his sword, received them with intrepidity.

The combat was obstinate and bloody; the address and valour of Alphonso triumphed over numbers, and though alone against twelve enraged foes, he was the conqueror. He received two slight wounds, but his sword was mortal to most of his adversaries, and the rest fled, terrified and howling.

Once more alone in the cavern, Alphonso tore his handkerchief, applied it to, and bound it on his wounds with his garter; then cutting with his sword the thong, by which one of the lamps was suspended, he took that lamp, and returned without delay; he again followed the dark alley, arrived at the stair-case, hastily ascended, found the cavity, and leapt from this frightful gulph with transport.

He imagined himself leaving the gates of hell, and returning again to life, when he breathed the pure air, and once more beheld the starry heavens. Oh! my father! exclaimed he; Oh! Dalinda! and you dear Thelismar, shall I enjoy the happiness of seeing you once again; you alone make life dear to me, and should I not preserve it, since with life I may perhaps attain what most I love.

It was the decline of day when Alphonso entered the cavern, and near midnight when he left it; guided by the brightness of the moon and stars, Alphonso fled this fatal cave, and after wandering full three hours, stopped, as day began to break, near a lake, adorned by the lemon-tree and poplar: tormented by excessive thirst, the sight of limpid water rekindled his power and courage; he drank heartily, and eat of the wild fruits; but found himself afterwards so feeble and exhausted, he could no longer continue his route, he laid down upon the grass, opposite to a mountain covered with verdure, and here and there a tree. He reposed about three quarters of an hour in this wild and solitary place, when the heavens became cloudy, the wind began to rise, and some drops of rain to fall; the rain soon ceased, but the wind continued with redoubled fury. Alphonso rose, looked towards the mountain, and saw a sight that filled him with astonishment.

On the summit of the mountain he beheld an enormous pillar rise, the colour of which seemed gold towards the base, and at the top a beautifully deep violet. This pillar descended with impetuosity from the mountain, breaking and overturning the trees that stood in it's way, attracting and engulfing leaves and branches, and tearing up some by the roots; at the bottom of the mountain

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tain it passed over a ditch, which it filled with stones and earth; its passage was marked by deep furrows, and during its dreadful and rapid course, it made a noise like to the bellowing of a bull.

The formidable column directed its way towards the Lake, pumping up the water, and leaving the vast basin dry; then turning towards the north, it was lost in a neighbouring forest (21).

To this phenomenon succeeded a destructive hail, the stones of which were enormously large; they seemed cut in the form of a star, and were accompanied with long splinters of ice, like the sharp blades of poinards (22). Alphonso took refuge under a tree, and preserved himself as well as possible with his hat, which he held at some distance from his head, though he received several wounds on his hands.

The tempest at length ceased, the sky became calm, and Alphonso, full of amazement, wounded, bruised, famished, and fatigued, once more pursued his sorrowful way. In about a quarter of an hour, he perceived with excessive joy a human habitation; it belonged to a Spaniard, who received him with humanity. Alphonso informed him he had been attacked by assassins, and learnt in return, he was not more than two leagues and a half from Guimar.

Not in a condition to continue his route on foot, he determined to repose for a few days, and writ a letter to Thelismar, which the Spaniard kindly undertook to send: After which Alphonso, profiting by the kind offers of his compassionate host, accepted food, suffered him to dress his wounds, and was put into an excellent bed made up for his reception.

After

After sleeping three or four hours, he awoke, rose, and dressed himself; the first person he met, at leaving the chamber, was Thelismar; he ran to his arms, Thelismar received him with a tenderness as sincere as his heart could wish. He was going to begin the recital of his adventures, when Thelismar interrupted him, by telling him he would hear nothing then, but must think only of his cure. A carriage waits for us, said he; come, let us take leave of the generous and hospitable Spaniard, and return to Guimar.

As he said this the Spaniard returned, followed by the messenger, who had brought back Alphonso's letter to Thelismar; he gave it to Alphonso, telling him that Thelismar, had just left Guimar as he got there. How then, said Alphonso to Thelismar, did you know I was here, if you have not received my letter? Of that I will inform you another time, answered Thelismar, smiling; at present it is time we should depart.

Alphonso turning now towards his host, testified the warmest gratitude; then mounted the carriage with Thelismar, and took the road to Guimar. Thelismar would not allow him to exhaust himself with speaking, but as soon as they got home, put him to bed, where he slept twelve hours, and awoke in perfect health. Thelismar then desired an account of what had happened to him. Alphonso began his recital, with informing Thelismar the things he had to relate were so extraordinary and miraculous, he was afraid they might be thought fabulous; and yet Thelismar heard the whole history of the cavern, without seeming to shew the least surprize; which did not fail, however, greatly to excite the admiration

miration of Alphonso, and which he could not refrain from testifying.

Dear Alphonso, said Thelismar, had you a little more thought, and a little less vanity, you had not in the first place ran the terrible risk you speak of, and in the next it would cease to surprize you.

I can easily imagine, answered Alphonso, had I been more prudent I had followed your advice, and not have wandered in a strange country without a guide: but which way has my vanity contributed to my astonishment?

Were it not for that, I repeat you would not have been in any danger. In every place you have come to yet, I have seen you occupied by one sole idea, that of being very desirous to inform and astonish all the world by the recital of the wonderful things you have seen. We have met with many men of merit, Botanists, Astronomers, Mathematicians, and Mechanics, to whom you have spoken a great deal, and listened very little. When you come to a strange country, if you find any person to whom you can make yourself understood, you are careful not to ask them a single question, but very anxious they should learn all you can teach them. This kind of folly gives no one a great opinion of your great capacity, but deprives you of the fruits of all your travels. If, for example, since you have been here, instead of amusing yourself so repeatedly by telling what happened to you at the Azores, you had asked the people concerning the curious things in their own country, and its ancient inhabitants, you would have known your cavern had nothing miraculous about it, and that to enter it must be at the hazard of your life.

Which way, sir?

By

By being told the cavern is one of the sepulchral deposits of the Guanches. These ancient caves are dispersed in the deserts, and are only known to the Guanches, who carefully conceal the entrance to them. They visit them only in secret; and if they find a stranger there, they hold him sacrilegious, a victim devoted to death; and from motives of barbarous superstition, think it their duty to kill him (23).

Well, sir, said Alphonso, a little piqued, I owe at least to my ignorance and want of thought, the advantage of having seen one of these curious caverns.

I have killed no man in my own defence, answered Thelismar; I have suffered neither hunger nor thirst; I have not lain in the inclement air, nor have I afflicted my friend in the most cruel anxiety; and yet I have as well as you, been in a sepulchral cave of the Guanches.

Have you! How did you get admittance?

I knew these caverns existed, had a strong desire to see them, found an opportunity of effectually serving a Guanch, and prevailed on him to secretly conduct and shew me one of them.

Alphonso had nothing to answer, but held down his head, and was silent, recollecting himself a little after, he continued thus: I flatter myself that what I shall farther relate may yet incite your wonder. After quitting the cavern, I ran at first where chance directed me: coming to the banks of a lake—

You need say no more, interrupted Thelismar, I know the rest.

Know the rest! how can that be! I was alone, and I have told nobody!

After

After drinking the water of the Lake, you gathered some wild fruits, laid down on the grass, and a dreadful tempest arose.

Good heavens ! by what magic, what enchantment, can you tell all this ?

The column descended from the mountain, the Lake was dried up, and—

What do I hear ! exclaimed Alphonso ; condescend, sir, to explain this new miracle ; who can have told you these things ?

No one ; I beheld them all.

Beheld them ! where were you ?

Here at Guimar, upon my terrace.

That was three leagues distant from me !

Very true ; and yet I repeat it, I saw you all the while.

I can no longer doubt ! O Thelismar ! you are some supernatural being !

A man, my dear Alphonso ; and by no means one of the wisest.

Explain then this strange enigma !

A day would not be sufficient ; I might easily teach you terms and names, and shew you certain effects, but this would be treating you like a child. If you wish to know causes, you must gain more solid instruction.

It is what I wish ; instruction such as your's ; which can make me comprehend your actions.

Well, I will lend you books : and when you have read them with attention, we will converse together. I will then begin to unveil some of those mysteries at which you are so much surprised.

Oh give me those precious books ; see with what ardour I will study them ; how utterly I will reject all other books.

I do

I do not wish you so to do ; but the contrary. You love poetry ; cherish that predilection : but read none but good poetry ; leave novels, and read books that shall teach you to know yourself ; dedicate two hours a day to the books I shall give you ; think much, speak little, and be attentive to others ; this is all I ask.

Thelismar then took Alphonso to his closet, and gave him a few books ; when you have read those, said he, I will communicate a treasure to you which will finish the work of instruction, Look at that chest ; it contains the treasure I talk of.

Ah ! said Alphonso, sighing, must I never hope for other reward !—He stopt and blushed, and the tears gushed in his eyes.

Alphonso, replied Thelismar, I do not pretend to deny that I love you ; but to obtain the reward to which you aspire, you must become worthy of my esteem.

Oh my father ! cried Alphonso, falling at the knees of Thelismar ; yes ! my father ! permit me the use of a word so dear, and expect every thing from me ; I will obtain that precious esteem, that esteem, without which I could not live : what must I perform ? Speak.

Correct yourself of a thousand defects, and especially of your ridiculous vanity ; rid yourself of ignorance, and acquire useful knowledge.

Every thing will be easy to me.

Know then, I have read your heart. I authorise your hopes ; but I require you should never converse with me on that subject.

Never ! Oh heaven !—Nor of the object of—

Never pronounce her name.

Dread-

Dreadful sentence !

To which you must submit : and remember if you would gain my esteem, you must begin by proving the empire you have over yourself.

Well ; I submit with joy——but suppose you mention her name ?

You then may answer ; otherwise never utter a word, which can be construed into the least reference.

I obey ; happily you have not forbid me to think.

No ; I permit you sometimes to think of her.

Sometimes ! Ever ; not a moment of my life, but—

What retracting already ?

Which way ?

Have not you promised me seriously to follow your studies ?

Most certainly.

And how may that be, if you always think of Dalinda ?

Dalinda ! heaven be praised ! I did not first pronounce her dear name.

Is it thus, Alphonso, you keep your engagements ? Is it thus you will drive Dalinda from your imagination, every time we read or speak together ?

Not mention her ! not think of her ! how is it possible ?

Every thing is possible to reason.

But the effort will be so painful, so cruel : however, I will endeavour ; my submission to you is unbounded, for there is nothing you have not the right to exact, and the power to obtain.

Here Madame de Clémire broke off for the evening, and sent her children to rest, who dreamt
all

all night of nothing but walking pillars and enchanted caverns ; they supposed that Madame de Clémire had told by this time, every thing she could collect that was marvellous and extraordinary ; but she assured them, what they had heard was little in comparison to what she should relate, for she had reserved for the denouement incidents still more surprising. This assurance redoubled the extreme curiosity of her little family, which Madame de Clémire satisfied in the evening by thus continuing her tale :

Alphonso, notwithstanding the laws prescribed by Thelismar, thought himself the happiest of mortals ; his passion was authorized by the father of Dalinda, he might reasonably entertain the fondest hopes. Nothing was wanting to his felicity, but a letter from Don Ramirez, containing a grant of the pardon he had implored.

Thelismar did not leave the Canary Islands, without first visiting the famous Peak of Teneriff (a) ; after which he embarked for the Cape de Verd Islands. During the voyage, Alphonso followed with ardour the plan Thelismar had prescribed for his studies ; but he had great difficulty to suppress his continual inclination to speak of his passion, he was prevented only by the fear of offending Thelismar ; and still he would occasionally hazard some indirect allusions, the true sense of which Thelismar would not understand.

(a) This mountain rises in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the middle of the Island of Teneriff ; its height is so prodigious, that the length of the road, which winds along the mountain to attain its summit, is said to be fifteen leagues ; and yet they say, the mountain called Chimbo-Rico, one of the Cordilleries in Peru, is much higher.

At last Alphonso, unable longer to endure this constraint, imagined a means to break silence, which appeared to him sublime. He preserved the sash of Dalinda, as a thing the most precious in his possession; this, notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice, he determined to give back to Thelismar; the supposition that he should thus enjoy the pleasure of speaking of his passion, and of Dalinda, the hope that Thelismar would consider this act as proceeding from an estimable delicacy, and the possibility that he might therefore refuse the sash, were his inducements. Full of these ideas, Alphonso entered one morning, with a triumphant air, the apartment of Thelismar. I come, said he, to make a confession, which must be followed by a painful sacrifice.

Of what nature?

You must first give me your permission—to speak of her—I only ask to accuse myself, to repair my fault.

Well, well, let us hear; explain, explain; though I dare engage the fault is not very important.

In my eyes it is; feelings the most forcible, the most affectionate, on which the destiny of my life depend.

Come to the point; what have you to tell me?

You know to what excess I love Dalinda.

Your preface displeases me, Alphonso.

But it is necessary; it leads to the confession of my fault. The day on which I first saw Dalinda, on which I received a new existence, after your cruel departure, overcome and lost in grief, I wandered like one distracted, seeking in vain some traces of the celestial being I had beheld; conducted at last by some secret charm, I returned, approached

approached the Fountain of Love, where chance, or rather the God of the Fountain, moved by my despair, gave into my hands a pledge the dearest, the most precious.

Dalinda's sash, you mean, interrupted Thelismar, I recollect she lost it.

Behold it here, cried Alphonso, with emphasis, drawing it from his pocket ; behold that sash, the sole consolation of an unfortunate lover : I possessed it without your knowledge ; it was wrong ; I have not the happy right to keep it ; a well founded delicacy obliges me thus to surrender it.

Your scruples are very just, replied Thelismar ; give it me, give it me, added he, taking the sash ; and I promise to return it, Alphonso, the very first proof I shall receive from you of real sincerity and confidence.

How ! cried Alphonso, thunderstruck, do you doubt my sincerity ?

I have great right so to do, at the very moment you employ artifice.

Artifice !

You blush, Alphonso, and well you may ; but I dare hope, had you succeeded in deceiving me, your confusion would have been still greater ; had you seen me delighted with your candour, your delicacy, your generosity, tell me how you would have looked, how you would have behaved, while hearing your own false praises ?

Alas ! said Alphonso, and shed the tear of repentance, you know my heart better than I do myself ; I own, I only sought a pretext to speak of Dalinda.

And you hoped I should be your dupe ; hoped I should return the sash.

I was deceived ; convinced by false reasoning.

No ;

No; 'tis now you are deceived: you never were *convinced*; we cannot hide from ourselves, what is in its own nature blameable: in vain would specious reasons gloze over actions, and call them noble, delicate, refined: the heart and the conscience give such reasonings the lie.

What have I done! Oh Thelismar! has this fault, the whole extent of which I now perceive, has it deprived me of your esteem without return?

No; your ingenuous manner of acknowledging it; the sincerity of your repentance, the neglected education you have received, and your consequent want of reflection, all plead in your excuse. Did I think cunning a part of your character, I should then hold you past hope; but, notwithstanding the unworthy subterfuge you have just been guilty of, I read frankness and candour in your bosom; and I am certain, Alphonso, you will yet vanquish your defects.

The concluding sentence gave a little satisfaction to Alphonso, who promised within himself to let no occasion slip of demonstrating his reformation to Thelismar.

Our travellers landed first at the island of Goree; from thence they went to Rufisco, and afterwards by land to Fort St. Louis, on the Senegal. They saw the Sereres, a Negro nation, whose hospitality, simplicity, and gentleness, they admired; these virtues are undoubtedly the effect of their love of labour and agriculture, which particularly distinguishes them from most other Savages, who are generally indolent, and disdain to cultivate the earth.

One night as Thelismar and Alphonso, with their guides and companions, were rambling in a sandy and desert place, they saw a miraculous

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tree,

tree, the height of which did not exceed sixty or seventy feet, while its monstrous trunk was above ninety in circumference; its lower branches projected almost horizontally, and as they were prodigiously large and long, their own weight bent them almost to the ground; insomuch that they found beneath this single tree, a vast and extensive kind of grove, which might easily give shelter to three or four hundred men (24).

After having admired this astonishing production of nature, our travellers continued their route. A few paces from the tree they beheld a Lion, extended on the ground, and seemingly dead. Alphonso was determined to examine the animal nearer, and Thelismar followed. When they came up to him, they found he still breathed, but was without power and motion, and apparently expiring; his jaws were open, full of pismires, and bloody.

Alphonso pitied the creature, wiped away the insects that tormented him with his handkerchief, then taking a bottle of water from his pocket, poured it all down his throat, while Thelismar held the end of a pistol to the entrance of that terrible jaw, in case of a too sudden recovery. The lion was greatly relieved by the water, and seemed with his languishing eyes to thank with great expression and gratitude the compassionate Alphonso, who did not leave him till he had administered every succour in his power.

Alphonso and Thelismar rejoined their small company, and followed a path that led through some excessively high grass. As Thelismar was walking on before, at the end of the meadow he fell into a kind of pit, and suddenly disappeared. Alphonso ran and saw him sitting in the pit.
Thelismar

Thelismar said he had got a sprain, and that it was impossible he should rise and walk without his assistance. As Alphonso was going to descend and take him in his arms, he suddenly heard a dreadful hissing, and saw a monstrous serpent, at least twenty feet long, in the pit, with head erect, making towards Thelismar, who, after an effort to rise, fell helpless again among the grass.

Alphonso instantly leaped into the pit, placed himself between Thelismar and the serpent, drew his sword, attacked the horrid reptile, and with a vigorous and firm stroke, severed his head from his body; then turning to Thelismar, he helped him up, and lifted him out of the pit.

Thelismar embraced Alphonso; you have saved my life, said he, I could neither defend myself nor fly; the serpent was coming to attack me, and his bite is mortal. I promise you, Dalinda shall be informed of this. Alphonso was too much agitated to answer, but pressed Thelismar with transport to his bosom. Gently, said Thelismar smiling, take care of my right arm, it is broken.

Broken! cried Alphonso; good God!

Had it not, do you think I would not have defended myself?

And you have not uttered the least symptom of complaint or pain!

You, dear Alphonso, have no right at least to be surprized at the courage of others.

Oh my father! replied Alphonso, I want the courage to see you suffer; come, let us join our company. He then raised Thelismar gently on his shoulders, and, in spite of all he could say, carried him without stopping, to where their companions were waiting.

†

Thelif-

Thelismar was obliged to remain in one of the Negro huts, where he was humanely received. He had a surgeon with him, who set his arm, and in about eight or ten days he continued his route.

They came to the country of the Foulis. The king of these savages calls himself Siratick, and some travellers give this name to his kingdom. He entertained Thelismar and his companions with great hospitality, and proposed they should accompany him to the chace of a Lion, which, within a few days had committed great ravages in his state.

The king, young, courageous, and desirous to shew the company his valour and address, ordered his followers and the strangers to stop; and, mounted on an excellent horse, galloped to attack the furious animal, which perceiving him, leaped to the combat. The Siratick let fly an arrow, and the lion, wounded, advanced with a dreadful bellow.

Alphonso now forgot the orders of the king; he darted like lightning, thinking him in danger, and flew to his succour: he had drawn his sword, and galloping with incredible swiftness, passed near a tree, against which, by accident, his sword struck and snapped short in two. Alphonso himself, shaken by the violence of the shock, could hardly keep his seat: his horse fell, and the same instant, the lion seeing a new enemy coming armed, had abandoned the Siratick, and rushed towards him; his dreadful claws were instantly buried in the sides of the horse, and Alphonso, disarmed, and without defence, thought his death inevitable. The Negroes, fearing to kill him, durst not shoot at the animal.

Thelismar, the same moment that Alphonso had galloped to the combat, would fain have followed; but the Negroes already irritated at the young man's disobedience to the orders of their King, angrily and violently held him, notwithstanding his cries, his fury, and despair. What were his feelings, when he saw the lion bounding to devour the overthrown Alphonso? Oh! unhappy young man! cried he.

But, oh! what surprize! Oh! joy unhop'd!

No sooner had the lion beheld the face of Alphonso, than all his rage was lost; he crouched to him, and lifting up one of his bloody paws, wounded by an arrow, laid it gently on the hand of Alphonso, and seem'd to shew him his hurt, and ask his assistance.

Alphonso shuddered, and remembering the adventure of the dying lion, cried, Oh noble animal! I recollect thee; may thy example ever confound ingratitude, and bring to shame those who would erase from their memory the good which others have done them!—Yes, since thou hast so nobly granted me my life, I will save thine in my turn, and defend thee, be the consequence what it will.

Alphonso then staunch'd the blood of the wound, and tearing his handkerchief, made a bandage, which he fastened round the paw.

Thelismar and the Savages beheld this spectacle with astonishment. His surgical operations ended, Alphonso rose: his horse lay wounded and dying. The lion once more approached him, lick'd his feet, and caress'd him a thousand times. Alphonso retreated gently: the lion stopped, looked after him, then suddenly turned about, directed his course toward a neighbouring forest,

and disappeared, leaving the spectators of this strange adventure motionless with amazement (25).

Thelismar, after having pressed Alphonso to his bosom ; after having embraced him with the dear affection of a father, reproached him for his temerity and imprudence. Had you, said he, asked the nature of this chace, or rather, had you listened to the account which others gave of it, you would have known the Siratick was in no danger ; but that, used to these kind of combats, he waited for the lion to bury his javelin in his throat ; that he would have afterwards leaped off his horse, and ended him with his sabre.

I promise, my father, said Alphonso, I will be more attentive another time, and more prudent ; at present I have saved the life of my lion, of my generous and noble animal, and I am happy.

Yes, replied Thelismar, but the Siratick is little pleased with your disregard of his orders ; and though your motive was his preservation, he will not pardon you, for having robbed him of the honour of the victory ; it will be therefore prudent, not to stay long in his territories (a).

Accordingly the next morning, Thelismar, and Alphonso and their followers, quitted Ghiorel, and continued their passage up the Senegal, as far as the village of Embakana, near the frontiers of the kingdom of Galam ; they afterwards crossed the Gambia, traversed the States of Farim (b), and, after having travelled a great extent of country, arrived at Guinea.

Here it was, that Alphonso met with a thing which surprised him exceedingly. As he was walking through a wood with Thelismar, their conversation

(a) See l'Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages, Tom. II.

(b) Or Saint Domingue.

conversation turned on the immortality of the soul. Would you believe, said Thelismar, that there are men so deprived of sense, as to maintain we have no other advantage over inferior animals, than that of a more perfect conformation; and who have said in plain terms, that if the Horse (that intelligent animal) had, instead of a hoof, a hand like us, he would perform whatever we do (a).

What! would he draw? would he design?

What think you?

I do not think he could; he might, perhaps, trace some unmeaning imitations.

The Parrot, the Pye, the Jay, and various other birds, have the faculty of speech; that is, can learn a few words, but can neither comprehend their meaning, nor, consequently, apply them justly: besides, there are many existing animals, the conformation of which, both interior and exterior, is perfectly similar to that of man; they walk like him, have hands like his, and yet they neither build palaces nor huts; nay, they are even less industrious than many other animals.

Monkies you mean; in fact, they are very adroit. And pray what say those authors to this, who desire the Horse to have hands?

They acknowledge that the Monkey might, from his conformation, be capable of doing the same things as Man, but that his natural petulance is an impediment; that he is always in motion;

E 2

and

(a) This strange reasoning is found in a work entitled *De l'Esprit*.

The Translator cannot forbear to enter his protest here, against the inconclusiveness of the arguments he is obliged in this passage to translate; without meaning to insinuate thereby any opinion of his own. T.

and could you deprive him of that restlessness, that vivacity, he would be Man's equal (a).

And yet he does not speak.

No; though in certain species the tongue and the organs of voice are the same as in Man; and the brain is absolutely of the same form and in the same proportion (b).

The brain in the same proportion, how can that be? The Monkey is so small!

Do you think yourself acquainted with all the species?

Why—Yes.

Those you have seen were restless and turbulent.

Certainly; for which reason, the objection of the authors you mention seems just; in my opinion, Beings which are perpetually in motion, however excellent their confirmation, cannot learn, cannot become perfect.

But suppose the objection you think so striking, should originate only in a profound ignorance of things which are known to the whole world.

How! People who write books ignorant of things known to all the world!—

Your doubt, dear Alphonso, proves how little you have read.

Just as Thelismar said this, Alphonso gave a start of surprise, and jogging Thelismar, cried softly, look, look—there—right before you, what strange creature is that sitting under the tree!

Here let us break off, said Madame de Clémire, interrupting her narrative, I feel myself a little hoarse this evening.

This

(a) All this is found exactly in that same work *De l'Esprit*.

(b) See M. de Buffon on *Quadrupeds*, Tom. XVI. Edition in 12mo.

This was sufficient to stop every entreaty to continue, though her young auditors were very desirous to hear an explanation of what this *strange creature* might be.

The next day, a quarter before nine, Madame de Clémire indulged the ardent curiosity of her children, by taking up her manuscript and reading as follows :

Thelismar looked first at the animal, and afterwards at Alphonso. What do you think of that figure, said he ?

It is a Savage, replied Alphonso, but exceedingly ugly. He rises ! holds a staff in his hand ! he avoids us !

And you take it for a Man ?

Certainly I do.

It is a Monkey.

A Monkey ! what of that size ! he is higher than I am ; he walks upright like us, and his legs have the form of ours.

Notwithstanding all which, it is a beast (a) ;
 “ but an exceedingly singular one, and which man
 “ cannot see without looking at, without knowing
 “ himself, without being convinced, his body is
 “ the least essential part of himself (b).”

How you astonish me ! but is this Monkey, who was sitting with so much tranquillity at the foot of a tree, as restless and precipitate in his motions as the small Monkies ?

No ; “ his walk is grave, his actions circum-
 “ spect, his temper gentle, and very different from
 E 3 “ that

(a) The Orang-Outang, some of which are above six feet high.

(b) M. de Buffon.

78. THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.

“ that of other monkies (c) ;”—he has not the hoof of a horse, he is higher than we are, formed as we are.—“ The Creator would not form the body of man absolutely different from all other animals ; but at the same time that he has given him a material body, a form similar to that of the Monkey, he has breathed his divine spirit into this body ; had he done the same favour, I do not say to the Monkey, but to that species of beast which seems to us the most ill organized, such species would soon have become the rival of Man ; quickened by his spirit it had excelled others, had thought, had spoken. Whatever resemblance there may be then between the Hottentot and the Monkey, the interval which divides them is immense ; since the Hottentot within is filled with thought, and without by speech (d).”

Alphonso listened to this discourse with admiration. At present, said he, I am desirous to learn how those authors, who pretend that it is our form only which makes us superior to other animals, will answer these arguments.

They do not know the animal that we have just seen, nor many other species nearly like him, described by all travellers ; yet their works are modern, and, as I have said, these are facts known to all the world.

Thelismar here sat down near a lake surrounded by rocks ; their guide proposed they should

(c) In speaking of a Monkey of another species, called Gibbon, M. de Buffon says, “ this Monkey seems to us to have a natural tranquillity, and gentle manners ; his motions are neither too sudden, nor too restless ; he takes kindly whatever is given him to eat, &c.”

(d) M. de Buffon.

wait for the rest of the company, whom they had left at a considerable distance. He had seated himself under the shade of some trees, and taking two books from his pocket, gave one of them to Alphonso, pointing out a chapter, which he desired him to read with great attention.

Alphonso promised he would; adding that he would go farther off and sit down, to be free from all disturbance. This he accordingly did, and sat down at about two hundred yards distance on the banks of the lake.

Instead of reading, he fell into a profound reverie: the murmurs of the water, the fresh verdure, the rocks all retraced a scene which he had not the power to banish from his mind: it recalled to memory the Fountain of Love; the form of Dalinda was present, he could think of nothing but her, and at last could not refrain from repeating a name so dear.

Certain that Thelismar could not hear him, he sang in an under voice a song he had made to her memory. As he finished the last line of his song he heard foot-steps, and turning his head, saw Thelismar coming; he took up his book and was silent, but the instant he had done, a soft though sonorous voice seemed to issue from the rocks, and again repeated the couplet he had sung.

Thelismar heard the name of Dalinda as he approached, and his astonishment was excessive, when he found it was not Alphonso who was singing. As soon as the air was ended, ~~he~~ *Alphonso* was going to question Thelismar concerning this prodigy, when another voice began the same couplet; scarce had this second voice ceased singing, but a third from the opposite side, again repeated the

same words, and the same sounds; silence then succeeded, and the concert ended (26).

What enchantment is this? cried Alphonso.

We must confess, said Thelismar smiling, the Fauns and Sylvens of these rocks are dangerous confidants; the Nymphs of the Fountain of Love were more discreet; but come, give me my book, and tell me if you are satisfied with the chapter I desired you to read. Alphonso blushed, and answered only with a sigh; and Thelismar changing the conversation, rejoined the rest of the company.

Thelismar continued his route by the Gold Coast, the kingdom of Juida, and the kingdom of Bennis: in this latter country he found the natives less savage, and more civilized than their neighbours. He next traversed Congo, and here it was that Alphonso had like to have lost his life, in consequence of his natural imprudence and impetuosity.

The small caravan of travellers being on their march, Alphonso was walking about two or three hundred yards before the rest. They approached a large pond surrounded by the huts of Savages; and Alphonso looking forward, thought he saw on the other side of the pond, a long brick wall built upon the border: not conceiving what could be the use of this wall, he hastened forward to examine it; but as he drew near, perceived this imaginary wall had motion.

He then thought, that instead of a wall, he distinguished Warriors clothed in red, and ranged in order of battle: he presently after observed Sentinels stationed in advance, and soon saw he was discovered! for the moment the Sentinels perceived him, the alarm was given, and the air resounded with a noise much like the sound of a trumpet.

†

Alphon-

Alphonso stopped, and while he was deliberating whether he should proceed or go back, he saw the army begin to move, rise from the earth, and at last to fly away. Alphonso then learned with extreme surprise, that this formidable squadron was nothing but enormous red birds, of so bright a colour, that when they took flight, their wings absolutely seemed inflamed.

Alphonso had a gun, and being desirous of taking one of these extraordinary birds to Thelismar, he fired at the flock and killed one. Several Negroes, on hearing the firing, immediately came out of their huts which stood by the pond, hastily running. As soon as they saw Alphonso dragging away the bird he had killed, they sent forth the most horrible cries, when instantly all the other Negroes left their habitations, and came in crouds to attack Alphonso, who saw himself assaulted on all sides by a shower of stones and darts.

Had it not been for the arrival of Thelismar and the other travellers, Alphonso could not have escaped with life; but at sight of them the Savages fled, and he came off with a few slight wounds, and a severe reprimand from Thelismar, who informed him, that the Negroes had the bird he had killed in such veneration, they would not suffer any one to do it the least injury, but thought themselves obliged in conscience to revenge the death of a creature which they held sacred.

Alphonso learnt also from Thelismar, that the noise which he had compared to the sound of trumpets, was nothing but the cry of the birds, which is so strong and loud, that it is heard at more than a quarter of a league distance (27).

Thelismar continued his journey, only stopping occasionally among various hords of Savages,

whose manners he wished to know. Of all the barbarous people of Africa, the nation which he thought most interesting was that of the Hottentots : their virtues surpassed their vices : they fulfilled in their whole extent, the duties of friendship and hospitality : and their love of justice, their courage, benevolence, and chastity, rendered them far superior to other savages (*a*).

It is remarkable, that among the Hottentots, the education of youth is committed to the mothers till the age of eighteen, after which the males are received to the rank of manhood ; but before that period they have no communication with the men, not even with their own father (*b*).

During their sojourn among the Hottentots, Thelismar was walking one day with Alphonso : their Guide carried a wallet with provisions, it being their intention to dine during their walk. As they were crossing the rustic bridge of a small river, the Guide let the wallet fall, and fearing probably the anger of the travellers, took to his heels and disappeared. This event was very disagreeable to Alphonso, he being exceedingly hungry.

I am certain, said Thelismar, I can find my way ; but before we walk any farther, let us rest a little under the shade of these trees. They sat down on the grass, and Alphonso continued to complain of having a great way to go, and nothing to eat, when Thelismar cried silence, let us listen. Alphonso presently heard a very shrill cry, which, to his great astonishment, Thelismar answered in a graver tone : then rising, said, Since
you

(*a*) See l'Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages, Tom. III.

(*b*) See the same work, and the same volume.

you are so very hungry, Alphonso, come with me, and I'll give you a dinner.

Thelismar then uttered several successive cries; and Alphonso perceived a green and white Bird, which hovered round them. Let us follow this new guide, said Thelismar, he will recompense us for the carelessness of the other who has ran away.

Alphonso knew not what to think, but walked silently, and looked attentively at the Bird, which in a few minutes went and rested itself upon a large hollow tree: Stop, said Thelismar, the Bird will come and seek us, if he has any thing good to discover. As he said, so it happened, the Bird seeing they did not approach redoubled his cries, came back to them, then returned to his tree, where he fluttered and perched.

Come, said Thelismar, he invites us to dinner with so good a grace we cannot refuse him. So saying, he went to the tree, and to the extreme astonishment of Alphonso, found a Bee-hive in it full of honey.

While our travellers were eating the honey, the Bird having fled to a neighbouring bush, appeared greatly interested at all that had passed: it is but just, said Thelismar, to give him his share of the booty: Alphonso, therefore, left a spoonful of honey upon a leaf, which as soon as they were gone from the tree, the Bird came and eat. In the course of half an hour, the Bird shewed them two other hives; and Alphonso, satiated with honey, merrily continued his route (28).

Thelismar quitted the country of the Hottentots, and embarked for the island of Madagascar; afterwards he journied through all the Eastern coast of Africa; then quitted that part of the world,

†

and,

and, after a short stay in the island of Socotora, landed in Arabia Felix. He visited Mecca (29) and Medina (30), traversed a part of the Desert, entered Africa again by the Isthmus of Suez, and came to Cairo (31); here he admired the famous Pyramids of Egypt (32), from thence he went to Alexandria, where he found a vessel ready to set sail for the island of Thera (a).

Thelismar within the two last months, had several times read over with Alphonso translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Alphonso, joyfully leaving the burning and barbarous climates of Africa, was delighted to find himself once more in Europe, beneath the azure skies of Greece, in places where all the pleasant fictions of fable may be traced, and among people whose manners Homer had described.

Before they left Thera, Thelismar and Alphonso learnt that the Volcano, which is situated in that island, began to give great uneasiness to the inhabitants, by appearing to re kindle, smoke, and cast forth stones.

The next morning our travellers rose with Aurora, and were conducted towards the Volcano; when they were at a league's distance their guide stopt, telling them he thought he heard a very uncommon noise; our Travellers listened, and heard a kind of bellowing, which seemed to arise out of the earth. They proceeded however, about a quarter of a league farther; in proportion as they approached the bellowing increased, and was soon accompanied with frightful hissings; at the same

(a) An island of the Archipelago, to the north of Candia; it is a part of the islands called Santorin, or Santorini, from Saint Irene, the patron of them.

time they observed, that the smoke of the Volcano grew thicker, and became of a deep red.

Let us return, said Thelismar.

Scarce had he spoken, before a horrible noise was heard; and as they turned their heads to look, while flying towards the sea-coast, they saw the mountain all on fire, covered with flames, which rose to the clouds, and casting forth on all sides volumes of red hot stones, and blazing matter. The terrified Guide, losing all recollection, led them astray, and took them a road which brought them back towards the Volcano.

As they now stood fronting this fearful mountain, they saw, with horror, torrents of fire running impetuously down its sides, and spreading over the plain: these destructive rivers burnt, and overthrew every thing that opposed their passage; at their approach the herbs and flowers withered, the leaves grew instantly yellow, and dropt from the trees; the brooks disappeared, the fountains were dried up, and the birds dropt breathless from the scorching branches.

At the same time vast clouds of hot ashes and cinders, burnt white, obscured the air, and fell like rain upon the earth, breaking the branches, rooting up trees, and rolling with horrid din from the mountain to the plains, echoing far and near among the resounding rocks.

Thelismar and Alphonso fled from these desolate places, and after long wandering in unknown paths, came at length to the sea-side; they judged, when at a distance, by the roaring of the waves, that the sea was violently agitated. They judged rightly; it was dreadfully tempestuous, though the air was entirely calm.

They

They were considering this phenomenon with an astonishment, which was soon redoubled. Suddenly there appeared in the middle of the waves incredible volumes of flames, which, instantly spreading and dissipating in the air, were succeeded by an innumerable quantity of burning rocks, that were projected from the deep abyfs of the ocean, and raised above the waters (33).

The tempest after this decreased, the sea was appeased, and some of the Islanders, who passed that way, informed Thelismar that the Volcano no longer vomited flames. When the eruption was ended, Alphonso and Thelismar returned to their lodgings, and two days after this memorable event left that unhappy island.

From hence they went to the island of Policandro (*a*), where they found a Swedish traveller, a former friend of Thelismar's, who offered to accompany and guide them in their walks through the island. He brought them to his house, which he would partake with them; and after supper addressing himself to Alphonso, said, My dwelling you see is simple, devoid of ornaments; but if you love magnificence, I have the means of satisfying your taste. I am so happy to see my old friend once more, that I have formed the project of giving him an entertainment in a Palace, the richness and brilliancy of which may well surprize you.

Frederic, for that was the name of Thelismar's friend, then rose, called his servants, who came with torches, and went forth with Alphonso and Thelismar.

(*a*) One of the Cyclades to the south of Paros and Antiparos.

They came in about half an hour to an enormous mass of rocks. Behold my Palace, said Frederic: the aspect it's true is a little wild, but we must not always judge from appearances. Stop here a moment if you please, and let the servants enter first.

The servants then distributed torches to about a dozen men who had followed them, each of whom lighted his flambeau, and proceeded forward. When Frederic saw them at a certain distance, he and his company began to follow.

They had not gone above a hundred paces, before they perceived an immense arcade, and their eyes were immediately dazzled by the splendor of light. Come in, said Frederic, this is the peristyle of my palace, what think you of it?

The question was addressed to Alphonso, but he was too busy in considering the brilliant spectacle before him to reply. The walls of this vast peristyle seemed covered with gold, rubies, and diamonds; the ceiling decorated with waving garlands and pendant ornaments of crystal; nay, the very floor on which they trod, was paved with the same rich materials (34).

Pardon me, my dear mamma, cried Caroline, for interrupting, but I can hold no longer. Were these pure diamonds?

No; they only seemed such; but the resemblance was so perfect, as to deceive the eye most accustomed to consider such objects.

Well, that is very singular; and is it true, dear mamma, that such a palace once existed?

It exists still.

Oh dear, still!

Yes; in the island of Policandro.

Oh

Oh the charming island! Will you shew it us to-morrow, mamma, in the map?

Yes; willingly.

Mamma, if you will permit me, my next geographical lesson shall be to trace upon the maps all the travels of Alphonso; for I can remember them all perfectly, and so I can all the extraordinary things he has seen.

So be it; but in the mean time, let us continue our tale.

Frederic shewed Alphonso how extensive this superb Palace was: and after having passed more than two hours in examining and contemplating the wonders before them, they once more returned to the house of their host. Alphonso learnt from Thelismar, that the pretenced Palace of Frederic was all the work of nature; and the knowledge of this increased his admiration.

Thelismar having formerly made the tour of Italy, had no intention of returning thither; but his friend Frederic, who was going to Reggio, entreated his company; to which Thelismar the more readily consented, because it was the only part of Italy he had not seen.

Frederic, Alphonso, and Thelismar left Policandro, and sailed for the Morea (*a*). Here they beheld the ruins of Epidaurus and Lacedæmon. From the Morea they went to the island of Cephalonia, whence, once more embarking, they sailed for Reggio (*b*). The day after their arrival in that city, our three travellers breakfasted in the chamber of Thelismar, the windows of which

(*a*) The large peninsula of ancient Attica.

(*b*) Appertaining to the kingdom of Naples, in Calabria Ulterior; there is another city of the same name in Italy, in Modena.

looked towards the sea ; their conversation was interrupted by a thousand shouts of joy, heard from every part. Alphonso ran out instantly, to know what was the reason of such noisy and animated acclamations : he asked several passengers, who all answered, still running as they spoke, We are going to the sea-side to see the *Castles of the Fairy Morgana*.

Alphonso returned, and gave an account of this strange answer ; our travellers, therefore, opened their windows, and beheld a sight, the beauty and singularity of which surpassed every thing they had hitherto seen.

“ The sea which bathes the coast of Sicily,
 “ began to swell and rise by degrees ; in a little
 “ while, the huge waves formed a perfect repre-
 “ sentation of an immense and dark chain of
 “ mountains ; while the surges which washed the
 “ coasts of Calabria, remained with a tranquil and
 “ smooth surface, like to a vast and shining mir-
 “ ror, gently inclining towards the walls of Reg-
 “ gio. This prodigious looking-glass soon reflect-
 “ ed a most miraculous picture ; millions of pilas-
 “ ters, of the most elegant proportion, and rang-
 “ ed with the utmost symmetry, were distinctly
 “ seen, reflecting all the bright and varied colours
 “ of the rainbow ; scarcely did they retain this
 “ form a moment, before these superb Pilasters
 “ were bent and changed into majestic Arcades,
 “ which likewise soon vanished, and gave place
 “ to an innumerable multitude of magnificent
 “ Castles, all perfectly alike ; while these Palaces
 “ were succeeded by Towers, Colonades, and af-
 “ terwards by Trees and immense Forests of the
 “ cypress and palm (35).”

After

After this last decoration, the magic picture disappeared, the sea resumed it's ordinary aspect, and the people who stood upon the strand clapped their hands in transport, a thousand times repeating with joyous shouts, the name of the Fairy Morgana.

And so mamma, interrupted Pulcheria, we are at length come to our Fairy Tales again?

Indeed we are not: this last phenomenon, as well as all the others, is taken from nature.

But there is a Fairy called Morgana, you know, mamma.

I have only told you what the people of Reggio say, who are generally ignorant and credulous, are fond of fables, and easily adopt them.

But these magic pictures.

Are produced by natural causes.

I cannot conceive at present, why every body do not pass their lives in travelling, reading, and acquiring knowledge, in order to understand and see things so curious and interesting; but dear mamma, be pleased to continue your recital.

Alphonso began to think like you; the astonishment which so many extraordinary events continually raised, excited an ardent curiosity and strong desire of obtaining knowledge; his trifling amusements no longer pleased; he became thoughtful, spoke with reserve, and listened with attention; but in proportion as his mind became enlightened, he discovered faults in his past conduct, every recollection of which made him bitterly repent.

He could not now comprehend, how it was possible he should have forsaken his father. The obstinate silence of Don Ramirez grievously afflicted him; he ardently desired to arrive at Constantin-

Constantinople, where he expected to find letters from Portugal: and though he had a passionate attachment to Thelismar, though he had almost a certainty of obtaining the hand of Dalinda, he yet determined to quit the former in Turkey, and return to Europe, there to sacrifice his hopes and happiness to filial duty, if he received no intelligence of his father.

This resolution plunged him into a state of melancholy, of which Thelismar searched in vain the cause; which he even augmented, in wishing to dissipate it by marks of the most tender affection. He often spoke to Frederic, in his presence of Dalinda, to drive away his dejection; while these conversations, far from softening the secret pangs of Alphonso, but embittered them the more. Thelismar at last took leave of Frederic, quitted Reggio, and returned to Greece; and travelling through it, came to Constantinople towards the end of April.

Alphonso found a letter at Constantinople from Portugal, which he received with inexpressible anxiety; it was not from Don Ramirez, but informed Alphonso his father had returned to Portugal, had passed some time at Lisbon, had left that city, declaring he was going to undertake a voyage of eighteen months. The letter added, that nobody doubted Don Ramirez had had several private conversations with the King, and that the purpose of his voyage was some secret negotiations; that they were in great expectations of seeing him once more in office, because his successor and enemy had been disgraced, eight days after his departure.

The gentleman, who wrote an account of all this, ended his letter by saying, he had not seen
Don

Don Ramirez, as Alphonso had desired him to do, because, being on a tour to France, he had not returned to Lisbon till three weeks after his departure.

From the date of this letter, Alphonso calculated, that his father could not be in Portugal in less than fifteen or sixteen months, he therefore abandoned his project of returning thither immediately: in fact, having no money, he had no means of subsistence in the absence of Don Ramirez; and he was pretty certain his travels would be ended, and he should return to Europe in less than a year. The silence of his father deeply afflicted him; but the assurances of his health and safety were great consolations, and he did not doubt but time, and his future conduct, might again regain the affections of his father.

Alphonso, now less sorrowful, less absent, conversed with Thelismar as formerly; who appeared so satisfied with the change he had remarked in him, that Alphonso thought he might venture to speak of Dalinda. At first Thelismar was satisfied with gently reminding him of his promise; and Alphonso, emboldened by this indulgence, several times fell into the same error; till, at last, Thelismar was displeased, and Alphonso was obliged to be silent, though he still sought occasions to speak his sentiments indirectly, and to complain of the restraint imposed upon him.

Frederic had given Thelismar letters of recommendation to one of his friends, a Greek, who possessed a charming house on the canal of the Black Sea: this Greek, whose name was Nicanor, was not then at Constantinople. Alphonso and Thelismar, therefore, in about a fortnight went to Buyuk-Dairai, a village eight miles from

from Constantinople (a), where Nicandor and his family pass a part of the summer.

It was the first of May, and ten in the morning, when our two travellers arrived at Buyuk-Dairai. As they entered, they saw the streets full of young people, elegantly clothed, and crowned with garlands, singing and playing on various instruments; every house was decorated with flowers, festoons, and roses, and adorned by a multitude of young Grecian beauties, surrounded by slaves magnificently clothed.

This spectacle delighted Alphonso; and Thelismar, acquainted with the customs of Greece, informed him, that it was thus they celebrated every first of May; that on this solemn day, young lovers fixed coronets of roses over the doors where their mistresses dwelt, and sang their praises under their windows (36).

Alas! said Alphonso, they are happy, for they are heard. That favour, replied Thelismar, is no proof of their happiness.

But what happens when two rivals meet under the same window, or at the same door?

They fasten their coronets on each side, and sing alternately.

After our travellers had stopt some time in the first street, they continued their way; and Alphonso, perceiving at a distance, a house more ornamented with flowers than the rest, said, certainly that is the habitation of some celebrated beauty; he was confirmed in this opinion, when coming nearer, he beheld two charming young virgins standing in a large balcony.

(a) The scite of this village is very pleasant. Ambassadors, and various others, have country-houses there. *Voyage littéraire de la Grece*, by M. Guys, Tom. I.

The guide informed them this was the house of Nicandor, and they entered; the master came immediately to receive them, and after having read the letter of Frederic, embraced them both affectionately, and testified the liveliest hopes that they would remain with him some time. Nicandor and all his family spoke French tolerably well: Thelismar understood that language perfectly, and Alphonso knew something of it.

Nicandor called his slaves, who conducted the travellers into a spacious hall, the walls of which were Parian marble, where a bath was prepared (38).

After bathing, Nicandor came and conducted them into the apartment of his wife Glaphira; she was seated upon a sofa, with her two daughters Glycera and Zoë, and an old and venerable woman, the nurse of Nicandor, who, according to the customs of the modern Greeks, the family called Paramana, a gentle epithet, expressive of gratitude, and signifying second mother (38).

The daughters were superbly dressed, both had long floating robes, white veils, decorated with gold fringe, and girdles richly embroidered, fastened with buckles of emeralds (39).

Glaphira and Nicandor questioned Thelismar concerning his travels, and prevailed on him to recount some of his adventures. After which they sat down to table, and their repast being ended, Zoë brought her lyre, and accompanied several duets which she sung with her sister (40).

This agreeable music being over, Nicandor proposed a walk to his guests, which they readily accepted.

He lead them into the meadows, in one of which they beheld a multitude of Shepherds and
Shep-

Shepherdesses clothed in white, and adorned with garlands of flowers, almost all holding in their hands branches of the green palm, the myrtle, and the orange-tree; some danced to the sound of the lyre, while others gathered flowers, and sang the praises and the return of spring.

Look, said Nicandor, at that young virgin crowned with roses, and finer than her companions; she is their Queen; she represents the Goddess of Flowers; and while called by the charming name of Flora, receives the homages of all the village throng; but her reign is short, it is the empire only of youth and beauty, and ends before the decline of day.

While Nicandor was speaking, the young Queen gave a signal, and all the Shepherds assembled round her; one of her virgin companions then sang a hymn in honour of Flora and the spring; at the end of each couplet of which, the Shepherds repeated in chorus this burthen:

“Welcome sweet Nymph! blest Goddess of
“the May,”

After which they continued their dances (41).

After having at times walked round the meadows, Nicandor re-conducted his guests back to his house, where they found Glaphira and her daughters surrounded by their slaves, employed at embroidering, each in turn relating short stories and moral fables (42). Though Alphonso did not understand Greek, he was charmed with the picture he beheld. The youthful Zoë was speaking, and Thelismar conjured her to continue her recital; she accordingly began again, with a grace which augmented the bloom of her cheeks, and her modest diffidence.

Zoë

Zoë related the history of a young virgin on the eve of her marriage, quitting the paternal mansion. She told her tale with equal truth and feeling, and painted the interesting and deep grief of a tender and grateful daughter tearing herself from the arms of her beloved family. Glycera listened to the detail with extreme emotion; involuntary tears then bathed her down-cast eyes, and watered the flowers she embroidered: her mother, who observed her, called her with a broken voice, and held out her arms. Glycera rose, ran, and threw herself at her mother's knees melted in tenderness.

The history is interrupted; Nicandor approaches Glycera, kisses her affectionately, clasps her to his bosom: the lovely Zoë quits her work, and flies to her sister's arms: the Slaves testify their feelings at this touching scene; and Nicandor, in a few moments, taking Alphonso and Thelismar into another apartment, explained the cause of what they saw, by first telling them the subject of Zoë's fable, and then informing them, that Glycera was herself at the eve of marriage.

The very same evening the young man, chosen to be the spouse of Glycera, sent large baskets magnificently embellished, containing ornaments and nuptial presents for Glycera and the family. The next day the young Greek came, attended by his parents and friends, to the house of Nicandor; the beauteous and affecting Glycera appeared, she had on a silver robe, embroidered with gold and pearls, and fastened with a girdle of diamonds; her tresses floated upon her shoulders, and a Hymeneal crown adorned her head while she wept, and hid herself in her mother's arms.

Glycera

Glycera received the parental benediction kneeling, which Nicandor pronounced with great tenderness, but with a solemn and firm tone; while the feeling mother, incapable of articulating a word, raised her swimming eyes to heaven, and pressed between her trembling hands the hands of her daughter. After this moving ceremony, the two families united, followed by all their Slaves, walked to church; this superb train was preceded by a band of vocal and instrumental music: after them came the young virgin, supported by her father and mother; her pace was slow, timid, and trembling; her down-cast eyes were evidently wet with tears, that she vainly endeavoured to retain. According to the ancient usage of Greece, the Torch of Hymen was carried before her, and her slaves, husband, parents, and friends, closed the procession, in which order they arrived at church.

After the ceremony, the Bride and Bridegroom were re-conducted in pomp to their house, the front of which was illuminated, and ornamented with flowers and foliage; cups of wine were given to all the guests, and the young people received nosegays bound with threads of gold, the person who presented them saying, *Go you and marry also*. These words roused the attention of Alphonso, who looked at Thelismar. A banquet succeeded, and the dancing continued till midnight (43).

Alphonso left this feast in a sorrowful mood; the remembrance of Dalinda, and the fear of never, perhaps, tasting a happiness such as he had been a spectator of, afflicted him deeply. This melancholy continued several days, but it was insensibly dissipated by the new and agreeable objects

that surrounded him, and especially by the tenderness of Thelismar.

Thelismar and Alphonso every day after their walk, went regularly to the embroidering room, whither Glycera, and the young friends of Zoë always came; Nicandor explained in a low voice to the strangers, the subjects of the tales related by these young Greeks; and when Zoë spoke, Alphonso became particularly attentive: he often would change places with Nicandor or Thelismar, the better to see them embroider, and he remained longest always at the frame of Zoë: he praised all their performances, but he only looked at that of Zoë; he began once more to design flowers, and offered every day a new pattern to Zoë for her embroidery; at last he began continually to vaunt of the manners and customs of Greece, and thought Buyuk-Dairai the most delightful place he had ever seen.

One morning when he was alone with Thelismar, the latter began to praise him highly for his conduct. I am quite enchanted with you, continued he, dear Alphonso; I see you begin to acquire a command over yourself.

Do I?

Yes; and I cannot conceal my satisfaction; for these three weeks past you have learnt to hide and overcome that melancholy, at which I was so uneasy; you are obliging, amiable, and attentive in company; and what must have cost you more than all the rest, you speak no longer of Dalinda; be assured I feel the value of this effort.

So saying, Thelismar embraced Alphonso, who suffered his embrace with a cold and mournful air, without making any reply; a moment's silence succeeded. Alphonso walked thoughtfully about his

his chamber, then suddenly turning, No, Thelismar, said he, I must not deceive you; I should be unworthy of your kindness, were I to leave you in an error—he stooped and blushed.

What would you say? answered Thelismar.

Perhaps, exclaimed Alphonso, I am going to ruin myself.

Ruin yourself! what, by being sincere! and to me Alphonso! Can you suppose it?

Know then, that though my heart is always the same; though Dalinda alone has touched it, and though, were it not for the hope of becoming your son, life would be a burthen—yet—if I have ceased to speak of her, if I have seemed chearful, do not attribute this conduct to the efforts of reason, but on the contrary to—

Come to my arms, interrupted Thelismar, come noble and dear Alphonso, this proof thy candour and confidence justifies my affection for thee.

Oh my father! Oh my indulgent friend! cried Alphonso.—

See, continued Thelismar, how fleeting a sensation love is, dear Alphonso, when not confirmed by an affectionate and solid friendship: two large black eyes, an ingenuous countenance, a sweet smile, and five or six stories which you did not understand, have made you, in three weeks, forget the object of that passion which you pretended was so violent.

It is true, that the young Zoë amused and interested me; it is true, she banished my sorrows from my mind, and that Dalinda was less frequently present to my imagination, but she was ever in my heart.

Do not deceive yourself, Alphonso, you have yet no real attachment to Dalinda, because, at present you know nothing of her but her form.

But that form proclaims a soul so pure, so superior ! Besides, I know Dalinda by her letters, her acquirements, her tenderness for you ; in a word, Dalinda is the daughter of Thelismar, and is not that enough to make her passionately beloved ?

All that is not a sufficient foundation for a deep and durable attachment, which cannot exist without mutual confidence and friendship ; but let me ask you a question concerning Zoë ; how has it happened, that you have not perceived the impression she has made upon you ?

It must certainly be a want of reflection.

Imagine then, for a moment, the consequence of wanting such reflection. I have more than once observed, that Nicandor and Glaphira do not approve your excessive respect for Zoë ; so many attentions, a preference so marked, must soon injure the reputation of the young virgin to whom they are paid. You have risked troubling the repose of, and bringing sorrow into a house, where their treatment demands all our gratitude.

Heavens ! you make me shudder—but henceforth I will think, I will each day severely examine my actions, my sensations, and, what may be more effectual, I will every day consult you, and never more will I conceal my thoughts from you.

And now, said Thelismar, I must quit myself of a promise which I have not forgotten. So saying, he opened a casket, took out the sash of Dalinda, and gave it Alphonso. It belongs to you, said he, you have a right to it, since I promised

mised it to you on the very first proof of your sincerity.—

Oh Thelismar, said Alphonso, greatly affected, what a moment have you chosen ! And am I permitted to receive a pledge so dear in this house !

Yes ; if it still continues dear to you ; if you have still the same sentiments.

Then I dare accept it — Alphonso then threw himself at Thelismar's feet, received the sash of Dalinda kneeling, and kissed with transport the hand that gave it.

Remember, Alphonso, said Thelismar, this, from a father, is no light, no trifling gift ; from this moment our engagement is mutually sacred. I have adopted you as a son ; I promise you an amiable and virtuous companion for life ; of whom you must become worthy, not by a romantic passion, but by a stable and uniform virtue. Continue to inform your mind, and improve your temper and understanding ; it is thus you must prove your love for Dalinda, and shew your gratitude for my affection.

Nicandor came and interrupted their conversation, and Alphonso, too much moved to support the presence of a third person, retired : he wished for solitude, that he might indulge, without constraint, the transports of his heart. It is needless to observe, that from that day forward he designed no more patterns for Zoë, paid her no other attentions than such as good breeding demanded, and avoided going into the embroidering room.

The family of Nicandor, however, met an unexpected affliction ; one of their friends, late-

ly returned from the Isle of Calki (a), to which he had made a short voyage, fell ill and died in four days time. Nicandor related many interesting particulars of the friend he had lost; and told how he had renounced the riches and honours which he had a right to expect, that he might yield himself without controul, to the delights of friendship and study.

This Sage, continued Nicandor, who had retired to a pleasant house (44) near mine, distributed the greater part of his income to the unfortunate; he consecrated the rest to the embellishment of his habitation: his heart was virtuous, and his temper simple; he cultivated his garden himself, watered his flowers, and bred birds, for which he made an extensive aviary. Such were his innocent amusements. Beloved by his friends, adored by his slaves, he had a sister worthy of himself, who lived with him, went with him every where, and who never can forget his loss. Tomorrow, continued Nicandor, we shall perform the last duties of friendship; his sister will conduct the funeral rites.

But how will she have the courage, said The-lismar?

You are a man, answered Nicandor, who wish to know our manners, to study nature; come and see this sorrowful ceremony; you will there behold the workings of despair. Grief among us is never repressed, it is seen in all its energy. Among a people who are slaves to appearances

(a) It is the ninth of the Propontidæ Islands, anciently called Dæmoneri, or the Isles of the Genii. M. d'Anville mistakenly calls them *Les Isles du Prince*, which name is given by the inhabitants only to the fourth. *This Note is by M. Guys.*

and custom, sorrow is mournful and mute, but here it is eloquent and sublime.

This conversation excited the curiosity of Thelismar, who did not fail, with Alphonso, to follow Nicandor to the funeral of his friend. They went first to the house of Euphrosine, the name of the sister above-mentioned, and entered a chamber hung with black, where the corpse, magnificently clothed, and with the face uncovered, was laid in his coffin; the slaves were kneeling round, and venting their grief by tears and groans. Among them Thelismar distinguished an old man, still more profoundly afflicted than the rest, to whom Nicandor went and spoke.

Thelismar questioned Nicandor concerning this old man, who answered his name was Zaphiri. He was present at the birth of him we lament, said Nicandor; he is almost past the use of his limbs, and the impossibility of following the burial, adds to his grief: he has just told me, there is but one remaining pleasure for him on earth, the feeding of the birds, and the culture of the flowers, which once were his dear master's delight.

Nicandor was speaking, when Alphonso and Thelismar felt their blood run cold at the broken accents and dolorous cries they heard: it is the wretched Euphrosine, said Nicandor. Immediately a woman appeared, in long mourning garments, with disordered hair, pale cheeks, and bathed in tears; she was supported by two slaves, and seemed scarcely able to drag her slow steps along; the august and affecting picture of a grief so profound, made her natural beauty more striking, more majestic; and her shrieks, her lamentable groans, were uttered in an accent so penetrating

and so real, that it was impossible to hear them, and not at once feel astonishment, terror, and the most heart-rending pity.

The Patriarch and his attendants soon after arrived. The corpse was taken up, and a funeral dirge began. After passing through the village, and proceeding less than a mile into the country, they came to a place over-spread with Cypress-trees, Tombs, and Sepulchral Columns.

Euphrosine shrieked, and hid her face in her vail, as soon as she perceived at a distance the Sepulchre prepared for her brother. They came at last to the grave, the procession stopt, the Patriarch pronounced the burial service, kissed the dead, and retired.

Euphrosine then raising up her vail came suddenly forward, and fell upon her knees by the side of the coffin.

Oh my brother! cried she, receive the last farewell of thy unhappy sister: Oh, my dear, my affectionate friend! Do I then look upon thee for the last time?—My brother!—Is this my brother?—Alas! yes, here are his features still; but, oh, insupportable thought! While I bathe him with my tears, while I call him, while my heart is torn with despair, his countenance still preserves the same unalterable gloom, the same mournful tranquillity—Oh dreadful silence!—it is the silence of death—my brother is but a shadow; it is his image only Euphrosine kisses—what then have I for ever lost thee!—shall I never see thee more!—Never!—never!—No—I cannot submit to this—this eternal—this horrible separation. No, I will not suffer the hand of cruelty to tear thee from my arms, and plunge thee in the tomb—stop Barbarian, stop,

stop, forbear to dig his Grave——pity my grief, or dread my despair.

The Patriarch again advanced to take away the body. Euphrosine sent forth a dreadful shriek; her slaves flew to her assistance, and, in spite of her struggles, held her at some distance from the grave, while she, quite beside herself, rent her garments, and tore up her hair by the roots to scatter on the coffin.

Her tears then suddenly stopt: motionless and stupid her eyes were fixed upon the coffin, as they were lowering it in the tomb. But when she saw them place the marble over it, by which it was to be for ever hid, she shuddered dreadfully, and shrunk back. Oh God! cried she——Is it then done!

So saying, the colour left her lips, her eyes closed, and she fell senseless into the arms of her Slaves. They bore her away from the tomb; and as soon as she came to herself, her friends and relations, according to custom, conveyed her home.

To get to the house, it was necessary she should cross the garden; here, as soon as she entered, she met the old slave Zaphiri, holding in one hand a hoe, and in the other a watering-pot; she looked and shuddered; it was the occupation of the deceased; she ran towards the Slave, What art thou doing Zaphiri, cried she?

Alas! I am tending the flowers my master loved so much.

Miserable old man, said she, seizing the hoe, thy master is no more; this place must be evermore the place of sorrow, of desolation; let all that embellishes it die; be its pleasures annihilated; open the nets; give liberty to those birds,

whose warbling and mirth distract my heart; and these flowers, nurtured by my brother's hand, let them perish with him.

So saying, Euphrosine wildly and rapidly ran, cutting down, and trampling on all the flowers in her path (45).

This affecting scene made a strong impression on the heart of Alphonso; tell me, said he to Thelismar, when they were got home, how does it happen that ideas so opposite, may be the result of the same feelings? Why does this old man delight to cultivate the flowers of his master, while Euphrosine on the contrary, finds a kind of consolation in their destruction?

Which of these two actions do you prefer? asked Thelismar in his turn.

That of the old man appeared most natural, and yet the other affected me more.

Common feelings produce only common effects, while a deep sensibility naturally begets extraordinary ideas and actions: thus, for example, if the woman, who has interested us so much, if Euphrosine had reason, taste, and discernment, as well as such strong passions, and if she were then to write, her works would certainly possess originality, energy, feeling, and truth.

And is it not the possession of these qualities which constitute genius?

Undoubtedly! If genius did not originate in the soul, would it be a gift so precious, so desirable, or could it so powerfully excite envy?

Thelismar and Alphonso passed some few more days at Buyuk-Dairai; after which they took leave of Nicandor and his amiable family, quitted Greece, and entered Asia by Natolia. They staid
a little

a little while at Bagdad (*a*) and Bassora (*b*), and stopped at the island of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, where they saw the famous pearl fishery (46). From thence they departed by sea for the kingdom of Visapour.

During this voyage Thelismar and Alphonso were one evening walking the deck, and conversing on the wonders of nature. I think at present, said Alphonso, I know them all.

Dear Alphonso, since you are so learned, replied Thelismar, explain the meaning of the phenomenon which at this moment appears; look this way, on yonder waves.

Alphonso went to Thelismar, and looking as directed, beheld the vessel encircled by fire, to which the total darkness of the night gave an additional brilliancy; the surface of the sea was entirely covered with small sparkling stars, and every wave, as it broke, cast forth a shining light.

The wake of the vessel was of a luminous silver white, interspersed with dazzling azure sparks (47).

I confess, said Alphonso, this is a glorious sight, and absolutely new to me.

Come let us go to bed, replied Thelismar; and should you happen to awake in the night, I am persuaded you will make some salutary reflections on that presumption, which is but too natural to you, and which persuades you of the extent of your knowledge, when every day proves the contrary.

(*a*) Bagdad is a great city, on the eastern borders of the Tigris; it was taken by the Turks somewhere about 1638.

(*b*) Bassora is a fine city, below the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates; the Turks have been masters of it ever since 1668: it is 100 leagues from Bagdad.

Alphonso made no reply, but embraced Thelismar, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he been asleep half an hour, before there was a noise in his cabin that awaked him: he had put out his light, and was frightened at opening his eyes, and perceiving fire on the partition opposite his bed; he rose hastily, and his surprize increased at beholding, in large legible letters of fire, these words written upon the boards:

Learned Alphonso, your terror is ill-founded, this fire burns not (48).

Ashamed and astonished, Alphonso put his hand upon these fiery characters, and felt no heat: Oh Thelismar! cries he, what surprizes me the most is, that you have the art to render the lessons which wound self-love agreeable. Thelismar immediately appeared with a light in his hand, smiling; and after having explained to him the nature of this seeming fire, retired, and Alphonso once more went to sleep.

It is also time that we should go to sleep, interrupted the Baroness, for the evening has been much longer than usual.

The next evening Madame de Clémire again continued her history of Alphonso.

Our travellers being arrived at Visapour, visited the diamond ruins (49), and afterwards went to the Court of the great Mogul. Thelismar having obtained an audience of the Emperor, was permitted with Alphonso to see the Palace: they passed through many apartments, and found in all of them, beautiful women in magnificent habits, armed with lances, who formed the interior guard of the Palace. They came to a vast magnificent hall, hung with gold brocade, where the Monarch

narch was sitting on a throne of Mother-of-pearl, entirely covered with rubies and emeralds ; four Columns, all bespread with diamonds, supported a canopy of silver, embroidered with sapphires, and ornamented with festoons and pearls ; a superb trophy, composed of the Emperor's arms, his quiver, bow, and sabre, garnished with jewels, and connected by a chain of topazes and diamonds, was suspended to one of the columns ; the Emperor himself was in cloth of gold, and in the centre of his turban was a diamond of prodigious brightness, and so large, that it extended almost all over his whole front ; various rows of fine pearl formed his bracelets and collar ; and an infinity of precious stones, of various colours, enriched his girdle and his buskins : before him was a table of massive gold, and all the great lords of his court in most magnificent robes, were standing ranged round his throne.

Thelismar presented to him several mathematical instruments, of which, by means of an interpreter, he explained the use. The Emperor seemed pleased with the presents and conversation of Thelismar ; told him, it was his birth-day ; that the whole empire celebrated the festival, and invited Alphonso and Thelismar to spend the evening in his palace.

Evening came ; wine was brought in vases of rock crystal ; every body was seated, fruits were served in plates of gold ; the musicians entered, and the hall soon resounded with cymbals and trumpets. The Emperor filled a goblet of wine, and sent it to Thelismar ; the goblet was of gold, enriched with the turquoise, the emerald, and the ruby. When he had drank, the Emperor desired him to keep the cup as a mark of his friendship.

When

When the repast was almost ended, two large basons of rubies were brought the Emperor, which he threw among the courtiers, who all scrambled for them. Soon after two other basons were brought full of gold and silver almonds, which were thrown and snatched with the same avidity.

Thelismar and Alphonso, as you may well suppose, sat still, ashamed of, and contemning the covetousness and meanness of the Mogul lords.

The Emperor also distributed pieces of gold-stuff and rich girdles to several of the musicians, and some of the courtiers; after which the drinking began. Thelismar and Alphonso were the only people who remained sober; the Emperor, unable to sit upright, hung his head and fell asleep, and then every body retired.

When Alphonso and Thelismar were alone, Thelismar said to the former, What do you think of this Court?

I think, replied Alphonso, he is the richest and most magnificent Sovereign upon earth.

And the happiest, and most respectable likewise?

I know not if he be happy, for I know not if he be beloved, if his reign be peaceable and glorious: but I confess there is nothing august in his person, nothing which enforces reverence; there is not a single Prince in Europe, who has so little the air of Majesty.

And yet there is no European Sovereign, who may be any way compared to him for pomp and show. Gold, pearls, diamonds, and all the Asiatic ostentation, do not then of themselves impress any real respect. What must we think then of those frivolous Europeans, who affix so great and imaginary a value on these shining trifles? I with the European women, who are richest in such possessions,

possessions, and who are sometimes properly enough, by way of derision, called queens of diamonds, I wish they could be transported here for twenty-four hours. What would one of them say, at seeing herself totally surpassed in such bright bawbles, by the very Slaves of the Emperor's wives?

For my part, answered Alphonso, blushing a little, I shall no more mention the diamonds that my father lost during the earthquake at Lisbon. But pray tell me how it happens, that the great Lords of this Court, who seem so rich, are yet so covetous? How meanly did they bustle one another for the gold and jewels the Emperor threw.

Their whole emulation is that of being more superbly drest than others; they only seek to distinguish themselves by silly outside shew; and you see how much this kind of vanity, carried to excess, can make men capable of the most degrading acts. But to return to the Emperor, you say you are ignorant if he be happy; can you suppose a Monarch so ignorant, so debased, happy.

If he be good, he may be beloved.

We do not love whom we despise; ought he not, for the good of his people, to be well informed, just, and estimable; besides, this Monarch has no subjects, they are only Slaves, and he is a Despot; he exercises a tyrannical power outwardly, while he is inwardly tormented by all the fears and terrors, which ever were the just punishments of tyrants. The homage paid him is forced; and while Adulation offers him incense, Hatred is secretly conspiring his destruction; his life is past in suspicion, or the punishment of traitors; he is in continual fear of all that approach

proach him ; and to complete his misery, his very children are suspected.

The next day, Thelismar and Alphonso went early to the Palace ; the Mogul was then at war with the Sovereign of Decan, and was going to visit the Camp where his troops were assembled. His wives were mounted on Elephants that waited at their doors ; Thelismar counted eighty of these animals all superbly equipped ; the little towers they carried were plated with gold, and embellished with Mother-of-pearl ; the same metal too formed the bars of their grated windows ; a canopy of cloth of silver, with tassels hung with rubies, covered each tower.

The Emperor was carried in a palanquin of gold and Mother-of-pearl, set with pearls and precious stones : many other palanquins followed that of the Emperor, and a vast number of trumpets, drums, and other instruments, mixed among a crowd of officers, richly cloathed, who carried rich canopies, and umbrellas of brocaded gold, hung with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, led the procession.

Our travellers, after having admired the magnificence of his Camp, quitted the Court of the great Mogul (50), and went to the kingdom of Siam. Here they saw the famous white elephant so much revered in India : his apartment is magnificent, he is served kneeling, and in vessels of gold (a). " These attentions", says an illustrious Philosopher (b), " these respects, these offerings, flatter him, but do not corrupt ; he has not
" then

(a) They have the same respect for white elephants at Laos, Pegu, &c.

(b) M. de Buffon.

“ then an human soul ; and this should be sufficient to demonstrate it to the Indians.”

There was now but one part of the world unknown to our travellers, America, for which they embarked, and came to California ; from thence they went to Mexico ; and as they were on their route to the town of Tlascala, Thelismar looking at his watch, stopt his carriage, and alighted ; telling his servants to wait, and carefully look to the horses ; for added he, night will suddenly overtake us.

How ! said Alphonso, laughing, night ! not so suddenly, for it is only noon.

Thelismar made no reply, but seeking the shade, turned towards some trees at a little distance. Alphonso, as he followed, perceived an animal, the extraordinary figure of which raised his attention ; it was nineteen or twenty inches long, without reckoning the tail, which was at least twelve, and scaly, like a serpent ; it's ears were like those of the small owl, and it's hair erect.

The animal stood still, and Alphonso wished to examine it ; he observed it was waiting for it's young, which were running towards it ; as they came up, it put them one after another into a bag or pouch beneath it's belly, then ran towards the trees.

Desirous of observing so singular an animal nearer, and finding that it could not run fast, Alphonso pursued it ; he had just overtaken it when it came to the foot of a tree, up which it ran with surprising agility, and seizing the end of one of it's highest branches with it's tail, twisted it round, and there remained suspended, apparently motionless (51).

Alphonso

Alphonso was going to mount the tree, when he heard on every side of him a loud crackling, which redoubling, seemed like the discharge of artillery; at the same instant he was covered with an innumerable multitude of small black grains, darted on him from all parts (52). He hastily drew back, and hid his eyes with his hands, which were considerably hurt by the grains that had struck them.

The pain was so great, that he was obliged to keep them shut for some minutes; at last he opened them, but no sooner had he done so, than he cried out, Oh heaven! I am blind! Oh Thelismar! Oh Dalinda! I shall never see you more.—Thelismar, Thelismar, where are you—Do not abandon the unhappy Alphonso.

As he said this, he heard pretty near him a burst of laughter, and knew it was the voice of Thelismar. What then, continued he, does Thelismar insult my misery? No; it is not possible.

He then recollected that Thelismar, when he got out of his carriage, had told his servants that night approached; he began therefore to take courage, and doubt the truth of his blindness, notwithstanding the midnight darkness that surrounded him; he followed the sound of Thelismar's voice, till he found and seized him in his arms.

I cannot at present, said Thelismar, serve you as a guide, Alphonso, for I am as blind as you are.

Thanks be to heaven, replied Alphonso, that I am acquitted for the fright only; I find now, that the cause of my fear is nothing but an eclipse of the sun; but I did not think that eclipses ever produced such total darkness, nor can I conceive by what art you could foretel, with so much precision, the exact moment of this phenomenon.

While

While Alphonso was speaking, the sun, once more beginning to appear, dissipated the fearful obscurity that had blackened every object; the profound silence, the midnight calm, soon ceased, and nature seemed to revive; the birds with fresh animation, thinking they sang the return of Aurora, gave notice by their loud and lively warblings, of the birth of day (53).

Thelismar and Alphonso now regained their carriage, and the Eclipse, the Animal, and the strange Artillery, furnished our travellers with subjects for conversation, which were not exhausted when they arrived at Tlascala.

Quitting Mexico, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for St. Domingo; here Alphonso flattered himself he should find a letter from his father; he was mistaken, but he received news from Portugal, though such as gave him great affliction.

He learnt, that Don Ramirez had not returned to Portugal; that the public opinion was totally changed concerning his being again taken into favour, and sent on an embassy; most people even supposed him exiled, but were totally ignorant to what part of the world he was retired.

This intelligence overwhelmed Alphonso with grief; uncertain now of what might be his father's fate, his remorse became more keen than ever.

Thelismar came to seek him, just as he was in the midst of these melancholy thoughts. I come to tell you, said Thelismar, you will see Dalinda much sooner than you hoped; she is at Paris with her mother; they will wait for us there: to-morrow we will depart for Surinam, from thence we will embark for France, whither we shall go directly. But in the mean time, added Thelismar, before

before you see Dalinda, I will shew you a present I have just received from her. Here, open this, do you recollect that form?

Heavens! cried Alphonso, it is the portrait of Dalinda! What a wonderful picture! What a striking likeness! How perfect is the Painter's art!

This picture will interest you still more, when you know it is the work of Dalinda herself.

Dalinda! Has she then every talent as well as every charm? Oh permit me once more to look on this precious painting.—Yes; behold her angelic features; look, there is her enchanting smile. How happy, Thelismar, are you in the possession of such a treasure!

And yet I desire another picture of her; I would have her paint herself once more, but with her husband by her side; and when, Alphonso, she shall give me that, I promise you shall have this.

Alphonso only replied by tenderly pressing the hands of Thelismar, and watering them with his tears.

Far from feeling a joy pure and unmixed, he looked upon it as his indispensable duty to return to Portugal, hoping there to find some sort of information concerning his father: he was unalterably determined to declare his resolution of going thither to Thelismar; but this resolution was too painful, not to cause the most violent agitations in his mind.

He had never had the courage to confess a fault, for which he justly and bitterly reproached himself: he wanted the power to tell so dear a friend he had left Spain clandestinely, without his father's consent; and this first dissimulation, had obliged him to disguise the truth in a thousand other instances: at last, however, he firmly purposed to expiate

expiate all his wrongs by his sincerity, without reserve, and if necessary, by the most painful sacrifices; and in this disposition left Saint Domingo. They arrived at Surinam (a) about dusk, and were struck by a most brilliant spectacle at their first entering that country. The coast seemed covered with an infinity of chandeliers, hung without order at unequal distances. Thelismar and Alphonso were admiring this agreeable illumination, when they perceived many of the lights were in motion, and advancing towards them.

A moment after, they plainly distinguished eight or ten men who walked nimbly, though they seemed covered with small lighted candles; some on their bonnets, some on their shoes, and some in their hands. This vision greatly surprized Alphonso, who wanted to come near these men; but they passed hastily by, and, as Alphonso did not understand the language of his guides, he could not satisfy his curiosity.

When they came to the house where they were to lodge, they were shewn into a pretty chamber, as clear as day; but, as Alphonso remarked that the lights were placed in two small glass lanterns, he wished to see them nearer; he then discovered with astonishment, they were nothing but green flies, of a bright emerald colour, which gave all this light.

We have now an explanation of the thing we wanted, said Thelismar; the trees being in a conic form, are covered with these flies, and resemble at a distance, girandoles and chandeliers hung in the air; the men we met, had fastened these

(a) Surinam is a Dutch colony, of about 30 leagues extent, along the river of Surinam, in Gujana.

these shining insects on their bonnets and feet, and carried them in glass tubes in their hands.

The very same evening, Alphonso learnt these beautiful flies were more than one way useful. When he was in bed, they were taken from their little lanterns and let fly about the room, in which he was informed they would kill the knats, which might otherwise disturb his rest.

Alphonso, however, a prey to inward grief and chagrin, could not close his eyes the whole night; he rose before day-break, determined no longer to defer opening his heart to Thelismar, but to inform him of all his faults and all his sorrows.

He went to walk upon the sea-shore till Thelismar should rise, and after straying a considerable time, sat down at the foot of a tree, where he fell into a vague and painful reverie; presently his eyes became heavy, he began to doze, and in a few moments was asleep. He was awaked by a piercing and sorrowful cry, and opening his eyes, saw himself in the arms of Thelismar, who was bearing him away,

Alphonso endeavoured to speak, but could only utter some broken and plaintive sounds; pale and faint he could not support himself, he wanted even the power of thought: Thelismar laid him down on the grass, ran towards the sea, filled his hat with salt-water, and made Alphonso drink it; after which, with the help of some servants, he raised, and took him home.

Alphonso came to himself by degrees. Where am I, said he, as he felt his strength returning?

Oh my son, said Thelismar, have I not spoken to you of this fatal tree? Have I not told you, that to sleep beneath it's perfidious shade is to die (54).

It is true, cried Alphonso, with a languishing voice, I recollect it now.

Providence be praised, you are out of danger ; but had not my fears for you brought me where you lay, the very instant they did, I should have lost you, Alphonso.

And do you weep for me, my father ? For me ! Oh most affectionate of friends ! best of benefactors ! wherefore have you snatched me from the arms of death ? I had then been regretted by you. Thelismar, while weeping for the miserable Alphonso, would then have been ignorant of his worst errors.

What do you mean, Alphonso ?

I am overpowered by your favours, penetrated by your bounties ; my affection for you is the reigning sentiment of my heart, and yet I am the most unfortunate of men.

Heavens ! Which way ? how ?

A single word, Thelismar, may make you judge of my situation ; I cannot follow you to France !

And why not ?

Sacred duty dictates my return to Portugal : Oh ! that by this painful sacrifice I could expiate my fault !

What fearful remorse is it that overwhelms you ?—But—no—thou art incapable of wickedness or meanness ; speak, be confident, open thy heart to thy friend.

Alphonso shed tears of gratitude and joy at hearing this, was silent a few moments, then taking courage, owned, without reserve, how he had deceived Thelismar, when he assured him that Don Ramirez approved his travels ; related the circumstances of his flight, and painted, in the most

most moving manner, his remorse, and uninterrupted inquietude concerning the fate of his father.

When he had finished his recital, Thelismar, with a softened heart, looked at him, and said, No, I will not abandon thee; I myself will conduct thee to Portugal.

These words inspired Alphonso with gratitude so strong, so passionate, he could only express it by falling at the feet of his generous friend.

Yes, continued Thelismar, we will find this unhappy father; I will enjoy the pleasure of giving thee again to his arms; for I dare assure him, thou now wilt make him happy. We shall arrive somewhat later in France, but Dalinda will see thee reconciled to heaven and thyself, and honoured with thy paternal benediction. Don Ramirez will certainly consent, without scruple, to your union with Dalinda. My fortune is not immense, but it is more than sufficient; the ties which attached Don Ramirez to Portugal are all broken; it will be no difficult thing to engage him to look on Sweden as his country, and my house as his own.

This is too much, said Alphonso; Oh Thelismar! let me breathe; my heart cannot express its feelings towards a benefactor such as you; gratitude becomes a passion; words are weak; I cannot tell you what I think.

This conversation delivered Alphonso from one part of his troubles; the indulgence and tenderness of Thelismar assuaged the bitterness of remorse, and gave birth to the sweetest hopes.

Before they quitted Surinam, Thelismar and Alphonso were invited on a fishing party, and rose on the day appointed early in the morning. In their way to the sea-side, they crossed a marsh full

of extraordinary trees ; from their flexible branches, bundles of filaments hung down, lay upon the ground, took root, grew, and formed other trees, as beautiful as those to which they were united, and of which they were only shoots, which again multiplied after the same manner ; insomuch, that a single tree might become the parent stock of a whole forest.

But what most surprized Alphonso was, that these trees were covered with shell-fish ! A multitude of oysters were fixed to their branches (55).

Thelismar was explaining the cause of these singular things, when they arrived on the strand ; they went on board ; the fishing began, the net was thrown, and the haul was a good one.

Alphonso seeing an exceeding large fish, very like an eel, went and touched it with a little switch that he had in his hand ; no sooner had he done so, than he felt so great pain in his arm and hand, that he gave a loud cry before he could recollect himself. The fishermen all began to laugh ; and Alphonso, piqued and astonished, remained motionless a while.

Recovering himself, he went again to the fish, and said, I do not know how the touching this fish can cause so violent a shock ; but I will shew you at least, that though I may be surprized, I am not to be intimidated.

So saying, he stooped down and touched the fish with his hand. He did not cry out this time ; but he received so terrible a shock, that if Thelismar had not stepped forward, and caught him in his arms, he would have fallen ; and was so stunned by the violence of the stroke, that he almost lost the use of his senses.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered, I will shew you said Thelismar, a still more astonishing effect produced by this fish. We are fourteen people in all, let us form a circle, and each hold the other by the hand; I will stand first, and you last; I will touch the fish with a stick, and although separated from me by twelve people, you shall yet feel the same shock as I.

The experiment was made, and confirmed all that Thelismar had predicted (56).

The day after this adventure, our travellers quitted Surinam and America, and embarked for Portugal. During the voyage, Thelismar in return for the confidence Alphonso had placed in him, satisfied a curiosity he had long entertained. Alphonso could not conceive how Thelismar might resolve to quit his country for four years, and tear himself from a family so dear to him, for so long a time.

Thelismar informed him that his Sovereign, being the protector of literati and learned men, had engaged him to make this sacrifice: the favours of my King, continued he, my love of science, and the particular delight I take in natural history have determined me to undertake an enterprize, the fatigues of which my friendship for you has made me chearfully support; the care of forming your heart, and enlightening your mind, together with the affection you have inspired me with, alone could soften the uneasiness and chagrin I have often felt, and which are inseparable from the feeling mind absent from its native home.

After a favourable voyage our travellers landed in Portugal, where all the information that Alphonso could procure, relative to Don Ramirez,

was very feeble and insufficient. They assured him, that his father had not been seen there during the last two years, and, after an infinity of researches, Alphonso was persuaded Don Ramirez was either in England, or in Russia. The interests of his family required Thelismar should go to England ; this Alphonso knew : therefore in quitting Portugal, he had the consolation to think he should not stay in France, but follow Thelismar and Dalinda to a land in which he hoped to find his father.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF
ALPHONSO AND DALINDA.

THELISMAR, as they drew near to France, thought proper to make his young pupil promise carefully to conceal his love from Dalinda. You will travel with her, said he ; I have told you it is the wish of my heart to unite, by the most holy ties, two objects who are now almost equally dear to me ; but you cannot, Alphonso, dispose of yourself without a father's consent : I have no doubt his consent will be granted ; yet there is a possibility it may be refused.

Oh heavens ! refused !

Were I to present you to Dalinda as her future husband, she would look upon you, beyond dispute, with the eye of affection ; and, uncertain as

we are, would it be right to hazard troubling the repose of her life?

I trouble her repose, or trouble your's! though but for a moment? No; let me rather never behold her—but we are so certain of my father's consent.

And yet, suppose, through some unaccountable caprice, he should refuse.

What, my father pronounce sentence of death upon me!

Either Alphonso, I have lost the fruits of all my cares, or you will support this misfortune with fortitude. Is it in the power of fate to make us miserable while we are virtuous, and while we possess a faithful friend?

Oh Thelismar! you shall for ever be the Sovereign Arbitrator of my destiny. Do you not dispose of my actions, my opinions, my feelings, as you please? Oh yes; and the ascendancy you have acquired you can never lose; reason, virtue, gratitude, and friendship confirm your power. I will faithfully follow the law you impose—I will see Dalinda, and be silent—Yet what an effort! But shall I doubt my power to perform what you prescribe!

Our travellers came to Bourdeaux, whence they immediately departed; and their carriage breaking down at thirty leagues distance from Paris, they were obliged to stop where the accident happened. Thelismar writ from this place to his wife, informing her, he should certainly be with her the next day by five in the afternoon at latest, and delivered the letter to a courier, who departed immediately. Thelismar and his pupil rose before day-break, got into their carriage, and departed for Paris.

What

What a charming morning ! said Alphonso, transported and embracing Thelismar, as he beheld the rising sun : what a fine day ! Before it is ended, I shall see Dalinda.

Remember your promise, replied Thelismar ; I dread lest you should betray your feelings at this first interview.

Oh, I am certain of myself.

Do not be too sure : take my advice ; from this moment moderate those transports, those joys, which in a few hours must be totally concealed ; let us speak of something else.

How is it possible ?

If you wish to acquire a command over your passions, accustom yourself to regulate your imagination at your pleasure, and to banish any certain train of thoughts you wish so to do.

But provided my conduct is always rational, will it matter what my thoughts are ?

How is it possible to give any marking proofs of fortitude, if we were habitually feeble ? He who suffers his imagination to have dominion over him, can neither drive from his memory what is dangerous to recollect, nor reject thoughts he ought not to entertain ; and can such a person always be supposed rational ? The faculty of thinking should be turned to the improvement of the heart and mind ; but we pervert this noble faculty, when we suffer our imagination to dwell upon objects beneath, unworthy of, or derogatory to ourselves ; therefore there is no doubt but the most secret thoughts of a wise man are far more pure and sublime than his words.

Alphonso sighed, and for a few moments remained silent ; then by an effort over himself, entered again into conversation. Thelismar

spoke of their travels, and recapitulated whatever they had seen most remarkable ; spoke of the arts, chymistry, botany, and various subjects of natural history, while Alphonso was insensibly drawn to listen with pleasure.

How happy you are said Alphonso to Thelismar ; how extensive your knowledge, nothing can astonish, nothing is new to you.

How mistaken *you* are, replied Thelismar, the heaven and earth, the universe, all we see, all that environs us, is the work of an infinite Being ; an eternal book, in which man to the end of time shall find secrets that are impenetrable, objects for ever new ; and discover, through each succeeding age mysteries the most sublime, without ever knowing them all.

Thus conversing, they drew near to Paris, when our travellers, almost equally moved, became thoughtful and silent ; they remained so a considerable time. At last Alphonso said to Thelismar, Will you not own that, at present, you do not chuse your thoughts, but that you are obliged to accept those which so forcibly, so naturally present themselves ?

As Alphonso was speaking, the Postillion told Thelismar he saw something that very much surprized him in the air. Thelismar looked out, and discovered, above the clouds, towards Paris, a small round body, opaque and dark, which appeared in motion, and slowly approaching as it were to meet them.

Thelismar astonished, looked very attentively at this phenomenon, and his astonishment increased at beholding the body become larger and luminous. He determined to descend the better to examine it, and the terrified Postillion had already

ready stopt his horses. They alighted in a charming meadow, adjoining to Arpajon, six leagues from Paris; the luminous Globe, however seemed still to increase in size.

It is a meteor, said Alphonso, and much such a one as I saw in Spain, when I was travelling to Loxe.

It is no meteor, said Thelismar.

What is it then?

I cannot conceive: it approaches still, and still becomes brighter. Have you your pocket telescope about you?

Yes.

Lend it me——Thelismar took the telescope that Alphonso presented him, and having adjusted it looked and cried, It is incredible, I can perceive underneath this Globe a kind of vessel, a small Ship fastened to it; this is certainly an illusion—Here, take your turn to look.

Alphonso took the telescope, and presently exclaimed, good God! I see a man!

Thelismar began to laugh; you have hit it, said he, it is Abaris the Scythian (a).

I am not surprized at your incredulity, said, Alphonso; for though I am certain I see it, I do not believe it—and yet—why what enchantment is this?—heavens!—I now see two people distinctly!

Alphonso rubbed his eyes, and the telescope dropt from his hands; he looked at Thelismar, who motionless and fixed in amazement, said not a word! The Globe still kept approaching, and at last appeared almost over their heads. I can doubt no longer, cried Thelismar: this Globe

(a) Abaris was said to have received an arrow from Apollo, on which he flew through the air.

of purple and gold contains living Beings!——
I see them!——Oh inconceivable prodigy! Oh
happy triumph of audacious Genius!

While Thelismar was speaking, the Globe
hovered over his head, majestically descended,
and they saw in the vessel, suspended to the Globe,
two celestial figures; they were females; the one
had the dignity and beauty of Juno or Minerva;
the other clothed in white, and crowned with
roses, resembled Aurora, or the charming God-
desses of Spring-time and Flowers.

Alphonso flew towards the Globe; he was stopt
by a violent palpitation of the heart; no cried he,
these ravishing creatures cannot be mortal——
they approach——they come hand in hand——
surely it is Innocence and Virtue, descending from
heaven to give back the Golden age——but——
good God—it is a new delusion?—Oh, Dalinda,
this young Divinity, the more to charm us, has
taken thy form——I dare not believe my eyes,
and yet my heart cannot deceive me—Yes, it is
she, it is Dalinda herself!

Alphonso wildly called Thelismar, just as the
Globe and its Car touched the earth; while the
latter pale, trembling, petrified with surprize and
doubt, looked on it, sent forth a piercing cry,
and transported with joy, ran, or rather fled to-
wards them.

The two divinities were not less eager; they
sprang, they wept, they sunk in his arms.

Alphonso, quite beside himself, durst not fol-
low the dictates of his heart; he stopped, and the
excess of his feelings obliged him to lean against
a tree for his trembling legs were unable to sup-
port his body.

In

In the first moments of joy, the magic Globe, the Car, the Miracle, were totally forgotten. Thelismar beheld nothing but his wife and daughter, and his curiosity was suspended, superior to the power of all enchantment. Alphonso, a witness of this happy meeting, did not taste a joy unmixed; he contemplated Dalinda with ravishment; he enjoyed, with transport, the sweet pleasure of understanding her in her native language, while she spoke every thing that filial affection could inspire to a dear and tender father. But this interesting scene brought to memory Don Ramirez, and all his wrongs; and thus was one single subject of remorse sufficient to poison all his pleasure.

Reflection, after a while, having again given birth to surprize and curiosity, Dalinda and her mother were questioned concerning the miracle they had seen. They replied, they had not ventured themselves passengers in the *Air Balloon*, had they not first seen experiments which had assured them of its safety; that knowing the day and hour when Thelismar would arrive, and having a favourable wind, they could not resist their desire of thus surprizing him, especially when it would bring them sooner to his arms; that living in the same house with a Philosopher, who had a globe ready prepared, they had seized so favourable an opportunity of flying to meet a husband and father so dear; they added, as they were hovering over the meadow of Arpajon, they had distinguished a carriage and horses with their telescopes, and consequently had descended.

Thelismar after this went to examine the globe, and his wife gave a short account of the experiments which had been made at the Muette, and

the Thuilleries. Thelismar felt himself greatly moved, while she described the general enthusiasm which these sublime experiments had excited; and the universal admiration with which the whole nation beheld the immortal author of that discovery, and the two illustrious Philosophers, whose heroic daring had procured to France a spectacle so pompous and so new.

Thelismar likewise heard with pleasure, that all the truly learned partook in this well-founded national enthusiasm; and Alphonso was astonished to find that Envy wanted power to poison the triumph of the author of this brilliant discovery.

A little reflection, said Thelismar, will rob you of your surprize; such lights as may serve to guide men to the things they wish, are always received with transport. Suppose a Chymist, by making a discovery, should open a new career to the learned, and furnish materials for an infinity of interesting speculations, and a multitude of new ideas, would he not thus afford them new means of distinguishing themselves, and acquiring glory? From one discovery a thousand others may arise, while each Philosopher is only busied in bringing it to perfection, and thence deducing new lights and further fame: thus, far from endeavouring to diminish the merit of the first invention, each employs his talents and his genius to make it more useful, consequently more glorious.

You give me infinite pleasure, said Alphonso; there exists then a way, in which men may run toward the same goal, may overtake and outstrip, yet not hate each other. Oh noble triumph, in which the victor is crowned by the vanquished; where the excellence of an individual is the delight of the whole, and becomes to them an inexhaustible

haustible source of fame and fresh success. Oh that men of wit would follow this sublime example !

You wish a thing impossible, answered Thelismar ; facts cannot be denied ; a discovery proved by experiment, is beyond criticism, above censure ; but so are not works of imagination. An author who writes to the fancy, may ardently desire to prove his work is good, but cannot do it geometrically ; it is in vain that he may affirm it a hundred different ways in his preface, when whosoever pleases can affirm the contrary : thus when he has composed a *Chef-d'oeuvre*, Ill taste and Malignity may deny his merit. Hence arise disputes, spiteful criticisms, and enmities which dishonour literature, the Philosopher can write nothing which describes new facts, that is not useful to all other Philosophers ; while the wit and talents of the man of polite literature, are subservient only to his own individual fame.

After this conversation, they took a turn in the meadows, then entered their carriages, and went for Paris, where they arrived in the evening.

Thelismar made no stay at this city, but departed with his family and Alphonso to England. They passed some time at London ; but not being able to learn any tidings of Don Ramirez they left it, and went to Buxton in Derbyshire.

I will conduct you, said Thelismar, as they were walking out, to a Fountain, which, from the fabulous virtues attributed to it, would be much better placed in Sicily or Greece than England. It is pretended, that the spring only flows for constant hearts ; and that any Lover, capable of the least infidelity, cannot drink of its waters, because they stop at his approach. It is long since
I heard

I heard this old tale, added Thelismar, the gallantry of which recalls to memory the fountain Acadine, and the story of Argyra (57).

The Guides now spoke to Thelismar in English, which language Alphonso did not understand: they tell me, said Thelismar, we are not an hundred yards from the Fountain; but as the road is full of stones and brambles, they and our servants will go before and clear the way. Let us sit down under these trees a moment till they call. So saying, Thelismar seated himself between his wife and daughter, where they had not sat long, before the Guides returned, and conducted them to the Fountain.

I am going, said Thelismar, smiling, to his wife, to prove a fidelity, of which I hope you have never doubted: besides, this clear and abundant spring invites me to drink; I therefore willingly consent to submit to this proof of perfect constancy.

So saying, he approached the spring, and drank two or three times. Who, continued he, will, after this, pretend that men are inconstant! You see!—But come, Alphonso, are not you thirsty?

No, replied Alphonso, laughing; however, I will drink.

Alphonso drew near, but Thelismar stopped him, as he was going to stoop, and whispered, What, have you the audacity to expose yourself to this proof; have you forgot Greece, and the black-eyed youthful Zoë?

Nay, Thelismar, now you are cruel.

Well, well, since you have engaged with so much temerity, you must go through with it now; you must drink.

While

While this dialogue was passing, Dalinda drew near, and Alphonso fearing she might overhear Thelismar's jokes, stooped towards the Fountain; but as his lips drew near the stream, it instantly ceased to flow. Alphonso, abashed and astonished, felt his heart violently beat, and stood like the Statue of Surprize. Dalinda blushed and smiled, though with an air of some constraint, while Thelismar silently, with mischievous pleasure, looked on; at last, Away, profane mortal, said he, in a tragic tone, depart from these sacred haunts.

Certainly, said Alphonso, this cannot be a real Fountain.

I protest, said Thelismar, it is.

I own it has all the appearance of one; and can you who possess so many other wonderful secrets, forbid the Fountain to flow?

That would indeed be a wonderful secret.

Yet I have seen you do things as surprising.

This, however, surpasses my power; I assure you I have no influence over this Fountain; the prodigy, at which you seem so astonished, is entirely the work of nature. I will endeavour this evening to explain the phenomenon; in the mean time, Alphonso, cede your place to me, for as I have a clear conscience, I dare supply it untrified by your disgrace; look and you shall see the stream flow once more.

As Thelismar approached the spring, it began again impetuously to bubble forth its waters; and when he had enjoyed his triumph for a moment, Thelismar took Alphonso under the arm, and quitted this miraculous Fountain.

Alphonso was not ignorant enough to believe the Fountain was enchanted; and after some reflection,

reflection, he nearly divined the cause of an effect so extraordinary; but Thelismar's pleasantry had so disconcerted him, that he could not recover himself during the whole walk.

Thelismar departed from Buxton, and conducted his wife and daughter to the frontiers of Scotland (58), where they left him to go to Edinburgh. The wife of Thelismar had an ancient relation and benefactor who lived in that city, and who was very desirous to see her once again; while, therefore, they went to Scotland, it was determined that Alphonso and Thelismar should make a tour to Iceland.

Alphonso at parting from Dalinda, acquitted himself with a fortitude that even surpassed the hopes of Thelismar; fearing he should betray himself, he determined scarcely to look at her, and pronounced no other kind of farewell, but such as mere politeness required.

As soon as he was alone with his friend, he uttered his tender complaints, but the praises of Thelismar soon softened his chagrin. They embarked, and arrived in Iceland, at Skallhot, whence they went to Geizer. The first thing they admired in this wild place, was a cascade of prodigious height; but another, and a newer spectacle, soon drew all their attention: look this way said Thelismar, behold the superb columns of Ruby, Ivory, and Crystal, which cover that immense plain.

Alphonso turned, and over a vast extent of ground, among rocks and gulfs, he saw thrown up into the air, at equal heights and distances, innumerable spouts of water, as from prodigious fountains, and of various colours; some of a bright red, some of a dazzling white, others of
pure

pure and limpid water, but almost all reaching to the very clouds (59).

Alphonso and Thelismar could not be tired with so beautiful, so brilliant a sight. They admired many other phenomenæ in the same island, equally curious; and, after having seen every thing it contained, of interesting and uncommon, they re-embarked, and again returned for England, where Alphonso once more saw Dalinda, when the pains of absence were forgotten, though the necessity of hiding it considerably abated his joy.

Thelismar left England with inexpressible satisfaction, and at last embarked for Sweden. After so many travels, so many perilous voyages, to see himself in his own country, in the midst of his family and friends, was a delight not easily to be described.

Here he had the pleasure to find once more the virtuous Zulaski, with whom he had lodged at the Azore Islands, and whose house was so miraculously thrown into the sea. Thelismar learnt with joy, that the filial piety of this young man had made him the object of public admiration; that his sovereign had heaped benefits upon him; that he had found his mistress faithful, and that he was married, and the happiest of men.

Thelismar wished to contemplate him in the bosom of his family; he there saw Zulaski, with his father on one side of him, his wife on the other, and his child, a beautiful boy, not two years old, on his knees. Oh Zulaski! said Thelismar, where is happiness may be compared to your's? The wife you doat on, the child you love, your wealth, your reputation, your pleasures, your felicity, your glory, all, all are the effects of your virtues. And your happiness is still the more
pure,

pure, since it is too interesting to incite envy. Those qualities which are only brilliant, have ever more enemies than admirers; but those which are the offspring of the heart, obtain the suffrages of all. You cannot outshine other men, without wounding their pride; whilst you astonish them, you often irritate; and whenever you are personal, you are assuming. Your son too, that tender object of your dearest hopes, what may you not expect from him? since, to make him worthy of yourself, to make him feel how extensive are the sacred duties of nature, you have only to relate your own story.

Alphonso, more than ever a prey to disquietude concerning the fate of his father, and cherishing still the fond hope of finding him in Russia, told Thelismar he was determined to go to Petersburg. Easily imagining what Alphonso's afflictions must be, should he not find Don Ramirez there, Thelismar determined not to abandon, but go with him.

At Petersburg they found Frederic, the old friend of Thelismar, whom they had met in the island of Policandro: I am destined, said Frederic, to shew you, and see in your company, extraordinary things; follow me, and you shall behold a Palace of crystal.

We know, said Alphonso, that you called a Cavern formed by nature a Palace. For this time, however, replied Frederic, it is no play of words, but a real Palace, built by men, according to the most regular rules of architecture.

This assurance scarcely could persuade Alphonso; therefore, to cure him of his incredulity, Frederic immediately took him to this marvellous Palace. As soon as they came in sight of it, Alphonso
uttered

uttered an exclamation of surprize! He saw a real transparent Palace, of beautiful architecture, apparently built of various coloured crystal.

Go on, said Frederic, and your amazement will be doubled: look at yonder battery.

What do I behold? cried Alphonso: Cannon too of crystal?

The concert is going to begin in this enchanted Castle, continued Frederic; you may go in, if you dare enter a Palace which must at least be the habitation of Fairies.

I am too much accustomed to them now, said Alphonso, to stand in fear of enchantments.

So saying, he passed beneath the brilliant porticos of the Palace; and, led by celestial harmony, came to a magnificent hall, the walls and columns of which built of the same materials with the rest, were, likewise, ornamented with garlands and festoons of roses; the girandoles of crystal, which were placed in the angles of the hall, were filled with an infinite number of wax-lights, which being reflected on every side, produced a most dazzling brightness.

But what struck Alphonso most, was the beauty of the women, which he found assembled in this magic Palace. He was in no danger of taking them for Fairies, they were clothed nearly as Calypso, or the Nymphs of Diana are painted; something like Arethusa, or the beauteous Atalanta; their robes were the spoils of animals, run down or vanquished at the chace; their mantles, made of the skins of the Ermine and the Fox, hung from their shoulders, fastened with diamond clasps; and in these superb habits, their charms effaced the brightness of the habitation.

Quitting

Quitting this Palace, Alphonso was informed of the nature of the materials with which it was built; it was the Ice taken from the river Neva (60).

What, mamma, cried Cæsar, a Palace of Ice! Nothing is more certain.

Filled with burning candles too, and yet not melt! How is it possible to find Ice thick enough for such a building? Besides, you said the Ice was of various colours.

My Notes will answer all these questions.

O dear, cried Pulcheria, how I long to read these Notes!

You had reason, mamma, to tell us that Fairy Tales are not so miraculous as your's; but pray, dear mamma, continue your story, we will not interrupt you any more.

It is too late, said Madame de Clémire, you shall hear the rest to-morrow.

The following evening Madame de Clémire thus continued the history of Alphonso:

All the enquiries of Alphonso relative to his father, were as fruitless in Russia as they had been in England: overwhelmed with grief, he found in the affections of a generous benefactor, the sole consolations he was capable of receiving. Neither duty nor the laws, said Thelismar, permit you to marry without the consent of your father; you must, therefore, dear Alphonso, submit to your fate; all that depended upon you, have you done to find him; now then you must wait with resignation, till the age that you are allowed to dispose of yourself: you must henceforth be separated from Dalinda, and see her no more till you receive her hand. You shall pass this time in Sweden, in a house that appertains to me, and in which

which I lived before my travels; I will conduct you there and leave you alone, while I go to Stockholm and join my family, We shall be separated, but we shall inhabit the same country, and with the certitude of being for ever united in two years.

Alas! said Alphonso, how cruel an exile, how severe a separation will this be to me!—If Dalinda only knew my love——might I but hope her pity——but I submit to my fate; and oh! may the pangs I shall suffer expiate my guilt; may heaven, moved by my repentance, give me back a father who has caused me so many tears!

Thelismar left Petersburg, and brought Alphonso to his destined retreat. It was an antique mansion, situated in a wild place near Salseberist.

Here then, said Alphonso, is the solitude in which I must pass two long years away; were it not for the cutting remembrance of my father and my faults, I might support this rigorous exile with fortitude, but remorse now will be my only companion.

Always preserve, said Thelismar, this just remorse; but be not vanquished by it: industriously employ yourself in bringing that knowledge, the elements of which I have given you, to perfection. I formerly promised you a treasure, the value of which you are now capable of knowing; behold those shelves, those books; behold there my dear Alphonso, an immortal work, which will more extensively instruct you in the secrets of nature. I will stay with you a few days, and shew you the neighbourhood; in these savage environs, you will find objects worthy to excite your curiosity.

The

The next morning Thelismar and the melancholy Alphonso, were in their carriage by day-break. Thelismar promised to shew him something curious, but Alphonso was too deeply pensive to hope that any thing might divert his sadness. After they had rid about three miles, they came to a wild desolate place, surrounded on all sides by enormous mountains.

Here let us stop, said Thelismar. If I had not known your courage, Alphonso, I would not have brought you to this Desert, for our enterprize will be very perilous. Look here—do you perceive various gulfs on the other side of those rocks?—Into the Abyss they lead to we must descend.

As Thelismar spoke, two men of a fearful aspect approached; they were wrapped in long dismal garments, with naked arms, and lighted torches in their hands.

These are our Guides, said Thelismar; here we must separate; we shall soon meet again.

Accordingly he went with one of the men, and Alphonso followed the other, who walked silently before. When they had gone a little way, Alphonso found himself on the brink of a pit; he stooped, and saw in the mouth of this abyss, a kind of small barrel or basket, suspended in the air; into this bark the guide leapt, and Alphonso followed; after which the Guide, still keeping the lighted torch in his hand, made his deep hollow voice reverberate down the gulf; and while its sides still shook with the sound, their vehicle began to descend, and an invisible hand seemed to precipitate them into the deep bowels of the earth. Alphonso looked upwards at the infinite firmament of heaven, which was as an imperceptible point;
this

this point itself presently vanished, and he only saw his strange attendant, who seemed the very counterpart of the ferocious Ferryman of Hell.

After travelling thus about a quarter of an hour, Alphonso began to be astonished at the length of the way, and the immense depth they had descended; when suddenly he heard a noise, which he presently found to be impetuous torrents, dashing and roaring round him, unseen, on all sides, and recalling to his imagination the fearful and tumultuous streams of Tartarus.

At last the vehicle stopped, he jumped out; Thelismar came running again to join him, and after walking a little way, Alphonso was surprized by the sudden appearance of light. He advanced, but not far; he soon stood motionless with amazement: he found himself in the midst of a vast and magnificent hall of Silver, sustained by pillars of the same metal, round which were four spacious galleries; a brook of limpid water crossed this hall and these galleries, while the sumptuous edifice was lighted by an infinity of lamps and flambeaux.

All is shining, all dazzles in these subterranean regions; the lights are reflected and multiplied by the silver walls and vaults, and the crystal waters, which wind along the hall.

Alphonso and Thelismar entered the galleries, where they found crouds of people variously employed; farther on Alphonso discovered houses, saw horses and carriages pass and repass; and, moreover, to his inconceivable astonishment, perceived a windmill.

What; mamma, interrupted Caroline, a subterranean town of Silver, and in that town horses, carriages and a windmill!

The town exists at this moment, exactly as I have described : but let me finish my tale, my dear, without farther interruption.

While Thelismar and Alphonso were beholding these wonders, Thelismar shuddered, in remarking the lights began to burn blue ; he looked up, and saw above his head a kind of whitish veil : he instantly took Alphonso by the arm, dragged him down, and forced him to lie with his face upon the floor ; at the same moment, a terrible and universal shriek resounded through the vaults ; the lamps were all extinguished, and to an illumination the most brilliant, succeeded darkness the most horrid, which was yet augmented by a profound and utter silence.

At last, in a few seconds, a noise was heard like the discharge of a cannon, when instantly every body rose, and cried the danger is over ; the lamps were re-lighted, and Thelismar turning towards Alphonso, said, death has passed over our heads. Such is the fearful peril to which men are often exposed, in these profound deeps which Avarice has dug. Alas ! these unhappy people, deprived of the chearful light of day, enjoy not the riches they wrest from the bosom of the earth : misery buries them in these tombs of Terror, and, instead of enjoying the riches that passes through their hands, they have scarce enough to buy them food ; their days are consecrated to the most painful labours, their health is destroyed, and their term of wretchedness is shortened (61).

How much, cried Alphonso, you interest me in favour of those unfortunate victims ! Poor unhappy creatures ! But look, added Alphonso, what is the matter yonder, where that crowd is assembled ?

Alphonso ran towards the other end of the gallery, and Thelismar followed: they were told, that one of the workmen, not having put out his light quick enough when the mephitic vapour discharged itself, was wounded, and that they were endeavouring to give him assistance.

Let us run, said Thelismar, I have a bottle in my pocket, which may be of service to him, perhaps.

They made their way through the crowd with all the haste they could; the unfortunate man was lying senseless extended upon the ground; he is dead, said one of his comrades, seeing Thelismar advance. Alphonso, with a compassionate heart, drew near; his eyes, dim by tears, were cast towards the mournful Object—he shuddered!—started back!—sprang again towards him—beheld him with distraction in his countenance!—his blood froze in his veins!—his hair stood an end; and as if a thunder-bolt had struck him, he fell speechless and lifeless to the earth!

Thelismar flew to the succour of Alphonso; he gave orders to the people who surrounded the supposed dead man, and then had Alphonso carried into another gallery; in about half a quarter of an hour Alphonso gave some signs of life, and some time after came more to himself.

Then it was, that the most horrible despair was seen in his looks, and disfigured his features—it is my father, cried he! 'tis he himself! it is my father!—Barbarians, give me my father!—conduct me to him! let me see him! let me die by his side!—in what place? Oh God! in what dreadful state have I found him!—but he is dead! and do I exist!—have I enjoyed the light of heaven, while my father has uttered groans
in

in this place of death and terrors!——Leave me, continued he, pushing Thelismar from him with wild ferocity in his eyes; fly a Monster, unworthy to revisit the day. I renounce happiness, the world, and the blessed sun. This Cave shall be my tomb, as it is, alas, that of my most wretched father; in death at least we shall be united!

During this scene of distraction, Alphonso in vain endeavoured to escape from the arms of his friend: hold, cried Thelismar, hold, Alphonso; knowest thou me not? seest thou me not? hearest thou not my voice?

I see nobody but my father: I hear no voice but the voice of Nature, whose cries rend my very heart.

Yet be calm; yet hear me: if you are certain you are not deceived, if it be your father, you yet may hope.

Oh God's providence! is he——is he alive?

His hurt is not mortal.

Almighty Father of mercies, cried Alphonso, falling on his knees, and raising his clasped hands to heaven, oh God of boundless pity, hear me! have compassion on my pangs, my remorse, my despair, and give me back my father.

Compose your spirits Alphonso.

Oh let us run; deign Thelismar to guide my steps; let us fly.

No; at present it is improper; such an interview might be fatal.

But is he alive?—Do you assure me he lives?

I do——I am certain, that though apparently, he is not really dead. I gave orders they should carry him out of the pits into the air, and he is gone.

Has

Has he revived! Has he spoken! Oh Thelismar, do not deceive me.

Alphonso! Is not my word sacred!—I have sent him to my house, and must follow to assist.

To your house! My father at the house of Thelismar, and alive!

I have ordered them to carry him in our carriage.

Oh! let us fly!

Thelismar and Alphonso immediately left the gallery, called their Guides, and were drawn out of the pit: they were obliged to return on foot, but, however, they were met half way by the horses and servants of Thelismar. Alphonso eagerly questioned the domestics concerning his father, but received only vague and unsatisfactory answers; his doubts and suspicions again revived, till his fears became almost insupportable.

At last they got home, and Alphonso in vain, endeavoured to follow Thelismar into the sick man's chamber. You are not sufficiently master of yourself, said Thelismar; if the stranger is your father, you shall see him to-morrow; but give me leave to inform him properly first, and prevent the consequences which else might follow.

Alphonso obliged to submit, passed the day in anxiety and trouble too violent to be described. Unable, however, any longer to support his incertitude, he resolved to hide his intentions from Thelismar, and visit his father when every body was gone to rest. Accordingly, about midnight, he went to the chamber-door of the sick person, and knowing the bed was placed so that he might enter the chamber without being seen, he softly opened the door. With trembling steps he entered the room, and as he entered, heard the voice

of Don Ramirez; his sensations were so strong he could scarcely support himself: but, alas! what were his feelings at hearing his father's discourse, who was raving in a fit of delirium.

Alvarez! Alvarez! cried aloud the wretched Don Ramirez, come!—come Alvarez, and drag me from this abyss of terrors into which thou hast plunged me; pity my pangs; look, behold my misery: but how may thy eyes penetrate from the heights of heaven to the bowels of the earth. How dreary is the gulf, it contains the tomb of thy wife and son—there!—Ay, there they are! I see their pale shades! behold how they menace. See, see, how they pursue me!—and must it be for ever thus?—But look; mercy, what do I see! thy son Alvarez arms Alphonso with a poniard; behold! he is going to revenge thee; now he strikes, now he pierces my heart——stop, my son, is it for thee to punish a father? Wilt thou kill me first, and then abandon me? Ah, come at least and receive my last sigh, take my blessing ere I go.

Alphonso, unable longer to contain, was going to cast himself in his father's arms; but the watchful Thelismar appeared, caught hold of him, and in spite of his cries and resistance, tore him from the chamber.

A Physician whom Thelismar had sent for came; at first he was doubtful; but in a few hours Don Ramirez became more calm, his delirium was gone, and the Physician pronounced him out of danger: the transports of Alphonso's joy could now be only equalled by his late excess of grief; and as soon as his hopes for his father were confirmed, his tenderness and obedience to Thelismar returned. During the last few hours, Thelismar

mar for the first time had found him unjust, obstinate, and headstrong; but no sooner was he assured of his father's safety, than he became more submissive, reasonable, and tender than ever towards his benefactor.

As soon as Don Ramirez learnt he was at the house of Thelismar, he instantly asked, with an exclamation of surprize for Alphonso; and it was now impossible any longer to defer the interview: Thelismar therefore sought for, and brought him into the chamber of Don Ramirez. Alphonso agitated, hoping, fearing, bathed in tears, ran and fell on his knees by his father's bed-side, whose arms were extended to receive him.

Oh, my father! cried Alphonso, dear author of my being! Are you given back to me at last? and will you receive your guilty son again? Ah! surely you read my heart, or you could not: you there behold my repentance, my remorse, my love! — Yes, my father, my life hereafter shall be consecrated to you. I wish existence, only to repair my faults, to obey, to make you happy. — Oh speak to me, my father, let me hear the sound of a voice so revered; confirm my pardon with your lips; and oh! may it give me back the repose I had lost, and which I never could have enjoyed without you.

Is it not an illusion? at last, said Don Ramirez. Is it Alphonso? is it my son that I press to my bosom? — I accuse thee not of thy errors and wretchedness, both were equally mine: but heaven is appeased, and we are again united; again I see thee; and all my sufferings are repaid.

The weakness of Don Ramirez would not suffer him to speak any more: he became pale, and his head, heavy and helpless, dropped on the cheek

of his son. Alphonso terrified, instantly ran for the Physician, who brought Don Ramirez to himself again; but forbad any more such conversation for the present.

This meeting did not forward the recovery of Don Ramirez. However, in a few days he was capable of sitting up, and Alphonso then related to him all his adventures. Don Ramirez gave a thousand testimonials of his gratitude to Thelismar, and as soon as he was quite well, he also would relate his history. He confessed all his faults without reservation, and the whole circumstance of the History of Alvarez, the virtuous Portuguese Hermit, whom he had met with on Mont-Serrat.

When he came to the epocha of the flight of Alphonso, he thus continued his tale:

“ The departure of my son grieved me so much
 “ the more, inasmuch as it was impossible not
 “ to look upon it as a just punishment inflicted by
 “ heaven, and the effect of the imprecations before
 “ pronounced against me by a wretched
 “ father. Alas! said I, how equitable are the
 “ decrees of Providence! I made an ill use of
 “ power and fortune, and heaven has deprived
 “ me of both. My detestable ambition robbed
 “ the unhappy Alvarez of a wife and son; and
 “ the wrath divine, has at last stripped me of the
 “ only comfort which could supply the want of all
 “ the rest; my son, my sole hope, Alphonso, abandons me; and though thus arrived at the
 “ height of my misery, I have not a right even
 “ to complain; Fate has done me no wrong; it
 “ is all my own work.

“ Thus

“ Thus did I weep over my Destiny, and thus
 “ was I obliged to admire Omnipotent Justice by
 “ which I was pursued.

“ I learnt, after diligent enquiries, my son
 “ had taken the route to Cadiz. I could not,
 “ however, follow him immediately, as was my
 “ intention and desire ; detained at Grenada by a
 “ violent fever, I was obliged there to remain
 “ for six weeks.

“ Though I could not hope to find my son at
 “ Cadiz, I still persisted in my design of going
 “ there, from a supposition that I might get far-
 “ ther intelligence. When I came to Loxe, I
 “ put up at an Inn, where, after the description
 “ I gave of my son, and the answers of the Inn-
 “ keeper, I could not doubt of his having passed
 “ some hours in the same place.

“ Fatherly fondness made me desirous of sleep-
 “ ing in his chamber ; every part of which I
 “ examined with great care and anxiety. I per-
 “ ceived some Portuguese characters cut on the
 “ glass ; I could not mistake the hand of Alphon-
 “ so, and in a single couplet, I saw the name of
 “ Dalinda three times repeated. The same name
 “ was written too upon the walls, it struck me,
 “ and I entered it in my tablets.

“ When I came to Cadiz, I enquired both for
 “ Alphonso and Dalinda ; but they were names
 “ totally unknown to every body that heard them.
 “ At last, however, I learnt a young Portuguese,
 “ who had carefully concealed his name and birth,
 “ had passed ten days at Cadiz with a young lady,
 “ whom it was suspected he had run off with,
 “ and that the two Fugitives were gone to
 “ France, there, as it was supposed, to reside.

“ I did not doubt but my son was the Portuguese in question, and that the young lady was Dalinda, with whom I had discovered Alphonso was in love ; I resolved, therefore, to go to France ; but it was first necessary I should visit Lisbon, to receive the money due upon my pension, and then I departed for Paris.

“ After much time and many pains spent in searching, I traced at last the Fugitives, concerning whom I had heard at Cadiz ; and the result of all my cares and discovery was, to find two persons to whom I was absolutely unknown. I had hitherto been supported by the hope of finding my son ; and when I lost a hope so dear to my heart, I drooped and fell into the most melancholy state of despair. Totally detached from the world, I formed the project of quitting it never to return, and burying myself in the same solitude which the virtuous Alvarez had chosen.

“ Arrived at Mont-Serrat, I went immediately to the Grotto of Alvarez, but alas ! the venerable old man approached the term of his existence ; I found him on the brink of the grave.

“ He received me, however, with that unalterable bounty by which his actions were characterized ; I told him my misfortunes, and he listened with tenderness to the recital. Mayest thou find, said he, in this peaceable asylum, comforts that shall assuage thy griefs ; if thou wilt remain in this grotto, thou wilt soon enjoy it without a rival ; and oh ! in abandoning it to thee, would to heaven I could leave thee also the tranquillity which I enjoy.

“ Such

“ Such was my reception with Alvarez. With
 “ new astonishment I viewed a virtue so perfect ;
 “ far from finding that his presence augmented
 “ my uneasiness and remorse, I found myself less
 “ agitated in his company, received an inexpressible
 “ delight in listening to, looking at, and
 “ assisting him ; my affection for him was every
 “ instant redoubled, and I would willingly have
 “ prolonged his life at the expence of my own.

“ I had not at first related to him the particulars
 “ of my misfortunes ; I had only told him,
 “ that my son had ran from me ; that I knew
 “ not what was become of him, and that, from
 “ some mistaken informations, I had vainly
 “ sought for him in France. Alvarez afterwards
 “ begged me to be more precise ; and I then mentioned,
 “ among other things, the two Portuguese verses I had found on the window of the
 “ Inn, at Loxe.

“ Scarcely had I pronounced the name of Dalinda,
 “ before I was interrupted by Alvarez. Go, said he,
 “ and look in that chest of drawers for the book,
 “ in which during these last ten years, I have written
 “ the names of such strangers as have come to visit
 “ the Hermitage. I flew as directed, brought the book,
 “ and Alvarez found the following memorandum :

“ This twentieth of June, I have received a
 “ visit from a Swedish family ; the father speaks
 “ tolerable Portuguese, has charmed me by his
 “ knowledge and simplicity of manners ; he is
 “ going to Spain, embarks at Cadiz for Africa,
 “ and his name is Thelismar : his daughter is
 “ remarkable for her beauty and modesty. Her
 “ father desired her to shew me some landscapes
 “ of her own drawing, and she took a book from

“ her pocket, in which were several, all designed
“ after nature, except one, which she had done
“ from memory, and which was certainly the best
“ and prettiest among them: it was a representation of the Fountain of Love, in the province of Beira. The name of this young lady is Dalinda.

“ This note cleared up all my doubts, and gave me the first joyous sensation I had felt since I returned from France; for though I had still cause enough to be very uneasy, I now had discovered some certain intelligence, by the help of which I might hope to find my son.

“ Alvarez farther informed me, Thelismar had said he intended to travel four years, before he returned to Sweden; for which reason, said Alvarez, if your son is with him, it will be two years longer ere you see him again; nor can you hope to hear any thing of Alphonso, except by going to Sweden.

“ No, Alvarez, said I, I will not now abandon you in helpless age; you offered an asylum to your Persecutor, advised him, consoled, and deigned to accept his little services: such magnanimity, while it doubles my repentance, diminishes the dreadful terrors of my guilt; when Alvarez is no longer angry with me, I hope the avenging God, who pursues me, will be appeased——And yet, alas! I am indebted to religion only for this forgiveness: could your heart be reconciled, and become a part of mine, I should then hope for heaven’s protection.

“ My eyes were filled with tears as I spoke; and Alvarez, with a look of most affectionate tenderness, answered, And is it possible that my
“ friend-

“ friendship should soften thy chagrin, and calm
 “ the cruel agitation of thy soul!——Well——
 “ be satisfied——I accept thy hand, thy friendly
 “ succours; yes, the hand of Don Ramirez shall
 “ close the eyes of Alvarez.

“ The virtuous old man could no longer re-
 “ tain his tears, while I but too forcibly felt what
 “ the cutting remembrance must be, which then
 “ offered itself to his imagination: at the very
 “ moment he assured me of his friendship, the
 “ unfortunate old man wept for his son.

“ The night after this conversation, Alvarez
 “ feeling himself more oppressed than usual, wish-
 “ ed to rise; he leaned on my arm, and went in-
 “ to his garden: he sat down, the moon’s rays
 “ shone upon his countenance; and while their
 “ silver light increased his paleness, they gave
 “ him a mild, an affecting, an august serenity;
 “ he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and, for
 “ a few moments, seemed absorbed in a kind of
 “ trance; then afterwards turning towards me—
 “ Oh thou, said he, who for three months past
 “ hast paid me every attention, performed every
 “ office of filial piety, receive in these my last
 “ moments the little I have to leave, receive the
 “ paternal benediction of a father.

“ Oh my father! cried I, bowing at his feet,
 “ my revered, my venerable father, what is it
 “ you announce?

“ Yes, replied Alvarez, with a feeble voice,
 “ thou soon shall lose a father whom religion
 “ hath given thee; in an instant, my son, I shall
 “ appear in the presence of that eternal Being,
 “ in whom Clemency and Benevolence are the
 “ sublimest attributes—Oh God! continued Al-
 “ varez, dropping on his feeble knees beside me;

“ —God, my Creator, and my Judge! the
 “ awful moment approaches in which the most
 “ virtuous of men ought to dread thy justice——
 “ yet I dare rely upon thy mercy——I have a
 “ heart to pardon—behold in whose arms I ex-
 “ pire——behold for whom my tears now flow,
 “ for whom I implore thy pity; hear, Oh God!
 “ the groans of Don Ramirez; his soul is not
 “ hardened in sin, it feels, it repents, it is able
 “ to elevate itself even to thee—finish the puri-
 “ fication of his heart, remove the film from his
 “ eyes, give back his son, restore him to happi-
 “ ness and peace——Oh deign to hear the last
 “ prayer of Alvarez!

“ As he ended, his head gently reclined upon
 “ my bosom, while my tears bathed his placid
 “ face——alas! his parting breath was spent in
 “ prayer——Alvarez was no more.

“ All the grief which the loss of a beloved
 “ and respectable parent could give, I experienced
 “ in losing Alvarez. I tasted, however, already
 “ the fruits of the solemn and affecting benedicti-
 “ on he had bestowed; for when I remembered
 “ his last words, I no longer supposed myself a
 “ devoted victim to the wrath divine, and the
 “ sweetest hopes succeeded to the black forebo-
 “ dings of remorse.

“ Within the small circumference of the hum-
 “ ble retreat of Alvarez, by the side of a foun-
 “ tain, and beneath a shade of Olives, I raised,
 “ with my own hands, the rustic tomb, in which
 “ are deposited the precious remains of the most
 “ virtuous of men.

“ This duty fulfilled, my first wish was to
 “ depart for Sweden; but money was necessary
 “ to undertake so long a voyage; and I writ to
 “ Portugal

“ Portugal to inform them I was still in existence,
 “ and was obliged to travel to the north; begging
 “ they would so far favour me, as to pay my pen-
 “ sion two years in advance; and my petition
 “ was accordingly granted. I went for the last
 “ time to the shade of Olives, where slept the
 “ peaceful bones of Alvarez; watered the grass
 “ with my tears, and wept over the flowers that
 “ grew around his tomb. After which I quitted
 “ Mont-Serrat and Spain, and took the route to
 “ Sweden.

“ As soon as I came to Stockholm, my first
 “ enquiry was to know if Thelismar had return-
 “ ed; I learnt he was not expected in less than a
 “ year, that his wife and daughter were not with
 “ him, and that they resided at a country-house
 “ near Salseberist. I was preparing to go thither,
 “ when I was informed a person named Frederic,
 “ an intimate friend of Thelismar’s, who had
 “ travelled with him, was every day expected at
 “ Stockholm.

“ Determined, as soon as I heard this, to see
 “ the person thus described, I continued some
 “ few months longer at Stockholm: at last he
 “ arrived, I saw him, spoke to him without
 “ making myself known, questioned him con-
 “ cerning Thelismar, and learnt beyond a doubt,
 “ Alphonso still existed, and that Providence had
 “ graciously placed him under the safeguard of
 “ Religion and Virtue.

“ Convinced my son was still alive, I felt more
 “ forcibly than ever the unhappiness of having
 “ been thus abandoned: alas! I knew not his
 “ repentance, his grief; I was ignorant of his
 “ having written to me. Having been only a mo-
 “ ment as it were at Lisbon, since his departure,
 “ and

“ and not having once returned to the province
“ of Beira, I had received none of his letters,
“ which are now most probably lost.

“ Frederic not being able to tell me where
“ Thelismar then was, I determined to go to
“ Salseberist; but I found neither the charming
“ Dalinda, whom I desired so much to see, nor
“ her mother there: I was informed they were
“ gone abroad, and were to return to Salseberist
“ with Thelismar. I went to the house, and en-
“ quired of the servants, who assured me Thelif-
“ mar had always inhabited that solitary mansion:
“ that they were in expectation of his arrival,
“ which they supposed would be some time with-
“ in three months. I therefore determined to
“ remain at Salseberist.

“ I lived here entirely unknown, my project
“ being to wait my son's arrival, throw myself
“ unexpectedly in his way, and see what effect
“ this first interview would produce. If his heart
“ was not in sympathy with mine, it was my re-
“ solution entirely to leave him, and end my
“ sorrowful days at the tomb of Alvarez.

“ Thelismar, however, did not arrive; above
“ a year had glided away in expectations, which
“ every day became more and more insupport-
“ able. I intended to write to Portugal, and
“ make known the place to which I was retired,
“ as well as to ask payment of my pension, when
“ I fell ill; a burning fever deprived me for sever-
“ al days of the use of my reason, during which
“ time a rascally servant robbed me, and carried
“ off all the money and clothes I possessed.

“ The man where I lodged, had the humanity
“ to conceal this affair from me, till such time as
“ my health was entirely re-established, he then
“ informed

“ informed me of my misfortune. I submitted
 “ without murmur to my destiny, and considered
 “ this as a means which heaven offered to com-
 “ plete the expiation of my crimes.

“ This idea called up all my courage, and I
 “ learnt that a peaceable and quiet resignation
 “ could better sustain misfortune than even hope
 “ itself. I writ to Lisbon, and whilst I waited for
 “ an answer, which I have not yet received, I
 “ determined to support myself by asking employ-
 “ ment in the Silver Mines, which was granted,
 “ and in which abyss I have been buried three
 “ months.”

Don Ramirez ended, and Alphonso, whose tears had more than once interrupted the sorrowful tale, threw himself at his father's feet with every expression, every mark of repentance, gratitude, and affection, which the best and noblest mind could feel. Don Ramirez, at the height of happiness, clasped his son in his arms, and bathed him with his tears; while Thelismar, in rapture of silence, beheld the moving scene.

At last Alphonso, Don Ramirez, and Thelismar, departed for Stockholm. Alphonso now saw the lovely Dalinda, and made himself large amends, for the painful silence to which he had been so long condemned; and Dalinda, in learning that she had been five years beloved, learnt also the power which honour and gratitude had over her lover. Then it was, that Alphonso applauded himself for having so faithfully kept his word: by this virtuous effort, he had entirely gained the friendship and the heart of Dalinda.

The happy Alphonso received the hand of Dalinda, and by his virtues and conduct justified the choice and affection of the generous Thelismar;

mar; the wrongs he had done his father he expiated by an unbounded attachment and submission, and the most tender attentions. They lived always in the same house, and it became his glory and felicity to fulfil the extensive duties of nature, gratitude, and friendship. Thus did he constitute the happiness of his father, his benefactor, and his dear Dalinda.

What, mamma, said Caroline, is the story of Alphonso finished?

And the conversation of this evening, as well as the story, answered Madame de Clémire, as she rose from her seat.

Oh, what a pity!—but the notes?

We will begin to read them to-morrow.

How I *do* long to see these notes!

Well you may, they are much more interesting than my tale; but at present bed is the properest place.

The next day Madame de Clémire asked her children, whether they thought she had fulfilled her promise, to write a story as miraculous as a Fairy Tale, the marvellous of which should yet be true.

Oh yes, mamma, replied Caroline; and since there are so many extraordinary and curious things in nature, you may be certain we shall not seek the miracles we delight to hear of in Fairy Tales any more.

By reading books which shall instruct you, said Madame de Clémire, you will learn many other things as surprising as those I have selected. Had I used all the Extracts I have made, the History of Alphonso would have been in two volumes, and a better work; for, in order to abridge it, I was obliged to omit incidents which would have
better

better connected the different parts, as well as an infinity of curious phenomena. Yet my Extracts contain nothing but well avouched facts. I have rejected not only such as appeared fabulous, but even doubtful. Had I been less scrupulous, I should have told you of a Village where all the Inhabitants became Idiots at Eighteen; of a Virginian Apple, which may not be eaten without the loss of Reason for a certain space of time; of a Tree, the Boughs of which, though green, give as much light as a Flambeaux (*a*); of an Animal half a league long (62), &c. I might have described a thing much better attested, and much less fabulous; such as Thelismar on the troubled Ocean, commanding the Elements, and calming the Tempest (63). But I had no need to adopt any thing doubtful, since I have been obliged to leave out a multitude of the miracles of nature, all incontestable; add to which, there is yet a multitude of which I am ignorant. Judge, therefore, what pleasure a tale of this kind would have given, had it been written by a very learned person.

It seems, for example, said the Abbé to Madame de Clémire, you might have made something more of the phenomena Electricity affords, either in the course of the Story, or in the Notes.

I could do nothing better in that respect, I assure you, answered Madame de Clémire; and that for a very good reason, I am ignorant of Experimental Philosophy; a course of which I have gone through, like many others, and like many others, am not much the wiser.

(*a*) See Géographie Physique, by M. l'Abbé Sauri, Tom. I.

But,

But, replied the Abbé, had you judged me capable, I should have undertaken that part of the Notes with pleasure.

My dear Abbé, answered Madam de Clémire, a woman ought never to suffer a man to add a single word to her writings; if she does, the man she consults, let him be who he may, will always pass for the original inventor, and she will be accused of putting her name to the Works of others. One may be a very good woman, yet a very bad writer, but not were one to take the credit of other people's labours; one ought, therefore, carefully to avoid whatever might give room to so injurious an accusation. Scarcely has there been one woman successful in her writings, and not accused of this kind of baseness. Mademoiselle de Luffan had three assisting friends, *Lasserre* (a), the *Abbé de Bois-Morand*, and *Baudot de Jully*. It has been said, been written, and is still believed, that *Lasserre* wrote *l'Histoire de la Comtesse de Gondex*; the *Abbé de Bois-Morand*, *Les Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe Auguste*; and *Baudot de Jully*, *Les Histoires de Charles VI. de Louis XI. and La Revolution de Naples* (b). The Works of *Madame de la Fayette*, are given to *Se-grais*; those of *Madame de Tencin* (c) to *M. de Pont-*

(a) He has written several Operas.

(b) Mademoiselle Luffan has written many other works. This celebrated lady is generally thought to be the natural daughter of Prince Thomas of Savoy, Comte de Soissons, and brother to the famous Prince Eugene. She died in 1758, aged 75 years and six months.

(c) Madame de Tencin, Canoness of Neuville, and sister to Cardinal Tencin, was five years a Nun, in the Convent of Montflauri, in Dauphiny; but she recanted her vows, and left the Convent. She died at Paris in 1749, aged 68.

de-Veyle,

de-Veyle, her Nephew. The Tragedies of *Mademoiselle Bernard*, which were played with success, are attributed to *M. de Fontenelle*, her friend; and those of *Mademoiselle Barbier*, are supposed to be the productions of the *Abbe Pelegrin* (d).

These, and many other similar examples ought, in my opinion, to prevent women from consulting men concerning their works, and from forming any intimate connections with men of letters.

(d) What is most remarkable, men of letters have, by their writings, given weight to these accusations. I find celebrated women, of all ages, falsely accused, and no one ready to defend them. It is, nevertheless, very true, that many Authors owe their success to ideas and subjects taken from the works of women. Not to mention *Louise L'Abbé*, to whom *La Fontaine* is indebted for one of his most beautiful Fables (*La Folie & l'Amour*) and which this good man stole, without scruple, or without saying a word of the theft, the works of *Mademoiselle de Scuderi*, *Mademoiselle de Lussan*, *Madame de Gomez*, *Mademoiselle de la Force*, and many others, have given birth to a multitude of Operas, Comedies, and even Tragedies. Nay more, it is from the work of a female, that *M. de Voltaire* has taken the subject of his Tragedy of *Tancrède*; a Romance, entitled *La Comtesse de Savoie*, written by *Madame la Comtesse de Fontaine*. At the time that this work appeared, *M. de Voltaire* addressed some Verses to *Madame de Fontaine*, among which are the following :

Quel Dieu vous a donne ce langage enchanteur ?

La force, & la delicatesse

La simplicité, la noblesse,

Que Fenelon seul avoit joint, &c. †

He would have been more just not to have equalled *Madame de Fontaine* to *Fenelon*, but have acknowledged in the Preface to his Tragedy, he had taken the Plot from *La Comtesse de Savoie*. *Madame de Fontaine* died in 1748.

† What God has given such enchantment to your words ?

The delicate, the strong,

The simple, and sublime,

Which Fenelon alone could unite, &c.

'This

This conclusion hurt the self-love of the Abbé. And so, madame, said he, with a forced smile, if ever you should become an Author, and print your Works, you would not consult any person.

Pardon me, replied Madame de Clémire, I should seek to know the truth, and not for vain compliments or flattery. I should read them, not to a company of Wits or Strangers, but to my own family; and were they to give signs of sleepiness, or being weary, I should wisely profit by this criticism, which, in my apprehension, is more certain than any other.

The Abbé was piqued, and made no reply; Madame de Clémire, therefore changed the conversation, and the children returned to the tale they had just heard.

How happy was Alphonso, mamma, said Cæsar, to have an opportunity of seeing so many extraordinary things; when I am old enough, I shall travel too with my father, and see strange trees, and singular animals.

A-propos of singular animals, interrupted Madame de Clémire, I have a number of them in my extracts, which are not mentioned in my tale; one of them I just now recollect: do you wish to hear it described?

O dear, yes, mamma, if you please.

Imagine then a hairy Monster, of a yellow cast, with eight legs, each of which is armed with two large claws, and each containing a moist sponge; besides these eight legs, this Monster has something like two hands, with which it seizes its prey. Argus-like, its head is covered with eyes, for it has eight which are circularly ranged in front, while two pair of horrible pincers, armed with sharp claws, seemed to issue from its mouth.

Oh,

Oh, what an hideous and extraordinary Monster that is !

There are many others still more singular : would you believe nature produces creatures, which are increased by cutting them ; that the same creature cut into eight, ten, twenty, thirty, or forty parts, is so many times multiplied.

Mamma ! Is that possible ?

The name of this creature is not difficult to divine, said the Abbé.

But what is the other, added Pulcheria, can you tell that ?

I confess, said the Abbé, that the description your mamma has given of it, is absolutely enigmatical to me.

It is not the less exact, answered Madame de Clémire ; I may have suppressed some of its characteristics, equally necessary to be known, but those I have given are sufficiently striking, to make all such as have read its natural history recollect what I mean.

In what country is this Monster found, mamma ?

It is very common in France ; aye, and in Burgundy. You have seen it here a thousand times at Champcery.

Nay, mamma, I assure you I have never seen any such thing—pray tell us what it is called ?

A Spider (a) (64).

A Spider ! I should never have thought of a Spider ; how can a Spider have eight eyes, a moist sponge between its claws, and pincers at the side of its mouth.

(a) The domestic Spider.

Had you ever examined a Spider with the microscope, you would have perfectly distinguished all these particulars, and you may see them even with the naked eye on a large Spider.

I will ask Augustine to bring me large Spiders, for I must see their spunges, pincers, and eight eyes.

And I will read you the natural history of Spiders, which I am sure will very much amuse you, and in which you will find many extraordinary circumstances.

And what is the name of the other creature, mamma, which multiplies by being divided?

The fresh water Polypus (65).

Oh! I do not know that; it is not to be found in this country; and I think it is much more curious than the Spider.

Since you are so desirous of seeing this prodigy, I will procure you that pleasure.

What, mamma, will you send for them from abroad? I am sure you are very good.

You shall have them to-morrow—the ponds of Champcerry are full of them.

Why is it possible? and we not know the name of so extraordinary a creature.

Nature every where abounds with most surprising phenomena; ignorance is deprived of the pleasure of knowing, of admiring them, while the Philosopher finds at every step, objects worthy to excite and to satisfy his curiosity.

Oh dear mamma! we will ask, we will read, we will buy microscopes, and examine all the insects of Champcerry, and at least become acquainted with the curious things around us.

The Abbé, who had been a little vexed with himself for not knowing the Spider, at last broke silence. As your mamma has judiciously observed, said he, the Tale of Alphonso contains but a small part of the phenomena of nature: thus, for example, she has neither mentioned Beavers nor Elephants.

Perhaps that is, because mamma knew we were acquainted with the history of those animals, said Cæsar.

But, continued Madame de Clémire, I have said nothing of numerous other animals, as singular and much less known, such as the Tucan (66), the Hamichi (67), Bats (68), &c.

The Abbé, who was ransacking his memory to find something miraculous, which Madame de Clémire had forgot in her Tale, proceeded thus. It is certain, said he, that besides animals, the vegetable and mineral regions present a crowd of phenomena, concerning which your mamma could not speak in so short a work. I think, however, she might have found an advantageous opportunity of mentioning the Wax-tree (69), the Sensitive-plant (70), Fraxinella (71), and the Amianthus (72).

After having run over this catalogue with great gravity, the Abbé rose and left the room, exceedingly well satisfied with his memory. Pulcheria began to laugh. It is my opinion, said she, mamma, M. Frémont is a little vexed with you.

And if he be, replied Madame de Clémire, why should you remind me of it? Though he may be too susceptible, too liable to be out of humour, he is the more excusable, because he has never lived among the Great; where, while people acquire a supple temper, and a refinement which
teaches

teaches them to hide their own pretensions, and the little ridiculous excesses of self-love, they often lose sincerity, the first of virtues. I have more than once reminded you, of what you owe to the preceptor of your brother. I have often repeated too, that we are not only forbidden to make (even confidentially, malignant observations on those with whom we live in intimacy; but that we ought also to banish the remembrance of their defects, and reject such thoughts as would remind us of their errors.

Pulcheria was greatly affected by this lesson; but as she had only said a word for want of reflection, as she wept without fullness, and as she truly repented of her fault, she soon obtained her pardon, and resumed her gaiety.

Eight or ten evenings were spent in reading the notes to the history of Alphonso. When they were ended, Cæsar observed there was one of the prodigies yet unexplained. In the Canary Islands, continued he, after the adventure of the Cavern and the Guanches, Alphonso wandered to the borders of a Lake, where he saw the Miraculous Pillar, and the strange hail-storm: but what was more strange, when he returned home, he found Thelismar knew every thing that had happened to him at the Lake; nay, that he saw him there, though he was on his own Terrace at two leagues distance.

True, replied Madame de Clémire, I have not explained this latter miracle in my notes; but come and breakfast to-morrow morning in the little Belvidere at the high end of the meadow, and I will shew you Thelismar's secret.

This

This proposition was joyfully accepted by the young family, and the next morning every body was assembled at the place appointed before eight o'clock. Here the children found a large machine, which greatly excited their curiosity: they asked its name, and were told it was a Telescope.

Sit down on that chair Caroline, said Madame, de Clémire, and look into this end of the instrument through that glass.

Dear! dear! what do I see! cried Caroline, a large house not two steps off!

And yet it is a league distant, said Madame de Clémire; it is the chateau of M. de Lusanne.

Well, that seems incredible! I can perfectly distinguish all the people who pass and repass in the Court-yard. There! now I see a servant feeding the fowls—and now a cow leading to grafs—and now a poor woman begging—and now—

Nay, nay, interrupted Pulcheria, impatiently, you must let me see a little too my dear sister.

Scarce had Pulcheria taken her seat, before a joyous exclamation burst forth. Oh, mamma, said she, I see Sidonia; I am sure it is her, she speaks to the servants—I will warrant she has the charge of the Court-yard, for she seems to give orders. Oh! that is charming at her age; I wish I was as big, that I might do the same!—There! now she stoops—now she rises—now she stoops again.—Oh! she is surely collecting the eggs—ay, it is so, for somebody gives her a basket—and now she turns towards the poor beggar woman.—Pray Cæsar, continued Pulcheria, permit me to look another moment—Sidonia goes to the old woman—speaks to her—makes her come into the Court-yard,

yard, and sit down on a bench—Sidonia leaves her basket with her, and runs—

Every one in their turn sister, said Cæsar.

Nay, one moment brother——Sidonia comes back, but very gently——she holds a large bowl in her hands——I fancy it is milk——there she gives it the old woman—Oh ! how I love that good Sidonia !

So saying, Pulcheria rose, and Cæsar took her place. Sidonia had left the Court-yard, and nothing interesting was going forward ; but he comprehended which way Thelismar might distinctly see Alphonso from his Terrace, notwithstanding the distance by which they were separated.

They spoke of nothing all day, but the Telescope and Sidonia. Pulcheria admired the singular manner in which she had discovered the benevolent character of that young lady. She did not suppose, continued Pulcheria, that we could see all that was passing in the Court-yard.

Chance, added Madame de Clémire, and an infinity of unforeseen circumstances, every day discover actions much more secretly performed. The best way, therefore, is to act as if all the world looked on ; for not only does the Almighty see and judge every incident of our lives, but accident, curiosity, the indiscretion of servants, and the treachery of false friends, unceasingly expose to open day our most hidden secrets.

After dinner, Madame de Clémire asked her son what he thought of the first volume of *La Vie du Dauphin Pere de Louis XV.* (a), which she had lent him ?

I am delighted with the work, replied Cæsar ; and the more so, because there is an account of

(a) By the Abbé Froyart.

the infancy of that Prince: whereas other historians speak of men only, not of children.

But as you have read very few historians, this judgment can only be founded on supposition.

I suppose a child must be a prodigy to merit the attention of history; and as there are few prodigies, I imagine history does not often mention children.

What do you understand by a prodigy?

The Duke of Burgundy, for instance, in his infancy: he loved poetry, mathematics, and wrote fables and dissertations——

There is nothing miraculous in all that; he was a remarkable, but not a marvellous child.

If he was not a miracle, what am I?

You are nothing uncommon, but that is your own fault; you only want a little more industry, patience, and emulation.

I could never write dissertations, mamma.

Why not?

I am afraid they would be very bad ones.

You were satisfied with the head you drew yesterday?

Yes, mamma, because every body said it was well done.

Do you think it equals the original?

Oh no, mamma.

Yet at your age it is a master-piece; so might your dissertations be.

You have given me a great desire to write dissertations, mamma: it is a great pity I have no time.

When you take a walk, or when you are at work in your garden, do you think of nothing but trees and flowers?

Oh, I think of a thousand things.

Well then, during this time, let your mind be occupied on some interesting subject; think with ardour, and fix your ideas in a train. It is thus people compose.

Will you give me a subject every morning, mamma?

Yes, on condition that every evening, before supper, you render me an account of your meditations.

You will be kind enough to give me sometimes the subject of a fable, mamma, and sometimes of a dissertation? I will arrange them in my mind, and by that means rid myself of that tiresome vacancy of thought which I often feel when alone.

And which is certainly the most insupportable kind of weariness. When our thoughts are vague and unconnected, our ideas become as troublesome to ourselves as they would be to others, were we to vent these vague thoughts in conversation: while on the contrary, we amuse ourselves when the imagination is not idle; but instead of common and frivolous things, is employed on interesting subjects.—But to return to the book I lent you, what particular remarks have you made on this first volume?

The thing which gave me the most pleasure is a Fable, written by the Duke of Burgundy himself, while yet a boy: it is entitled the Traveller and his Dogs.

What is the subject of it?

Licas is the Traveller: he has three dogs for his companions, and four loaves for his provisions. He comes to a very gloomy forest, where he is assaulted by a wild beast: the Dogs combat and vanquish the wild beast. Hereupon Licas gives a loaf

loaf to Vorax, the name of one of his Dogs, and Vorax disappears; Cerberus receives another loaf, and flies likewise; Gargos, the remaining Dog, comes in his turn, hoping to receive the like reward; but Licas, become prudent, and finding that each loaf had cost him a Dog, gave Gargos only a little bit, and Gargos remained to eat the rest—that is all, mamma.

And pray what is the Moral of this Fable?

The Moral, mamma, is——hold, I have the book in my pocket; I will read you the Moral, as it is placed at the end of the Fable.

“Princes, ye who have found guides capable
“of directing your steps, and defending your per-
“sons, through the forest of this world, be care-
“ful not to make them independent, till you have
“no longer any occasion for their services.”

I am well persuaded, said Madame de Clémire, you do not understand the tendency of this reasoning, I will make it clearer. This is its signification:

“Princes, ye who have found able Ministers,
“victorious Generals, and faithful Friends, be-
“ware of giving them their due; beware of re-
“warding them according to their merits and
“zeal in your service, lest, after they have ob-
“tained what is their right they should abandon
“you. Be ye unjust Princes, be ye ungrateful,
“that you may make men love you.”

Can this be the sense of the Fable?

Yes; literally. Think a little, and you will find it is.

I do; how could it escape me at first? How could I possibly like this Fable?

In a work every way worthy and well written, you have selected the only reprehensible passage.

When you read with less rapidity and more attention, you will not be liable to commit such gross mistakes.

In the evening the Baronefs said, you were complaining this morning, Cæsar, of the little attention Historians paid to childhood, and I mean to shew you how unjust was your accusation. This evening we will relate traits of History, and all our Heroes shall be children.

That will be delightful!

You shall be convinced, that extraordinary children are not so uncommon as you suppose. Your mamma M. Frémont and I, will relate, by turns, such Anecdotes as our memory can supply, which will certainly be enough to furnish conversation for a long evening. I will begin.

Chan-chi, Emperor of China, had three sons. The two eldest discovered no marks of extraordinary abilities; but Kang-hi, the youngest, was the darling of his father and his governors. He was gentle, sincere, industrious, lively, and full of sensibility. He had a command over his passions, his promises might be depended on, and his word was inviolable. Whenever he made a rational and useful resolution, nothing could divert his perseverance. Ardently desirous of instruction, of being distinguished, of meriting the affection of his father, and obtaining universal approbation, he made every person who had any charge or interest in his education happy; his praises were repeated at every lesson; he was beloved, and every one was pleased to contribute to his satisfaction or amusement: all the indulgence to which so many virtues and good conduct have an undoubted claim, was his; and if, by chance, he fell

fell into an error, every body was sorry to see his affliction, but nobody scolded.

The Emperor, however, fell sick: his eldest son was then twelve years old, and Kang-hi not yet nine. The Emperor finding his disease mortal, sent for his sons; and after informing them of his approaching end, asked which of them thought himself capable of supporting the weight of a Crown newly acquired (a).

The eldest excused himself on account of his youth, and begged the Emperor would dispose of the succession as he pleased. Kang-hi then kneeled by his father's bed-side, bathed the dying Emperor's hand with his tears, and after a moment's silence, said, As for me, my father, I hope, I think, I am capable of imitating your virtues; I love glory more than ease and pleasure; and should heaven snatch you from your children, and your choice should fall upon me, I would make my people happy by taking you for my model.

This answer made such an impression upon Chan-chi, that he immediately named the young Prince his successor, under a Regency of four Grandees (b). Kang-hi justified the affection and choice of his father, by his future thirst of knowledge, and the extent of his capacity; he banished from his Court, the flatterer and the factious; rewarded merit, genius, and virtue; was just, good, and peaceable, and became the benefactor and idol of his people (c) (73).

(a) Chan-chi was the son of Tſun-te, the founder of the new Tartarian-Chinese-Dynasty, which took place in the Emperor of Cathay, about the middle of the last Century.

(b) Kang-hi mounted the Throne in 1661.

(c) See *Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages*, Tom. VII. Page 158.

The Baroness having ended, I cannot, my children, said Madam Clémire, cite you any thing more singular than the Anecdote your grand-mamma has just related; for it is difficult to find any thing more extraordinary, than a child, not nine years old, who knew the means to obtain the Throne of the vastest Empire in the universe, by his sentiments, conduct, and superior qualities; but I am going to speak of a young Prince, of the same age, who became afterwards one of the greatest Monarchs of his time.

Duke Uladislaus, who reigned in Poland (*d*), had a son named Boleslaus (*e*), whose activity, love of learning, gentleness, patience, and goodness of heart, were unequalled. Bohemia had lately declared war against Poland. One day, as Uladislaus, in presence of his son, was giving orders to the General of his Army, young Boleslaus, who had listened with the most profound attention to their conversation, cast himself at his father's feet, and earnestly besought permission to make the campaign, under the care of the General: his entreaties were so strong, so energetic, and accompanied with observations so just and so singular at his age, that the Duke, equally affected and astonished, could not refuse his request, but confided him, as he desired, to the care of the General.

The arrival of the young Prince at the army, occasioned universal admiration; he was attentive to every thing that passed, yet discovered an understanding so extraordinary, that nothing could be called new to him, but might rather be said to recollect than learn all that he beheld. Liberal to

(*d*) In 1094.

(*e*) He was afterwards Boleslaus III.

the soldiers, and affable to the officers, he gained all men's hearts; his magnificence was only seen in his gifts, known by his generosity; his food was frugal, his bed the cold ground, and he cheerfully submitted to every intemperance of the seasons. Ever most forward at what was most painful, and always discovering a fortitude which seemed as natural as it was astonishing, he rather appeared formed to command Fortune's favours, than live in hopes of them.

Every thing in fact predicted, that his virtues and exploits should one day make him a perfect model for Princes. The Polanders, having such an example before their eyes, redoubled their ardour; the Bohemians were every where defeated, and Uladislaus enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of owing to a son, only nine years old, a great part of the success of the campaign.

The remainder of the life of Boleslaus was answerable to the beginning; he became a hero; yet, though a warrior and a conqueror, he was feeling and humane, and employed his conquests for the good of his people; he knew how to merit their love by making them happy.

This Prince possessed too many virtues, not to be distinguished by his filial piety: all Historians dwell with pleasure on the interesting details of his parental affection; the death of his father more fully demonstrated the goodness of his heart, and rendered him more dear to his people. Boleslaus wore mourning five years for a father whom he regretted all his life, and would have an image that could never be erased from his heart, equally ever present to his eyes; he wore a medal round his neck, on which was engraved the Portrait of Uladislaus; he looked at it continually,

tinually, in order, as he said, to remind him of the virtues of a father so worthy to be regretted; and still the oftener to retrace his beloved memory, he called a son, whom he most passionately loved, by the name of Uladislaus (*a*).

It is now your turn, M. Frémont, added Madame de Clémire.

I cannot at this instant, replied the Abbé, relate such remarkable Anecdotes, for I do not recollect any, except two facts absolutely void of ornament.

Master Cæsar is now ten years old, and when his Drawing-master told him, that, had he for these two years past been more industrious, he would now have been able to draw likenesses, he thought he had done much in being capable of copying well. It will not, therefore, be useless to inform him, that Peter Mignard (*b*) was destined by his parents to the profession of Physic; that, while at his studies, during the hours of recreation, he amused himself with learning to draw; he had no master, but he had good taste and industry; and thus, at eleven years of age, had learnt to draw Portraits, equally striking for being perfect likenesses, and correct designs; his parents then put him to a Painter, he dedicated himself to the

(*a*) See Histoire Général de Pologne, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. I. Page 313, and II. Page 9.

(*b*) Born at Troye, in Champagne, in 1610; died at Paris in 1695, rich, and loaded with honours. There is a marble monument in the church *des Jacobins*, Rue St. Honoré, erected to his memory by his daughter, La Comtesse de Feuquières, who is seen kneeling to her father's Bust, done by Desjardins. The monument is by Le Moine, the son. See Extraits des differens Ouvrages sur la Vie des Peintres, by M. P. D. L. F. Tom. II.

art, and became one of the best Painters of the French-Schools.

Another Painter, named John-Baptiste-Vanloo, began to paint agreeably at eight years of age (*a*). I do not require all this of Master Cæsar; I wish to see him emulative; I wish him to acquire the noble ambition of not remaining confounded in the numerous class of common boys.

The Abbé's citations were not very successful with the children; Cæsar, personally attacked, durst not speak his opinion; but Pulcheria, with more candour than politeness, bluntly declared, she did not find them so amusing as the Anecdotes of Kang-hi and Boleslaus.

I perceive Mademoiselle, replied the Abbé, you are not fond of plain direct Lessons; in which respect you are like those Tyrants who cannot endure to hear the truth, except when disguised under some ingenious Apologue.

No indeed, M. Frémont, interrupted Pulcheria, I am not in this respect like Tyrants, for I assure you, I always like the plain truth——but I feel I have been wrong; pray pardon me, and do not entertain a bad opinion of me, M. Frémont.

My opinion, Mademoiselle, is a thing of so little importance——

But to prove you are not vexed with me, pray be so good as to give *me* a plain direct Lesson.

When truth is asked with so good a grace, it ought not to be denied: give me leave to observe to you then, mademoiselle, that for these three weeks past, ever since the excessive heat has obliged us to leave your brother's chamber and

(*a*) Many similar examples will be found among the Notes.

take our lessons in the hall, where you sit at work with your Governante, I have more than once thought you might profit better by the things which you hear repeated by and to your brother. The following is a remark which I should never have dared openly to make, had I not received your positive request so to do.

Mademoiselle Le Febvre, who lived with the learned Madame Dacier, only learnt, during her infancy, to read, write, and work; such was her education till the age of eleven. Her father M. le Febvre had a son, on whose education he bestowed the greatest pains; his sister used to be present at her work, while he received his lessons.

One day, when the young Scholar could not reply to the questions put to him, his sister suggested in a whisper every answer necessary to make; the father listened with surprize and joy, and from that moment undertook with ardour the education of a child so worthy his attention (*a*).

You will allow, mademoiselle, continued the Abbé, that had this young lady instead of listening to her brother's lessons, amused herself by making mouths at him and playing him tricks, she would never certainly have so agreeably surprized her father.

I do not remember, said Pulcheria, blushing, to have played my brother many tricks.

I, replied the Abbé, very well remember, that last Monday you slyly stitched his coat to the chair; that Tuesday you twice pricked him with your needle, *to awaken his attention*, as you said; and that yesterday you made him commit a thousand blunders, by your various grimaces, and by making

(*a*) Histoire littéraire des Femmes Françaises, by a Society of Men of Letters, Tom. II.

making what you call a *rabbit's mouth*; at which your sister laughed so much, she was obliged to leave the room.

Pulcheria now, with tears in her eyes, and a confused and suppliant air, looked at her mamma.

Fear nothing, Pulcheria, said Madam de Clémire, I shall not punish you; because I should not have known this, had not you desired a plain direct lesson; and you ought not surely to be scolded, for desiring people to tell you the truth without disguise: I shall only observe to you, that there is nothing amiable in such pranks; that our reason for laughing at them is, because they are excessively ridiculous: that a character of this kind is very unbecoming in a female, because it destroys all that gentleness and modesty, which are the chief ornaments of her sex; and that lastly, a child like this may make a stranger laugh for a moment, but must necessarily become insupportable to parents, friends and servants.

I have another little complaint against you; which is, you have promised me your friendship, your confidence, and that you would every day make a sincere avowal of your errors: yet you have never mentioned a word of the disturbance you gave your brother during his lessons.

Indeed, my dear mamma, replied Pulcheria, it was not the want of confidence that made me not tell you, but because I did not till now feel how wrong such things are; and to shew you I would not hide any thing from you, mamma, I confess, that M. Frémont has not told you all. He has forgot that about eight days ago, I pretended to sneeze about now and then, all the while my brother was at his lesson, and drop a low courtsey every time.

And I, said Caroline, with a sorrowful countenance, sneezed and curtsied a little too, mamma.

And I made at least a dozen bows, said the Abbé, for I very sincerely supposed these young ladies had caught colds in their heads; for which reason, as I was compleatly their dupe, I did not mention this ingenious prank.

Pray mamma pardon me, said Pulcheria.

Willingly, replied Madame de Clémire, kissing her; but since you now-see the consequences and the absurdity of such little malicious tricks, you will be henceforth inexcusable, should you be guilty of them again.

And now, said the Baronefs, let us return to our Anecdotes of Infancy; it is your turn to speak my daughter.

And I shall relate an anecdote of a child of five years old; you must not, therefore, expect that I should be minute or long; this child, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, afterwards one of the greatest Kings that ever reigned in Sweden.

He was one day walking in a meadow with his nursery-maid, near Nicoping; the child got away and ran among the brambles; and the woman in order to frighten him back, told him there were a great many Serpents in that place that would sting him. Ay! said Gustavus, give me a stick, and I will kill them. In vain did they endeavour to divert him from that resolution; like Hercules with his Club, felling the Monsters of the Nemean Forest, the little Prince, armed with a switch, entered the copse to exterminate every Serpent he could find; but his researches were
fruitless,

fruitless, no Monster appeared, and his labours were that day ended by a long fatiguing walk (a).

This is a charming Anecdote, said the Baroness, and proves that courage is a quality of the soul; not a conviction of superior strength, or the consequence of reflection. We expect nothing from children, of those properties which are commonly the fruits of experience. Thus for example, we think it natural enough that they should sometimes be inconsistent, wild, or idle; but we expect they should occasionally give indications of all the virtues that originate in the heart, are natural to it, born with it, and only require cultivation. A child, therefore, who should give proofs of cowardice, cruelty, or ingratitude, might be thought a Monster, if its vices were not the consequences of a bad education.

But ther, grandmamma, there are many children born Monsters; for there are many ungrateful and cruel people.

That is to say, there are many depraved people. Nature rarely produces Monsters, education makes many.

Is it then the fault of their parents, when people are wicked, mamma?

Yes, generally speaking. A child, however, not born with a bad heart, may become depraved, and yet receive an excellent education.

Which way, mamma?

If he is not gentle, if he is not sincere, the most enlightened and vigilant parents cannot preserve him from a crowd of errors to which he will insensibly become habituated. Do you remember poor Brunet, the Valet of your father?

Yes, mamma, he died two years ago.

(a) Histoire de Gustave Adolphe, Tom. I. P. 50.

The wound in his leg was not mortal ; it was dressed by the best Surgeon in Paris ; he had a nurse who never left him night or day ; and when it was perceived he pulled the dressings off from his leg, I gave him an additional nurse, and even had his hands tied during the night : but all these precautions were fruitless ; he rubbed his legs against each other, and tore away with his foot what should have cured the wound. At last a mortification came on, and neither the skill of the Surgeon, the vigilance of his nurses, nor even the goodness of his constitution could save his life.—This poor creature is a perfect image of an untractable and disobedient child. What can the pains of a parent do, with one who does not understand their value ; who does not feel that nothing is forbidden him which would not render him vicious, consequently hateful and unhappy ; nor any thing required of him, that would not contribute to his felicity ?

But surely, mamma, a child must be an idiot, not to understand, that whenever we are disobedient, it is only through wildness, forgetfulness, or want of thought ; and as soon as we know it, we are very angry with ourselves.

That is not sufficient ; you should own your faults, and tell me of them, like as you would consult a Physician, when you have been guilty of some imprudence that may endanger your health. I am well convinced, that an antipathy to physic, often makes people neglect to take advice ; but this is precisely the imbecility, the idiotism, of which Cæsar has just spoken. Stupidity alone would rather be ill than be cured : especially when the cure would be as gentle as salutary.

Are

Are you not certain, my children, that when you confess a fault of which I was ignorant, your candour must naturally excite my indulgence, and at the same time redouble my affection; for which reason you know, if it be not a very serious crime, you are always forgiven as a reward for having confessed it; and if it be, the penance you undergo is much more gentle than it would have been, had I myself made the discovery; it is therefore every way your interest to be entirely open and sincere.

Besides, you should recollect, that though you may hide your faults for a while, it is impossible you should do so always; for as we yesterday said of the telescope, time discovers all things: and will it not be much more advantageous to you, that I should learn those things from your friendship, which accident and my own vigilance must at last bring to light. Again, when I am told your errors, it immediately gives me an opportunity of instructing you, of enlightening and enlarging your minds, and of shewing you the consequences of your errors; and as you are naturally good, you then become more fearful of falling into them again: whereas if I do not hear of them till they have been some time committed, I find habits already formed and rooted in you, which can only be erased by penance and punishment.

Thus, for example, I have always recommended ardour and economy; and yet Caroline and Pulcheria, during the long illness of your Governante, you had got a habit of never putting any thing in its place; and your handkerchief, gloves, and garters were continually lost. I came to the knowledge of it at last, but too late, for this habit

habit was become a defect very difficult to eradicate : had you told me at the beginning of your carelessness, the history of Eglatine alone would have been sufficient to render you active and provident.

The truth of these reflections was unanimously allowed, and the three children promised never in future to be guilty of the least fault, without immediately and sincerely confessing it to their mamma.

I must inform you, madam, said the Abbé, if you have any other anecdote to relate, it is time you should begin, for it is almost half past nine o'clock.

What I have to say, replied the Baroness, will not take us long. I have just recollected, that the battle of Leucosoë was remarkable, by a circumstance perhaps unique in its kind ; there were three Kings at it, all in person, commanding their armies, the eldest of whom was twelve, the second ten, and the youngest only nine years of age (a).

I will also cite you, said Madame de Clémire, a trait taken from the History of France. The unfortunate Charles VI. whom a cruel disease had deprived of reason, would, had it not been for that misfortune, have proved a good King. His father, Charles V. took a particular pleasure in forming his heart, and discovering his youthful sensations.

One day having desired him to come into his cabinet, he gave him permission to take whatever jewel he pleased out of his treasury. The young Prince neglecting every thing rich and precious,

(a) Clothaire, Théodebert, and Theoderic : the two latter were brothers. Histoire de Charlemagne, by M. Gaillard.

stoop like Achilles at a sword that was hanging in the corner of a room. Another time the King presented him a golden crown with one hand, and a helmet with the other. The Prince chose the helmet, and said to his father, may you preserve your crown for ever. These trifling incidents were indications of a good heart, and gave great pleasure to this wise Monarch, who was a tender father, and a virtuous politician (a).

Hitherto, said the Abbé, we have spoken only of *remarkable* children. I will now mention some which may be called *miraculous*. Chrisfilie le Berech of Exter, died in his tenth year in 1706: he was the son of a Physician, and his posthumous works were published in the German language, among which are found passages remarkable for their piety, simplicity and good sense.

Jacques Marini, a Venetian, seven years old, sustained a Theses in public in the year 1647, on Theology, Jurisprudence, Physic, and several other Sciences.

The son of M. Baratier, named John Philip, spoke Latin perfectly at four years old; understood Greek at five, then learnt Hebrew, and at six knew four languages, History and Geography.

We may place Baron de Helmfeld, a Swede, who died in 1764 in the same rank. At seventeen he was received a Member of the Royal Society of London, and at twenty spoke ten languages, was an excellent Mathematician, and a great Lawyer.

Christian Henry Heinneikein was born at Lubeck, and began to speak at ten months old; had

(a) Histoire de la querelle de Phillippe de Valois & d'Edouard III. by M. Gaillard, Tom. II. Charles VI. was only twelve years old when he came to the throne.

a superficial, though general knowledge of Geography, and ancient and modern history, when he was two years of age; and in his fifth year spoke three languages fluently.

And lastly, Adrian Baillet, to whom we are indebted for a very interesting treatise on celebrated children, a multitude of whose names he hath cited, might justly have placed himself among these young Sages. He was born in 1649 at the village of Neuville, near Beauvais; his father was a Peasant, and young Baillet learnt to read and write in a convent of Cordeliers, where he regularly went to be taught his lessons; and though his father did not require him so to do, walked every day several leagues to gain instruction.. Shortly after an intelligent and benevolent Ecclesiastic took this child under his protection, and instructed one so worthy to learn. Baillet became a learned man, and died in 1705. He is not the only one who has collected anecdotes of children celebrated for their literary acquirements; many others among the learned, have occupied themselves on the same subject (a).

(a) Among others, Goezius, Kleffeker, Wolf, Seelen, &c. See Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature, under the head *Enfants Précoces*. We may likewise place Edward VI. of England in the rank of celebrated children: he mounted the throne at nine years of age, and at that time knew the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. Mary Queen of Scotland also, when she was thirteen, publicly recited at the Louvre, in presence of Henry II. Catherine de Medicis, and the whole Court, a Latin discourse of her own composition, in which she sustained, in contradiction to the prejudice of those times, says M. Gailhard, that women ought to be learned. She also wrote poetry in French, excellent for that age; and danced, sung, and played on several instruments.

The history of the famous Pic de la Mirandole is generally known; and all the world has heard, that Pascal was a famous Mathematician at twelve years old.

It is certainly through complaisance to your auditors, M. Fremont, said Madame de Clémire, that you have been pleased to call the children, of whom you have spoken miraculous. It is true, that these children are superior to ours; however, I only see one single prodigy among them, and that is he who could talk at ten months old; the others appear to me only children of extreme industry.

It is true, replied the Abbé, that their chief merit was that of incessant application, added to great docility. I have attentively read the various circumstances of many of their lives, and I find that they all had an unbounded respect, and an unalterable affection towards their Teachers, consequently a sweetness of temper, and an entire obedience.

But, said Cæsar, their prodigious memories—

Were the effects neither of wit or genius, but of qualities I am going to describe. A child always remembers those things which he listens to with attention; a proof of which is, there never was an industrious child known whose memory was not remarkable. Make therefore a calculation if you can, how much time is lost by impatience, ill-humour, pettishness, and ill-timed arguing to a mutinous and disobedient child. If he be made to begin again, instead of doubling his attention, and listening with submission, he is employed in making idle and vexatious excuses; he is bid to be silent, perhaps, and if he obeys, he pouts and murmurs inwardly, is absent, and hears nothing that is said to him, because he is in his airs: thus is there a lesson entirely lost.

But I hope, M. Frémont, you have not found me a mutinous and disobedient boy?

No,

No, certainly, for you see I am still your Instructor. Generally speaking, you are good tempered, submissive, and industrious; but you do not possess these qualities to an eminent degree; that is to say, you might be much superior to what you are.

I assure you, M. Frémont, I never felt so strong a degree of emulation as at present, from having heard how many celebrated children have been found in all ages; and since nothing more is necessary to become one than docility, application, and a good heart, I am determined to be industrious, and am convinced you will hereafter be satisfied with the progress I shall make.

Caroline and Pulcheria made the like promises to their mamma, and they went to bed exceedingly well satisfied with an evening productive of such good resolutions.

The arrival of company, who came to pass some days at Champcervy, interrupted, for a while their evening recreations; but the very day they went the Baroness related the following story:

THE

THE
S L A V E S;
OR, THE
B E N E F I T R E P A I D.

SNELLGRAVE was the Captain of an English vessel in the African Slave Trade, commendable for his humanity. Custom alone can authorize this commerce, offensive to nature, and not to be carried on but at the utmost peril, since injustice and tyranny generally produce rebellion and despair. For this reason, the Europeans are obliged to put the unhappy Negroes they buy in chains during the night, and most part of the day; notwithstanding which precaution, they often find means to unite, and conspire the destruction of their masters.

Snellgrave bought many Negroes on the banks of the river Kallabar, among whom he observed a young woman seemingly overwhelmed with grief; touched with her tears, he desired his Interpreter to question her, and learnt she wept for an only child she had lost the evening before.

She

She was taken on board the vessel, and the very same day Snellgrave received an invitation to visit the King of the district. Snellgrave accepted the invitation, but knowing the ferocity of that people, he ordered ten of his Sailors and the Gunner to accompany him, well armed. He was conducted to some distance from the shore, and found the King placed on an elevated seat under the shade of some trees.

The assembly was numerous; a crowd of Negro Lords surrounded their King, and his guard, composed of about fifty men, armed with bows and arrows, the sabre at their side, and the zagaye in their hand, stood at some distance; the English, with the muskets on their shoulders, remained opposite his black Majesty.

Snellgrave presented to the King some European trifles. As he was ending his harangue, he heard groans at some little distance that made him shudder, and turning round, perceived a little Negro tied by the leg to a stake stuck in the ground. Two other Negroes, of a hideous aspect, that stood by the side of a hole dug in the earth, armed with hatchets, and clothed in an uncouth manner, seemed to guard the child; who looked at them weeping, with his little hands raised in a supplicating posture.

The King observing the emotion which this strange spectacle evidently caused in Snellgrave, thought to encourage him, by assuring him, he had nothing to fear from the two Negroes whom he looked at with so much surprize. It is only, said he, with great gravity, a child, whom we are going to sacrifice to the God Egho for the prosperity of the kingdom.

This

This intelligence made Snellgrave tremble with horror ; the English were only twelve men in all ; the court and guard of the African Prince were altogether above an hundred ; but compassion and humanity would not suffer Snellgrave, to consider all he had to fear from the number and ferocity of the Barbarians ; let us save this wretched child, my lads, said he, turning towards his crew ; come, follow me.

So saying, he ran to the little Negro, and the English, all animated by the same feelings, as hastily followed. The Negroes at seeing this, yelled dismally, and fell tumultuously upon the English ; Snellgrave drew his pistol, and seeing the King draw back, demanded to be heard.

The King, with a single word, calmed the fury of the Negroes, who stopt and remained motionless, while Snellgrave, by means of his Interpreter, explained the motives of his conduct, and ended, by entreating the King to sell him the victim. The proposition was accepted, and Snellgrave was determined not to dispute about price. Happily, however, for him, the Negro King wanted neither gold nor silver, was ignorant of pearls and diamonds, and, thinking he would be sure to ask enough, demanded a necklace of blue glass beads, which was instantly given.

Snellgrave then immediately flew to the innocent little creature he had snatched from death, and drew his cutlafs, to divide the cord by which its legs were tied. The frightened infant thought Snellgrave was going to kill him, and gave a shriek ; but Snellgrave took him in his arms with transport, and pressed him to his bosom. As soon as the infant's fears were removed, he smiled and caressed his deliverer ; who, full of delicious sensations,

tions, and penetrated with tenderness, took leave of the King, and returned to his ship.

When he came on board, he saw the young Negroes whom he had bought in the morning; she was ill, and sat weeping beside the Surgeon, who, not able to persuade her to eat, obliged her to remain in the open air, for fear she should faint again. The moment Snellgrave and his people passed by her, she turned her head, and perceiving the little Negro in the arms of a Sailor, shrieked, rose, and ran to the child, who knew its mother, called to her, and held out its arms.

She clasped her infant to her bosom—every fatal resolution she had formed, her loss of liberty, the dreadful ills she had suffered, her projects of despair, all were forgotten—she was a mother, and had found her lost child.

She learnt, however, from the Interpreter, every circumstance of Snellgrave's behaviour; then, still holding her infant in her arms, she ran and threw herself at her benefactor's feet—Now it is, said she, that I am truly your Slave; this night was to have delivered me from bondage; I held you a Tyrant, but you have given me more than life, you have given me back my son; you are become my father; henceforth be assured of my obedience; this Infant is a dear and certain pledge.

While the woman spoke with all the warmth and energy of the most impassioned gratitude, the Interpreter explained her discourse to Snellgrave, who could not receive a sweeter reward for his humanity; which, nevertheless, was productive of other good effects.

He had more than three hundred Slaves on board, to whom the young Negroes related her adventure, which when they had heard, after expressing

pressing their admiration by redoubled plaudits, they promise unbounded submission; and, in effect, Snellgrave, during the rest of the voyage, found in them all the respect and obedience a father could receive from his children (a).

Such is the power of gratitude and virtue over the most ferocious Savages; what then amongst us, should be the irresistible force of this means, so sweet and so sure to subjugate all hearts?

This short story, my children, may likewise serve to confirm a truth, which cannot too often be repeated: and that is, that virtuous actions are always conducive to personal interest.

Of what species, Cæsar, said Madame de Clémire, is the action of Snellgrave, is it heroic?

Heroic?—I think not. But I will examine it according to the rules you gave.

Well, let us see if you remember those rules; repeat them.

An heroic action must be useful, exposing the doer to great danger; or it must be a sacrifice of fame and interest, and liable to incur contempt.

Exactly so; let us return to Snellgrave, he was exposed to great danger.

Less great than may be thought; it is true the English were but twelve, and the Negroes were an hundred, but the most ferocious Savages are always the most cowardly. The English, too, all had muskets; and there is no doubt, had the combat once began, the Barbarians would soon have taken to flight.

The danger, therefore, was not very great you think.

(a) *Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages*, Tom. III. Page 39.

It seems to me that Snellgrave would have been contemptible, had he suffered them to murder the child, having the power to hinder them; consequently, though it was a good, it was not an heroic action.

Very well reasoned; but do you not bring his first generous emotions into the account, which, independent of all reflection, made him fly to succour the child? They were so impetuous, that I am well persuaded, they would have made Snellgrave brave the most dreadful dangers. In fact, however, the act was not heroic, it was prescribed by humanity, but the first emotions that inspired it were sublime.

The story you have told us, grand-mamma, said Caroline, is charming, but it is too short.

Well, my children, replied the Baroness, I will tell you another then. Cæsar has proved the action of Snellgrave was not heroic, let us hear what he will think of the following.

The virtuous Duke of Bourbon served as an hostage to King John, and languished eight years in captivity. His absence gave rise to many disorders; his Barons pillaged his domains, and Chauveau, his Procurer-General, was forced, by the duties of his office, to inform against them. The Duke, having regained his liberty, winked at past offences, and studied only how to gain the hearts of his vassals; he instituted the Order of Esperance, (Hope) and in the midst of this solemn ceremony, the severe Chauveau appeared, holding in his hand a file of informations.

Chauveau kneeled, and presented his papers. Your Highness, said he, is surrounded by the guilty; many here deserve death, others confiscation; behold a register of their crimes.

The

The offenders, who were most of them present, trembled.

Chauveau, said the Prince, have you kept a register also of their services?

So saying, he took the papers and threw them into the fire, without reading a syllable. These divine words, this generous action, brought tears of joy and affection into all eyes; there was not a man there, guilty or innocent, who did not vow to sacrifice life and fortune in the service of so magnanimous a Prince (*a*).

Ah! cried Cæsar, that was certainly an heroic action.

You see, my children, replied the Baronefs, what grandeur of soul bounty alone may display; if men knew how sweet, how engaging, how useful it is to pardon, such examples would not be so rare.

As the Baronefs was speaking, a noise was heard in the house; the children ran towards the door, and Madame de Clémire hastily followed; just at that instant redoubled shouts began, and several voices cried aloud—Peace!—Peace! Peace is concluded!

Madame de Clémire flew down stairs, and met the Courier, who had just come from Paris, and confirmed the happy news of Peace! And have we Peace once more, cried Madame de Clémire? blessed be Heaven and the King, to whom we owe it.

She could say no more, the delicious tears of joy impeded speech; she read the letter which the Courier had given her twenty times over, still repeating every moment, Yes, Peace is made, and

(*a*) *Histoire de la Querelle, &c.* by M. Gaillard, Tom. II.

a glorious Peace; you will see your father, my children, in less than two months at the latest.

Dear mamma, said Pulcheria, do not send us to bed; permit us to sit up and talk of our happiness.

This request was granted, and Madame de Clémire, having learnt from the Courier, that he, in passing through the village, had proclaimed aloud that Peace was made, was desirous of knowing if the Peasants had any of them risen; she sent, therefore, into the village, but as the Messenger was going, he found already a crowd assembled round the Castle gates; Madame de Clémire immediately appeared, they eagerly came round her, and she read them the letter she had just read.

When she had ended, *Vive le Roi*, (long live the King) was echoed from every mouth, and with all that effusion of heart which belongs only to the French. These transports, said Madame de Clémire, are just tributes of gratitude; but what nation ever more than our's deserved a good King?

Madame de Clémire then sent for the Village Minstrels. Wine was given to the Peasants; illuminations were hastily made, as well as time would permit in the Court and Gardens; the Cook prepared a midnight banquet, and in the mean time they sang, they danced, and played; and Cæsar and his sisters, for the first time in their lives, did not go to bed till day-break.

The neighbours of Madame de Clémire all came in turns, to felicitate her on an event so generally interesting, and so particularly so to herself. It was necessary to return these visits,
and

and she began with Madame de Luzanne, who kept her a whole day.

Caroline and Pulcheria, who had taken a great liking to Sidonia, especially ever since the adventure of the Telescope, went a walking with her, and eat in her chamber. Here they found a great number of Blue-bottles, the use of which they asked Sidonia, and were answered they were to make Blue-bottle water.

What, said Pulcheria, can you make it?

Nothing is easier, replied Sidonia.

And Mademoiselle, added her Governante, makes rose-water; and from the petals of the same flowers extracts charming colours, with which she paints those nosegays that you see so prettily arranged.

But to paint the foliage——

She makes a green colour with the leaves.

Oh dear, that is delightful!

Mademoiselle knows many other things; the Syrup of Orgeat that you thought so good, is of her making, and so was the Currant Jelly.

Dear! I wish I could do so too!

I will teach you willingly, replied Sidonia! I will give you all my receipts! You will want neither alembic nor any thing else that will incommode you.

And shall we make rose-water and colours?

Yes, to-morrow, if you please.

The obliging Sidonia here was kissed several times by each of the sisters; and the Governante, who, however, did not approve very much that Sidonia should give away her receipts, opened a bureau, and desired Caroline and Pulcheria to draw near. Look here, young ladies, said she, and you will find things which are not so very easily learnt:

look at these netted pin-cushions, these silk purses, these cane-strings, these embroidered work-bags : all that you see here, is the work of Mademoiselle Sidonia.

Dear, said Sidonia, any body may do as much. I have no extraordinary gifts, and I only endeavour to vary my occupations. My mother has given me the habit and the example of never being a moment idle.

Pulcheria, who had examined every thing in the chamber attentively, perceived a large box under the bed, and asked what was in it. Sidonia blushed, and replied, nothing of any signification. The Governante began to laugh : I should be unpolite to contradict Mademoiselle, said she, and yet——

Nay, pray now, cried Sidonia.

Certainly, continued the Governante, young ladies blushes are very deceitful, and hard to be interpreted ; who would not believe, that Mademoiselle Sidonia had very good reason to be thus embarrassed nevertheless ?

Nay, my dear Governess.

Well, well, I can be silent ; I shall only just observe, the box likewise contains the work of this young lady ; and that her mamma has scolded her, for rising at five o'clock this morning to finish it ; but which, however, the arrival of the Marchioness de Clémire has not permitted her entirely to complete.

This dialogue strongly incited the curiosity of Caroline and Pulcheria ; the latter especially could not contain herself, but hanging round Sidonia's neck tenderly reproached her want of confidence, and entreated her to shew the contents of the box. Sidonia kissed Pulcheria, blushed, smiled, and made

made no reply. The Governante, who was dying to have the box opened, thus went on:

It is true, Mademoiselle ought to be silent, ought not to disclose such things, for which reason she worked in private, and without the assistance of any one. This I own was the more praise-worthy, but at last the thing was discovered; as for my part, it is not above four or five days that I have been in the secret, and then not with her good-will——But come my dear child, said she, addressing herself to Sidonia, satisfy the curiosity of these two amiable young ladies; I am sure they will be discreet.

Oh! that we will, said Pulcheria.

I can refuse them nothing, replied Sidonia, with down-cast eyes; but I assure them it is not worth their trouble.

Let us profit by this permission, said the Governante, drawing the box into the middle of the room.

Caroline and Pulcheria instantly kneeled down that they might see the better; and at last the mysterious trunk was opened.——But what was the surprize of Caroline and her sister, when they beheld nothing but coarse cloathing for a country-woman.

Here, said the Governante, are six shifts; the cloth is not fine, but look at the work, are they not well made?——Here are two flannel petticoats, two pair of quilted jumps, night-caps, day-caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, and knit-stockings——a complete change of every thing; besides all which, look here is another pretty little box, open it.

Dear!——I declare here is a string of beads, a small knife, a pair of scissars, a thimble, and some needles.

Well, young ladies, continued the Governante, you seem astonished. What do you think of all this?

The sisters easily guessed this work of Sidonia was destined for the use of some poor woman; and, though children, as they knew how to estimate the resistance which Sidonia had shewn to gratify their curiosity, equally affected by the action and virtuous modesty which were still apparent in this charming young lady's behaviour, they flung themselves in her arms, while the tender Sidonia a thousand times kissed them, with every expression of the tenderest friendship. The Governante beheld this tender and interesting picture in silence; but at last related, that the trunk was destined to a poor old woman, of whom Sidonia had taken charge for a month past; and Pulcheria, by putting a few questions, soon learnt it was the same poor woman she had seen through the Telescope.

Company at last came to interrupt this agreeable conversation. Madame de Clémire having returned from her walk sent to seek her daughters, and taking them under the arm led them into the hall.

In the evening, as they returned to Champcery, Caroline and her sister related every thing that had happened to their mamma. Oh my children! said Madame de Clémire, neglect not to profit by so affecting an example. Remember that the coldest hearts, nay, the hardest, cannot forbear admiring such virtue; but that while they stop
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at this involuntary and barren homage, the feeling mind burns with emulation.

We will certainly imitate Sidonia, mamma, do not doubt it; and like her also, we will never be a moment idle; in play-time we will make such things as ourselves or others may want, and we certainly will not forget the Poor.

Sidonia has not told you that she studies Botany, and that she is perfectly acquainted with every plant in the field, and their uses.

No, mamma, she is so bashful—but how did she learn all that?

By often walking with M. de la Palinière, who you know is a great Botanist. Sidonia loses no occasion of gaining instruction; and when M. de la Palinière visits her mother, she walks with him, and gathers every plant she can find.

If we had but had that thought, we, too, might, have learnt a good deal by this time, for we have often walked out with M. de la Palinière. If we were not so eager to talk, and if we knew better how to profit by the knowledge of those with whom we are acquainted, men would instruct us infinitely better than books, and nobody would appear tiresome.

M. d'Ormont, for example, is not a very amusing person.

Oh dear, mamma, quite the contrary, with his *artificial meadows*. I remember that phrase, because he constantly repeats it every time he comes to visit you.

The reason of which is, I always turn the conversation on Agriculture, that being the only thing he perfectly knows; and thus while I listen I oblige him, and instruct myself.

I observed, mamma, when M. Milet past a week with us, you generally spoke on Anatomy.

Because M. Milet is a Surgeon; and thus there is scarcely any person from whom you may not gain knowledge.

After these reflections, they spoke once more concerning Sidonia. Madame de Clémire did not forget to tell her daughters, that their youth alone could excuse their indiscretion for having thus abused the gentleness of Sidonia, in pressing her to discover what she desired to hide; and made them feel how dangerous is curiosity, since it may lead them into like errors. But, added she, have you demanded her permission to confide this secret to me?

Yes, mamma; and she consented without hesitation.

Because she knew the duty of a daughter towards her mother; but suppose she had been less polite, and less intelligent; suppose she had insisted on your silence.

Must not we have told you then, mamma?

Did you not give your promise before she opened the trunk, that you would not mention it to any person?

Yes, mamma.

And on that condition you obtained your wish.

We did not think it necessary to add, *except mamma*; that being always understood.

In all agreements whatever, we are bound by our actions and our words, our meaning stands for nothing; for it is evident, if it did, there could be no certain agreement, no solid dependance: therefore, when you said you would not mention it to any person, you did not except me, nor consequently had you any right to tell me without

out Sidonia's consent. Suppose she would not have granted it, what would you have done?

Dear, what a supposition — but in that case, mamma, we must have kept our word, and not have told you.

Well then, suppose too I had questioned you, as I always do, and commanded you to relate every thing that had past between you and Sidonia?

Dear mamma, in what a situation does this supposition place us.

You would have had no means of keeping the secret but by deceit, and telling many falsehoods.

Oh, no mamma, we would never have deceived you.

You would have then betrayed your secret.

We would have confessed our fault, and have owned, that Sidonia had confided something to us that we were not permitted to tell.

I should then have supposed, the secret was not at all to the advantage of Sidonia.

But we would have told you, her modesty made her desire it should be concealed.

In which case I should have guessed something like the truth.

Yes, I now perceive we must either have been guilty of equivocation, or have forfeited our word. This is frightful, we will never bring ourselves into such a situation; never will we hear a secret, till we have first obtained permission to tell it you.

Which resolution you should the better keep, by recollecting, that any person who should refuse to grant you that permission, would certainly want both principles and politeness, and would consequently

quently be an improper person for you to hear secrets from.

The evening stories were for a while suspended, on account of the many letters Madame de Clémire had to write. Cæsar, therefore, asked permission of his mamma to read the Iliad.

You are not yet of an age, replied Madame de Clémire, to taste the beauties of that work ; but as a knowledge of the incidents contained in it is absolutely necessary, in order to understand a multitude of paintings, I am willing you should read it, but not by way of recreation. I perhaps can make you comprehend its beauties, and likewise its defects.

Madame Dacier has written remarks on it ; and I assure you, mamma, I will not skip them.

Yes ; and it is those very remarks I should be sorry you were to read without me.

Are they not just, mamma ?

The Iliad is on that table, bring it me, I will read you a few passages : here, for example, is one—I must first tell you the preceding circumstances.—In one of the battles, Adrestes, a young Trojan, is seated in his chariot, his horses become restive, his chariot is dashed to pieces, and himself thrown to the ground. Menelaus flies to him, intending to destroy a fallen and defenceless enemy. Adrestes begs his life, and promises a ransom ; the request is granted, and Menelaus is going to send him prisoner on board his ship, when Agamemnon arrives, and in wrathful mood thus reproaches his pity.

—————Oh, impotent of mind,
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand !

Not

Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage;
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall,
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
 The monarch spoke, the words, with warmth address;
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
 Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugged the reeking dart.

POPE'S HOMER.

Well, my son, said Madame de Clémire, what do you think of this action?

I think it horrible, replied Cæsar; it is absolute assassination, to kill a defenceless enemy.

And yet such are the Heroes of this Poem. But let us see what are the remarks of Madame Dacier on this passage.

“Homer praises the cruelty of Agamemnon;
 “for as there is such a thing as pernicious pity,
 “so is there a laudable cruelty; enemies so un-
 “just, so perfidious as were the Trojans, deserved
 “no mercy (a).”

How! mamma, does Madame Dacier approve this action?

(a) What language! and from the mouth of a woman too. What logic likewise! In what were the Trojans perfidious and unjust? Paris had carried off Helen; this was the crime of a Trojan, but not of the nation; but could even the injustice of an enemy authorize murder? Had the Trojans been generally despicable, is that any reason why they should be massacred without exception, and without pity? So as not even to spare the infant at it's mother's breast?

I never imagined Cæsar, that cruelty would to you appear laudable ; but as the remarks of Madame Dacier are most of them of the same kind, I dreaded lest the authority of a person so celebrated, might not at least enfeeble that horror which humanity ought to inspire.

What, mamma, does Madame Dacier never disapprove of barbarous actions ?

Never ; nor even of cowardly ones. Dolon a Spy, is taken by Ulysses and Diomede ; Dolon begs his life, which Ulysses promises to grant, on condition that he shall tell all he knows. Thus assured, the cowardly Dolon relates every circumstance to the two warriors, who, even more cowardly and perfidious than himself, forfeit their word, and take his life as soon as he has ended (*a*). Look here is the passage, and here the remark, in which you may see Madame Dacier approves this base cruelty. Shall I give you another example ? Ulysses, after having given Socus his death wound, insults him, by telling him he shall be deprived the rites of sepulture, and shall be devoured by birds of prey that shall fight for his carcass. On which Madame Dacier has made no remark. Nay, on another like occasion, she has thought proper to take advantage of the barbarous irony of Idomeneus to write a Note. Idomeneus pierces Othrioneus through and through with a javelin, who, dying falls, while Idomeneus thus speaks :

The great *Idomeneus* bestrides the dead ;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !

Such

(*a*) What is more strange, Madame Dacier has made no remark upon this action, except by observing it is simply related by Homer, and that he does not in the least seem to disapprove of it.

Such is the help thy arms to *Ilion* bring,
 And such the contract of the *Phrygian* King (a) !
 Our offers now, illustrious Prince ! receive,
 For such an aid what will not *Argos* give ?
 To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
 Mean time, on farther methods to advise,
 Come follow to the fleet thy new allies ;
 There hear what *Greece* has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

POPE'S HOMER.

How horrible, said Cæsar, thus to insult a vanquished and dying enemy ; is it possible to imagine any thing more cruel or cowardly, which way has Madame Dacier excused this barbarity ?

Homer must have owned such jests were bitter ; Madame Dacier, however, has found them heroic and diverting. Hear her remark.

“ Homer has here mingled, with much art,
 “ railleries which are the natural offspring of an
 “ heroic courage, and such as are very capable
 “ of inciting the ardor of Combatants, sup-
 “ posed to hear, or divert the Person, who, in
 “ tranquillity, should read them. Homer, like-
 “ wise, by this means, *heightens the character of*
 “ *Idomeneus*, by shewing, that in the midst of the
 “ greatest danger he still preserved his usual *gaiety*
 “ which is a certain sign of superior courage.”

Is it possible that Madame Dacier could judge in this manner ?

Your astonishment, Cæsar, is exceedingly natural : not even a knowledge of Greek can authorize or excuse such reasoning. Let us finish our criticism by a passage here before me. Menelaus

(a) He had promised Priam to repel the Greeks, and Cassandra was to be the reward of his services.

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overthrows Pisander, then setting his foot upon his breast, addreses a discourse to him equally long and insulting. *Words of gall*, says Homer ; but Madame Dacier in speaking of this passage, says, that it is full of force, propriety, justness, and brevity (b).

But Madame Dacier must certainly have had a very bad heart, mamma.

The very reverse.

Then she was absolutely devoid of understanding.

Far from it ; she certainly had very superior abilities.

Which way then, could she write things so inconsistent, so disgusting ?

She was led astray by her enthusiasm ; her *passion*. She understood Greek perfectly, and of consequence, tasted the beauties of the Iliad better than other people ; and her admiration of Homer, had deprived her of that most estimable quality impartiality, without which a writer can neither persuade nor instruct.

This tends to prove, mamma, what you have beforetime told us, that we ought not to be passionately fond of any thing but virtue, since other passions only lead us into error. But which is the best way, mamma, to preserve this perfect partiality ?

By carefully cherishing it on all occasions in our hearts ; nor is it possible we should totally destroy it, since it is the very essence of justice and truth. We then shall think nobly, reason justly, see clearly, and judge wisely. We shall

(a) Many similar passages might be cited from the same work : the twenty-first book is, on this account, one of the most revolting.

do justice to our enemies, without an effort ; shall be ready to acknowledge their merits, and even find pleasure in praising such good qualities as they possess.

This, mamma, is what I think the most difficult ; I confess, I should find no great *pleasure* in praising a person that hates me.

Would you then be insensible to the pleasure of exciting universal admiration, founded upon the opinion which yourself shall give others of your heart and understanding ?

How could I be thus insensible ?

Let us then suppose, you are no longer at that happy time of life in which you have no enemies ; but that you have a foe whose enmity is well known. Imagine yourself in company with eight or ten persons, where the conversation shall turn on this your enemy, and where they indulge themselves in saying many ill-natured and malignant things of him. You, of course, remain silent. Calumny and conjecture next succeed, absurd suppositions are construed into facts, and the circumstances of facts themselves are changed to blacken his character ; your enemy is a man of understanding, yet they will not allow him common sense ; you are then no longer silent, but, guided by the love of truth and justice, speak warmly in defence of your enemy. This will astonish your auditors, who at first may entertain doubts of your sincerity. Be careful, give sufficient reasons, or you will pass for a hypocrite ; but your generosity will be evident, if your arguments are just. Then will you see admiration and surprize in every face ; will hear the gentle murmur of applause whispered round, and will attract all hearts by an irresistible charm. All this

this will be told your enemy on the morrow ; and if he any longer hates you he is a monster. But with what front shall he dare any longer to declaim against you ? He cannot testify an aversion for you without rendering himself odious and contemptible.

Oh that I were old enough to have an enemy, that I might speak of his merits, and undertake his defence !

Be not weary, therefore, of admiring the utility of virtue ; behold it's fruits, and the flattering success it gives. Oh ! how many embarrassments, how many pains would men be spared, were it constantly, inviolably consulted !

Have you no enemies, mamma ?

I flatter myself, you are very certain I hate no one.

Yes, that I am.

Religion and humanity equally abhor such a sensation ; whence you may well believe it has never sullied my heart ; and yet I have been told I have enemies. I do not, however, think them very vehement ; and I am well assured, that, a few years hence, I shall not have any ; for hatred naturally decreases, when not partook.

Since then, mamma, you have enemies, it must be because they do not know your heart.

I believe if they did, they would cease to hate me.

But they cannot possibly speak ill of you.

They cannot at least accuse me of being a bad mother, an idle wife, or of pretending to a dignity of sentiment which my actions have belied. I am, therefore, easy on that head. But a-propos of persons who have an aversion for me : I cannot forbear telling you, I have cited one of these, some time since, in a story I told you.

Certainly

Certainly she was not the heroine of the tale.

The most affecting incident, the most interesting trait, in my opinion, I have ever related to you, is precisely the one her conduct supplied.

And we no doubt have wept, mamma?

Yes, and so have I; I never can relate the Anecdote but with enthusiasm.

And at that moment, we admired and loved a person who had an aversion for you. What a painful reflection! But are you certain she does not love you?

You shall judge: for seven or eight years she was in want of my assistance, came incessantly to consult me, tell me her secrets, and desire me to ask favours, which I certainly never should have done, had they been for myself; neither had we any other intercourse: her critical situation, and my desire to serve her, were the only ties between us; she never came to see me, but to ask my aid; I never listened to her, but to learn which way I might give it most effectually: I never mentioned her, but to ask something for her. Success crowned my zeal, and during the space of these eight years, I obtained for her, by turns, every thing she desired me to ask. Some events intervened, so that we saw one another no more for a year; and when I happened to meet her again, she scarcely seemed to know me, and I soon after learnt with surprize that she was become my enemy.

What ingratitude!

I do not, however, take the less pleasure in reciting the Anecdote so highly to her honour, which I just now mentioned; and this is that spirit of impartiality and justice, which I so much wish you to possess. But let us return to our subject; I
flatter

flatter myself, you have now renounced your project of reading the Iliad by yourself?

I have, mamma; I had beforetime been told, that all boys of my age were permitted to read that book; and, moreover, that the notes were very instructive. Last year I saw my cousin Frederic reading the Odyssey and Iliad during his leisure hours, I therefore asked permission to do the same; but since there are so many bad principles to be found in that work, I shall prefer reading it with you, that I may the better understand their consequences.

Generally speaking, there are very few works that are not dangerous to read at your age.

I may read history, mamma, because you have taught me how to judge of actions.

You have read the useful and estimable abridgements by the Abbé Millot, which are chiefly intended for youth. What history do you now wish to read?

The History of Malta.

The Abbé Vertot is an agreeable Historian; but his conclusions are not always just, not always conformable to sound morality.

Do you yourself, mamma, then chuse the book that I should read?

You promise me to always read slowly, thoughtfully, and to give me an account every evening of what you have read?

Yes, mamma.

Well then, I will give you an Abridgement of the History of England, in two volumes, which I think a clear well written book.

Two days after this, Cæsar told his mamma, he had met with a passage in the book she had lent him, at which he was a good deal shocked.

Let

Let me see it, said Madame de Clémire: read it.

"The French were defeated at the battle of Agincourt, by Henry V. in which he had taken so many prisoners, that in order more securely to face the enemy, who still seemed to menace him, he was obliged to put those to death the fortune of war had delivered into his hands (a).

Well, what is it that offends you in this passage?

What, mamma! Does not the Historian resemble Homer? Does not he relate this act of cruelty as a simple and even indispensable thing? He has not one single reflection on the fact, consequently approves it's barbarity.

Madame de Clémire, at hearing this, most affectionately kissed her son. You have not read, said she, like a child; for while you have read you have reflected, have consulted your reason and your feelings, and thus, only, can reading become useful. Such a manner of relating an atrocious act is revolting to the heart. What then will you say to a work I am reading, and in which I find the following portrait of Fredegonda:

"Fredegonda made amends for the defect of birth, by so many eminent qualities, one is tempted to say of her, that though she was *not*, she deserved to *be* nobly born? she is one of those heroines, who need not blush at the faults of Destiny; the greatness of her genius, made her reign over Chilperic almost without a rival, &c. (b)."

(a) Nouvel Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. d'Angleterre; in two thick volumes. See Vol. I. Page 75.

(b) Memoires Historiques-Critiques, & Anecdotes de France, Tom. I. Page 70. This is an interesting work, full of curious Anecdotes.

Is it possible to speak thus of a woman so abominable, guilty of so many crimes? Would you believe this to be the picture of a Monster, the disgrace of her sex, and the execration of Posterity? The Author has praised her address; she knew, said he, the art of triumphing over all her enemies. But by what means? By treason and murder. Her whole address consisted in poisoning and assassinating those she feared. But to-morrow, Cæsar, I will read you her true character, in the History of Charlemagne (*a*). We will also read in another work, by the same Author, an account of the Battle of Agincourt (*b*), the manner of which I hope will give you pleasure.

Yon love that author's works, mamma.

I do, because I find in them a true spirit of philosophy, perfect impartiality, new ideas, feeling, the purest morals, the most rational reflections, and all the striking consequences which history ought to teach. Lessons useful to men, and especially to kings.

Do you know the author, mamma?

I never saw him four times in my life.

Why will you not give me his works?

(*a*) By M. Gaillard.

(*b*) Histoire de la Querelle de Philippe de Valois, &c.

I have seldom heard of an Historian, who could be said to possess feeling; this praise seems rather to belong to works of imagination; the Author, however, above cited will justify the assertion. It seems to me impossible to read him, without often being melted even to tears. Read, among others, his account of La Pucelle d'Orleans, in L'Histoire de Querelle. &c. his fine Portrait of St. Louis, in L'Histoire de la Rivalite, &c. that of Henry IV. and likewise his relation of the Battle of Pavia, Histoire de François I.

It is my wish we should read them together, that you may understand all his beauties. I shall therefore give you other books for your private reading, still begging you will read with the greatest attention, and carefully weigh the sentiments and reflections of the author. I insist upon this point so much, because it is of the utmost importance; for by acquiring this habit, reading will truly form your heart and mind; so that, in the end, no book whatever will be dangerous to you. Instead of which, should you read carelessly, without thought, you would insensibly obtain a multitude of false ideas; and reading, far from instructing, might weaken your reason, and shake, and even corrupt your principles.

The Abbé, who came to seek for Cæsar, interrupted this conversation. In the evening the Tales of the Castle was again taken up, and Madame de Clémire began the following history.

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N O T E S,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. II.

(1) **T**HE Earthquake which happened in Sicily 1692-3; the History of which is given by Mr. Hartop, Father Alessandro Burgos, and Vin Bonajutus, is one of the most terrible ones in all History: it shook the whole island; and not only that, but Naples and Malta shared in the shock. It was of the second kind mentioned by Aristotle and Pliny, viz. a perpendicular pulsation or succession. It was impossible, said the noble Bonajutus, for any body in this country to keep on their legs on the dancing earth; nay, those that lay on the ground were tossed from side to side, as on a rolling billow, and high walls leaped from their foundations several paces, &c. *Phil. Transf.* No. 207. The mischief it did is amazing; almost all the buildings in the countries were thrown down; fifty-four cities and towns, besides an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. We shall only instance the fate of Catania, one of the most famous, ancient, and flourishing cities in the kingdom, the residence of several Monarchs, and an University. This once famous, now unhappy Catania, to use the words of Fa. Burgos, had the greatest share in the Tragedy. F. Anton. Serrovita, being on his way thither, and at the distance of a few miles, observed a black cloud, like night, hovering over the city; and there arose from the mouth of Montgibello, great spires of flame which spread all around; the sea, all of a sudden, began to roar and rise in billows; and

VOL. II.

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there was a noise, as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying, &c. His, and his companions horses stopped short, trembling, so that they were forced to alight. They were no sooner off, but they were lifted from the ground above two palms: when, casting his eyes towards Catania, he, with amazement, saw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. This was the scene of their calamity; for, of the magnificent Catania, there was not the least footstep to be seen. S. Bonajutus assures us, that of 18,914 inhabitants, 18,000 perished there. The same Author, from a computation of the inhabitants before and after the *earthquake*, in the several cities and towns, finds that near 60,000 perished, out of 254,900.

(2) The greatest part of Lisbon was, in fact, destroyed by incendiaries; who, during this dreadful disaster, set fire to the houses that they might pillage them with more impunity. The unfortunate inhabitants, who were the victims of this unheard of wickedness, found relief in the humanity of a generous nation. No sooner were the English informed of this terrible event, than they hastened to send them every succour of which they stood in need. This benevolent act cost the English six millions, but it gave them new claims to the esteem of all Europe.

(3) I find in an English work, as instructive as entertaining, a singular Anecdote, little known, relative to Catalonia.

“ From that period, the Emperors, Kings of France,
 “ governed Catalonia, by appointing Counts, or Vice-
 “ gerents, removeable at pleasure, till the government
 “ was rendered hereditary in the family of Wilfred the
 “ Hairy: whether this happened by a concession of
 “ Charles the Bald, or by usurpation, remains a doubt
 “ among the learned. It continued in his posterity for
 “ many generations. This Prince having been griev-
 “ ously wounded, in a battle against the Normans, re-
 “ ceived a visit from the Emperor, who dipping his
 “ finger in the blood that trickled from the wound,
 “ drew four lines down the gilt shield of Wilfred, say-
 “ ing, Earl, be these thy armorial Ensign. Four Pal-
 “ lets,

lets, Gules, on a field, or; remained from that time the Coat of Arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Arragon; when Raymund the fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Ramiro, the second King of Arragon."—*Travels through Spain, in the Years 1775 and 1776, by Henry Swinburne, Esq.*

(4) The following is what a French Traveller says on the subject of the Cascades I mention.

"One is astonished, while traversing these threatening rocks, to meet delicious vallies and fine verdure, and trees in the bosom of sterility; to see natural cascades precipitate themselves from their rude pinnacles, and trouble the silence which reigns in that asylum, only to render it more interesting."

Essais sur l'Espagne, Tome I. Page 35.

And here follows what an English Traveller says on the same subject:

"The greatest hardship here is a scarcity of good water. Except one spring at the Parish, and another at the Convent, they have no other than cistern water, and that bad enough. This, in summer, is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the lye to the florid descriptions I have read, of the purling streams, and beautiful cascades, tumbling down, on every side, from the broken rocks. The want of water is so great, that neither wolf, bear, or other wild beast is ever seen on the mountain."—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Esq; London, 4to.—Page 58.*

This quotation is striking enough, and were pains taken to compare the accounts of Travellers, I believe many such like might be found. For my part, I have taken a liberty which many Historians have likewise taken, that of chusing the most agreeable; however, I do not dissemble my motives of preference, and readily confess, that the name, reputation, and works, of the English Traveller, ought to inspire the greatest confidence.

(5) Among the combats between the Spaniards and the

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Moors,

Moors, was one, in which the women of Tortosa gained great renown. They exposed themselves on the ramparts of the town, and performed such prodigious acts of valour, that Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted in 1170, the Military Order of La Hacha, or the Torch. They obtained many other honourable privileges, which now no longer exist, except that of taking the right hand of the men, be their rank what it will, in their marriage ceremonies.

The History of Germany affords a similar Anecdote. In the year 1015, the Poles besieged the town of Meissin, which must have been taken, had it not been for the heroism of the women, who partook all the labours of the siege. The Emperor Henry II. to perpetuate the memory of the women of Meissin, who had, on that occasion, shewn greater courage than their husbands, ordained an Anniversary Festival for the deliverance of the town, and that the women alone should go in procession to the church, as a testimony that Meissin owed its safety to them. This procession was continued with great pomp till the sixteenth century, when the Lutherans abolished the Romish religion.

Hist. Gener. d'Allemagne, by M. Montigny, Tome IV.

During the war between John I. King of Castile, and John I. King of Portugal, the English having besieged Valencia, in the kingdom of Leon, which was then without men, the Nobility having all followed the Prince to the field, the ladies defended the town, repelled the assault of the enemy, harrassed them by sallies, and obliged them to retire. John, in recompense of their valour, permitted them to wear a Scarf of Gold, and granted them all the privileges of the Knights of the Scarf. The date of this Order is uncertain, but is said to be between 1383 and 1390.—*Encyclopédie, at the word ECHARPE.*

(6) The town-house of Toledo, near the Archbishop's Palace, is still admired; the colonadeal Architecture is very beautiful. On one of the walls of the stair-case are Spanish verses, of which the following is a translation:

“ Noble and judicious Men of Toledo, leave your passions
“ fions

"fions on this stair-case; here leave love, fear, and
"covetousness; forget private and public good; and
"since God has made you the pillars of this august Pa-
"lace, remain always firm, upright, and unshaken."

Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.

(7) These Mountains absolutely desert, served many ages as an Asylum to robbers and wolves. In vain had some Patriots proposed to grub and clear them. M. Olivides, however, after having peopled the deserts of Andalusia, covered the Siera Morena with Colonists and Labourers. Government favoured the establishment, and it prospered; but, notwithstanding the attentions, benefactions, and repeated exemptions of government, there are many discontented Spirits among these people; their complaints generally ill-founded, are the consequence of man's inquietude, who wishes for ease and independence without making use of the means by which they are procured.

Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.

The chief place in the Colony is called Carolina; both the French and English traveller have given charming descriptions of this establishment. Those of the latter are delightful.

(8) In the days of the Mussulmen this Mosque was a square building, with a flat roof, upon arches. It wanted proportion, for it was only thirty five feet high, while its breadth was four hundred and twenty, and its length five hundred and ten. The roof was borne up by near a thousand columns, and by seven hundred and eighty according to others. The Mosque had twenty-four gates, and 4700 lamps were lighted in it every night, which annually consumed near 26,000 pounds of oil.

At present a part of the Mosque only exists, which is turned into a church that has seventeen gates, and is 510 feet long, and 240 broad (a); and in one part of it stand a vast number of columns, marble, but of various species,

(a) The French Traveller says, 600 long, and 250 broad.
Essais sur l'Espagne Tom I. Page 285.

forming a vast quincunx.—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Esq; page 297.*

(9) Grenada is situated at the foot of Sierra Nevada, or Mountain of Snow, and is built on each side of the Dauro. The Xenil bathes its walls, and these two rivers are formed from the melting of the snows, with which the Sierra is always covered—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.*

(10) The most remarkable monument of Grenada is the Castle of the Alhambra, an ancient Moorish Palace, in the centre of which is seen one more modern, built by Charles V. which yet is in ruins, with only four walls remaining. Its extent was not great, the better to preserve the Moorish Palace, which was destined to be a summer habitation. In the Alhambra are found the remains of prodigious magnificence, Colonades of Marble, Fountains, Bas-reliefs, a prodigious number of inscriptions, &c. Among others the superb Court, called the Court of the Lions, is greatly admired: the Generaliph is another Moorish Palace, which communicates with the Alhambra. It is built on a great elevation, and watered from every part. The gardens are in the form of an Amphitheatre; the situation is charming, and preferable to that of the Alhambra.

Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.

(11) In the days of Boabdil, or Abouabdoulah, the last King of Grenada, the Alabeces, Abencerages, Zegrís, and Gomeles, were the most powerful families in that City; they filled most of the great employments about Court, and scarce a brilliant achievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of some Knight of these four houses. High above the rest towered the Abencerages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerages more accomplished, more distinguished, than Albin Hamet, who for his great wisdom and valour stood deservedly foremost in the list of the King's favourites. His power rose to such a pitch, that it excited the most violent envy in the breast of the Zegrís and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from this post of superior eminence. After concerting many schemes for his destruction, none appeared to them
more

more effectual than one proposed by a consummate villain of the Zegri family. He seized an opportunity of being alone with the King, whose character was as yet frank and unsuspicious; assuming an air of extreme anguish of mind, he observed to the Prince how very weak his conduct appeared to all wise men, by reposing such unbounded confidence in, and trusting his person with such traitors as the Abencerages, who were well known to be laying a scheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Aboubdoulah of his life and crown. Nay more, he, and three men of honour, had seen the Queen in wanton dalliance with Albin Hamet Abencerage, behind the lofty cypresses in the gardens of the Generalis, from whence Hamet had returned insolently crowned with a garland of roses. These calumnies roused all the furies of jealousy in the breast of the credulous Monarch, and the destruction of the whole lineage of Abencerage was planned in the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were under some pretence or other, summoned one by one to attend the King in the Court of Lions. No sooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was seized by the Zegris, lead to a large alabaster basin in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-six of the noblest of the race had already perished before the treachery was discovered. A Page, belonging to one of those Noblemen, having found means to follow his master in, and to get out again unseen, divulged the secret of this bloody transaction. The treason once known, all Grenada was in an instant up in arms, and many desperate combats ensued, which, by the great havock made amongst the most valiant of its chieftains, brought the state to the very brink of ruin. These tumults being appeased by the wisdom of Musa, a bastard brother of the King, a grand council was held, in which Abouabdoulah declared his reasons for the punishment inflicted on the Abencerages, *viz.* their conspiracy, and the adultery of the Queen. He then solemnly pronounced her sentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if within thirty days she did not produce four Knights to defend her cause against the four accusers. The Queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their scimitars in the audience chamber, and rescuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Musa, who

observed to them, they might by violence save the life of the Sultana, but by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world; which would certainly look upon that cause as unjust, which refused to submit to the customary trial. The Queen was immediately shut up in the tower of Comares. Many Grenadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of exposing their lives in her quarrel, but none were so happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived so high an idea of the Christians, from the valour she had seen them display in a great tournament lately held at Grenada, and the treachery of the Zegrís had her with so despicable an opinion of Moorish honour, that she was determined to rest her defence upon the gallantry of the Spanish Knights. In hopes of rousing their noble spirits to action, she dispatched a trusty messenger with a letter to Don Juan de Chacon, Lord of Carthagena, entreating him to espouse her cause; and like a true Knight, bring with him three brave warriors, to stand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for answer, that he set too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Grenada was buried in the deepest affliction, to find that their beloved Queen had been so remiss as not to have named one of her defenders. Musa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, pressed her, in vain, to accept of their swords, or those of several other warriors willing to assert the justness of her cause. The Sultana relying on the Spanish faith, persisted in her refusal; upon which the judges conducted her down from the Alhambra to a scaffold in the great square, hung with black, where they seated themselves on one side. At the sight of this beauty in distress, the whole place resounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the spectators could be restrained from attacking her enemies, and rescuing her by main force. Scarce were the Judges seated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accusers, who advanced armed cap a-pie, mounted on the finest coursfers of Andalusia. Over their armour they wore loose vests, with plumes and fashes of a tawny colour. On their shields were painted two bloody swords, and these words: *For the truth we draw them.*—All their kinsmen and adherents accompanied them to their post within the lists.

lists. In vain did the crowd cast a longing eye towards the gate, through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon. The Sultana's courage began to fail her; and when four valiant Moors presented themselves to sue for the honour of drawing their swords to vindicate her innocence, she promised to trust her life in their hands, if, within two hours, the persons she expected should not appear. At that instant a great noise was heard, and four Turkish horsemen came prancing into the square. One of them addressed the Judges, requesting the favour of speaking to the Queen; which being granted, he knelt down, and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the design of trying their strength against the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that hearing of this solemn trial, they had changed their resolution, and were now arrived at Grenada, to devote their first essay of arms in Spain to her service, and hoped she would approve of them for her champions. As he spoke, he let drop into her lap the letter she had written to Don Juan; by the sight of which, she discovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the Lord of Carthagena, who had brought with him as companions in this dangerous conflict, the Duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova. The Queen accepted of their proposal; and the Judges having solemnly declared her voice, gave orders for the charge to sound. The onset was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length Don Juan overthrew Mahandon Gamel, and the Duke slew Alihamet Zegri; Mahandon Gamel fell by the sword of Aguilar; and the last of all, the arch-traitor Mahomed Zegri, disabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with loss of blood, sunk at the feet of Don Ferdinand; who, setting his knee on the Infidel's breast, and holding his dagger to his throat, summoned him to confess the truth, or die that instant. "Thou needest not add another wound," said Mahomed, "for the last will prove sufficient to rid the world of such a monster. Know then, that to revenge myself of the Abencerages, I invented the lye that caused their destruction, and the persecution of the Sultana; whom I here declare free from all stain or reproach whatsoever, and with my dying breath, implore her forgiveness."

"giveness." The Judges came down to receive this deposition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterwards announced to the people, who expressed their joy by the loudest acclamations. The day ended in festivity and rejoicing. The Queen was escorted back in triumph to the Palace, where the penitent Abouabdoulah fell at her feet, and with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime, but to no purpose: for the Queen remained inflexible, and, retiring to the house of her nearest of kin, refused to have any further intercourse with him. The four Knights left Grenada, without discovering themselves to any other person; and soon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerages abandoned the city, and by their secession into Castile or Africa, left Abouabdoulah destitute of able officers, and entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who in the course of a few months, deprived him of his kingdom.

(12) This globe of fire was a meteor, and similar appearances have been observed in the remotest ages. It was this kind of meteor which formerly spread terror in Rome, which Aristotle, Seneca and Pliny have described. It was anciently called, and is still by the vulgar, flaming sword, and fiery dragon. I have not invented any circumstances relative to this phænomenon in my tale, as may be seen by the following account:

"The Globe of fire which was the subject of the *Memoire* of M. le Roy, was observed the 17th of July, 1771, about half past ten in the evening.—There suddenly appeared in the north-west a fire like to a great falling star, which augmenting as it approached, soon took the form of a globe, that afterwards had a tail, which entrained all after it. This globe having traversed a part of the heavens, became slower in it's motion, and took the form of Batavian Tears, when it shed a most powerful light; its head appeared enveloped in sparks of fire, and its tail edged with red contained all the colours of the rainbow. At length it burst, shedding a vast number of luminous particles like the *brilliance* in fire works.

"The

" The 12th of November, 1761, M. le Baron des Adretz, one league from Ville Franche, in Beaujolois, saw a bright globe of fire, which seemed swiftly falling and increasing in size as it fell. A train of fire marked its route; after it had traversed nearly an eighth of the horizon, it seemed as large as an exceedingly large tun, cut horizontally in half.—It turned upside down, and out of it came a prodigious quantity of flaming sparks, like the largest of those seen in fire-works.

" In the town of Beaune, this meteor gave a light equal to that of noon day.

" The 3d of November, 1771, at half past nine in the evening, a very extraordinary meteor was seen at Sarlat (a). The Heavens became so light, that they thought day again was going to break. A most luminous globe of fire appeared, from which came large sparks, like artificial stars, and the circle by which it was surrounded, was formed of differently coloured rays.—When this enormous globe was about six fathoms high, two pieces of volcano came from it, which took the form of two large rainbows, one of which lost itself towards the North, and the other towards the South."

Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature, Tome II.

(13) It must be remembered, that Alphonso's shoes were nailed, and that his staff had an iron ferrule.

" The Ancients, says M. de Bomare, knew the load stone would attract iron; and if Pliny may be believed, it was found out by a Shepherd, who felt that the nails of his shoes, and the ferrule of his staff, stuck to a rock of load-stone over which he passed; but they knew not its polar direction."

Alphonso, full of ignorance and remorse, and already terrified at the meteor he had seen, feeling himself fixed to the rock, believed it proceeded from the wrath of heaven, as a punishment for his flight. This idea redoubled

(a) A small town of Perigord, 120 leagues from Paris.

his terror, rendered him motionless, and aided the effects of nature.

" The Load-stone is ferruginous, and is found in iron
 " mines; its colour varies with the country where it is
 " found; it has five remarkable properties: 1. That of
 " attracting iron, called *Attraction*. 2. That of trans-
 " mitting its virtue—*Communication*. 3. That of turning
 " towards the poles of the earth—*Direction*. 4. Its va-
 " riation, called *Declination*. 5. Its dipping as it ap-
 " proaches either pole—*Inclination*. All these singular
 " properties, the effects of the nature of the Load-stone,
 " are produced by some general property hitherto un-
 " known. It is supposed there is a kind of atmosphere
 " round the Load-stone, which forms an active vortex,
 " and is sensibly discovered by its contrary effects, the one
 " of attracting, the other of repelling iron. The at-
 " tractive force of the Load stone, just taken from the
 " mine, is not great, for which reason it is obliged to be
 " armed to augment its power. It may be remarked,
 " that the rust of iron has sometimes the effect of the
 " Load-stone.

" Among the curiosities of the English Royal Society,
 " is a Load stone, weighing sixty pounds, which does
 " not lift weight in proportion to its size, but which at-
 " tracts a needle at nine feet distance. *L'Histoire de*
 " *l'Academie des Sciences*, speaks of a Load-stone, which
 " weighed eleven ounces, and raised twenty-eight
 " pounds of iron; that is to say, more than forty times
 " its weight." *Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par. M. de Bomare*.
 Magnetism is the general name of the different qualities
 of the Load stone. I have placed the adventure of the
 Load-stone Rock in Spain, because it would have the
 most effect in the first moments of Alphonso's flight; and
 there is sufficient probability for a tale like this, in so
 doing, since, in fact, the environs of Loxe are full of
 rocks, and Spain contains many mines.

(14) " The pretended rain of blood happens only du-
 " ring a storm, and more especially in Summer. It is
 " not astonishing, that the most part of insects which
 " feed on trees, are swept off by winds and torn in
 " pieces,

“ pieces, so that in falling they seem bloody, and it rains the blood of insects.”—*Diſt. d’Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Pluie.*

I confeſs this explanation does not ſatisfy me; for were it neceſſary only to produce this phænomenon, to have a high wind or rain in the months of July or Auguſt, every perſon muſt have ſeen it rain blood more than once, which they certainly have not ſeen.

“ The waters of the Lake of Zurich, in 1703, ſays M. de Bomare, ſuddenly became red like blood; and on examination, it was found to proceed from currents of bituminous waters, full of red ochre, which currents fell into the Lake.

“ There is alſo what they call ſulphur rain, which is ſo named, from yellow grains that ſeem to fall from the clouds, mingled with the water. This is nothing but the yellow duſt from various ſpecies of plants in bloom, and which is the cauſe of this pretended ſulphur-rain, that ſo frequently falls in the neighbourhood of mountains. This phænomenon often happens at Bourdeaux in the month of April, when the Pine is in flower.”

Diſt. d’Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare.

(15) Quitting Loxe, Travellers croſs Mount Orefpeda; and in the neighbourhood of Archidona, a city built in the very miſt of rocks, on the frontiers, Andaluſia is ſeen *la Pena de Los Enamoradoes*, (the Lover’s puniſhment) a rock which this tragic adventure has rendered famous. A young French Knight was made priſoner by the Moors, when they were in poſſeſſion of Grenada. The Moorish King gave him his liberty, heaped favours upon him, and retained him at his court. In return, the Frenchman ſeduced the King’s daughter, and prevailed on her to fly ſecretly from her father’s Palace. They made their eſcape in the night; but heaven purſued an ungrateful and vile raviſher, and a criminal and unnatural daughter. At day-break, they ſaw a company of Moors chaſing them, and they clambered up a prodigiouſly high rock. They were ſoon ſurrounded, and, torn by remorse, reduced to deſpair,

despair, they flung themselves from the summit of the precipice, which still bears the name of the Lover's Rock.

Essais sur l'Espagne, Tome I. Page 225.

(16) Poison known to some kind of Savages, Mountaineers of Peru, was brought to Europe in 1746, by M. de la Condamine, which was most subtle and mortal. Its effect is so prompt, that a monkey or parrot pricked to the quick by small arrows, which the Savages shoot from Sarba canes, immediately drop. M. de Reaumur had a bear of two years old, who becoming mischievous, he determined to kill. The effect of the poison was tried on this animal; the point of a dart proper to shoot from a Sarba cane, was steeped in it, and the bear received the first dart above the shoulder, but without being apparently wounded; a second was shot, and the animal made a bound, was convulsed, trembled, foamed, and fell dead in about a minute and a half. It must be remarked, that the monkeys and parrots killed by this poison, which are eaten in Peru, without any precaution, contract no pernicious quality. Sugar is the most certain antidote to this powerful venom, and which given to dogs and cats a quarter of an hour before they have been wounded, has prevented all its effects.

This Note was given the Author, by a person who was a witness of the above experiments.

(17) Every body knows this experiment on Electricity was first made by Doctor Franklin.

(18) The key was electrified.

19) " In the year 1755, when Lisbon suffered so much,
 " the Azore islands were wonderfully agitated. In the
 " island of St. George, twelve leagues from Angra, the
 " earth shook so violently, that most of the inhabitants
 " were buried in the ruins of their houses. Their terror
 " was next morning redoubled, when from the same parts
 " were seen eighteen islands newly risen from the sea. On
 " the other side a shock was felt, which threw portions of
 " earth into the sea. On one of these was a house, sur-
 " rounded

“ rounded by trees, the inhabitants of which did not, till
 “ the next morning, perceive their change of place.”——
Diſt. d’Hiſt. Nat. par. M. de Bomare, au mot Tremblement
de Terre.

(20) “ This is vulgarly called the Dragon-tree, and by
 “ Botanists is divided into four species. That of the
 “ Canary Islands resembles the Pine, at a distance. Its
 “ fruit is round, as large as fine peas, yellow, and a little
 “ acid. Its trunk, which is rugged, opens in many places,
 “ and sheds, during the dog-days, a liquor like blood,
 “ which condenses to a red drop, soft at first, but after-
 “ wards dry, and capable of being reduced to powder.
 “ This is the Dragon’s blood of the shops. When an
 “ incision is made in the trunk of one of those trees, the
 “ liquor begins to run.”

M. de Bomare, au mot sang de Dragon.

(21) “ This Pillar or Water-spout, is only a thick cloud,
 “ compressed and reduced to a small space, by contrary and
 “ opposing winds, which meeting, give the cloud the form
 “ of a cylindrical whirlwind, and thus occasions the water
 “ to fall all at once under this cylindrical form. The
 “ quantity of water is so great, and the fall so sudden,
 “ that if it happens on a ship at sea, it sinks it instantly.
 “ In the month of July, 1755, a stroke of thunder beat
 “ down a cloud in Bavaria, which directed itself per-
 “ pendicularly, and formed a kind of Marine Water-
 “ spout. Passing over a pond, it drew up all the water,
 “ raised it to a prodigious height, and afterwards dis-
 “ persed it with such force, that it resembled a thick
 “ smoke. The cloud overturned in its passage several
 “ houses and trees.

“ Another singular phenomenon happened near the
 “ Baltic, on the 17th of August, 1750. This was a
 “ column of water, attached to a thick cloud, which the
 “ wind carried along the earth. It attracted every thing
 “ it met with, corn, bushes, and branches of trees, raised
 “ them about thirty feet high, intertwined them, and let
 “ them fall in small parcels.——Some pretend, that
 “ firing of cannon will break and dissipate these Water-
 “ spouts.

“ There

“ There is yet another species, called Typhon, which
 “ does not descend from the clouds, but raises water from
 “ the sea to the sky. These Typhons are caused by sub-
 “ terranean fires; for the sea is seen to boil on such
 “ occasions, and the air is full of sulphureous exhalations.”

M. de Bomare, au mot Ventz.

In the *Memoires de l'Academie de Stockholm*, we read, that on the 17th of August, 1746, one of these columns was seen near Nyftad, which attracted stubble and wheat-sheafs, and tore up small bushes by the roots.

There was another more singular in 1727, at Beziers, of something like a violet colour, which took up a quantity of young olive shoots, tore up trees, transported a large walnut-tree forty or fifty paces, and marked its route by a well beaten track, on which three coaches might pass a-breast; it was accompanied by a thick smoke, and made a noise like the roaring of a troubled sea.

Another appeared in the same year in la Brie, which passing over a ditch, filled it with earth and stones, and marked its passage by such kind of furrows as a harrow might make.

A column of a considerable height, was seen at Carcassona, in the year 1776. It seemed to descend from a neighbouring mountain, of a deep marigold colour, from the bottom half way, while the rest appeared inflamed. The noise of this meteor resembled the bellowing of a herd of oxen. It threw itself into the river Aude, which it dried up for a considerable space.

Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome II. mot Trombe.

(22) In 1740, hail-stones fell at Rome as large as eggs. In Thuringia, a province of Germany, there fell hail-stones, in 1738, as large as geese eggs.

Vallade assures us, in his description of the Orcade Islands, that in the month of June, 1680, there fell pieces of ice a foot thick, during a storm. Morton observed at Northampton, in 1693, blades of ice which fell
 in

in a storm, that were two inches long, and one inch thick. Besides which, he observed spherical lamps an inch in diameter, in which were seen five different coloured rays, which formed a kind of star.

In 1720, hail fell at Crembs, some of the stones of which weighed six pounds.

Dict. des Merw. de la Nat. Tome I. mot Grele.

“ Hail is a kind of rain condensed and crystallized by the cold, as it passes through the middle region of the air, before it reaches the earth.—Nicephorus-Calistus reports, after the taking of Rome by Alaric, hail-stones fell in many places of eight pounds weight. In 824, there fell near Autun, in Burgundy, among the hail, pieces of ice, sixteen feet long, seven wide, and two feet thick.—In 1723, there were hail-stones fell at Leicester of five inches.—In the famous storm that happened in Picardy, August, 1722, the least hail that fell accompanied with thunder and lightning, weighed a pound, and the largest eight.—Many of the stones were forked, and pointed, &c.”—*M. de Bomare, au mot Grele.*

(23) “ Edens, an English Traveller, relates, that having, as a Physician, rendered considerable services to the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, he obtained of them the liberty to visit the Sepulchral Caverns; a favour they grant to no one, and which cannot be obtained against their will, without life being exposed to the greatest danger.

“ They have an extreme veneration for the bodies of their ancestors, and the curiosity of strangers is to them profanation.—These Caves are places anciently dug out of the rocks, or formed by nature.—The corpse is sewed in goats-skins, with thongs of the same, and the seams are so equal and close, as to become very admirable; but what astonishes most, is, that the bodies are almost all entire; and in both sexes are equally found the eyes, (closed) the hair, ears, nose, lips, teeth, and beard.—One day, when the Author of this Account was taking rabbits by a ferret, this little animal,

“ which

“ which had a bell round its neck, was lost in a burrow,
 “ and disappeared, without their being able to know how.
 “ One of the hunters, to whom he belonged, seeking for
 “ him in the midst of rocks and brambles, discovered the
 “ entrance to a Sepulchral Cave of the Guanches, he de-
 “ scended, &c.

“ If the account of the oldest of the Guanches may
 “ be believed, there was a particular tribe amongst their
 “ ancestors, who knew the art of embalming, and prefer-
 “ ved it as a sacred mystery.—This tribe composed the
 “ Priesthood, and did not intermarry with the others;
 “ but after the conquest of the island, most of them were
 “ destroyed, and their secret perished with them. Tra-
 “ dition has only taught us a part of the ingredients ne-
 “ cessary to that operation.”

Abrégé de l'Hist. Gen. des Voy. Tome I. Par M. de la Harpe.

Among the Ancients, the Egyptians, more than any others, practised embalming; and bodies have been preserved above two thousand years. In the breast of one of these corpse, a branch of rosemary was found, scarcely dried. This art has only been known in Europe during these latter ages; formerly they made deep incisions in the corpse, salted it, and enclosed it in a tanned ox's hide.—*Encyclopedie.*

(24) The French called this tree Calebassier, and its fruit Baboon's-bread. It grows at Senegal, and the natives call it Gooee, and its fruit Booe; its real name is Boabab. Its first branches, which project almost horizontally, are commonly sixty feet long, and its trunk about seventy-eight feet round; though many Travellers have seen them larger. Ray says, that between the Niger and the Gambia, some have been measured so monstrous, that seventeen men, with extended arms, scarcely could embrace them. According to which, these trees must be about eighty-five feet in circumference. The Boabab, adds M. de Bomare, is probably the largest of known vegetables; though there are accounts, in the works of different naturalists, of well known trees so prodigious, as to be reckoned vegetable monsters. Ray cites the account of travellers, who have seen a tree in
 Brazil

Brazil 120 feet round; and there are still trees more marvellous, mentioned in the late Histories of China; one of which is in the province of Suchu, near the town of Kian; it is called Lieunich, that is to say, the tree of a thousand years; and is so vast, that one of its branches only will afford shelter to 200 sheep. Another tree, in the Province of Chekianga, is nearly 400 feet in circumference.

The Reference to the following Note should have been in Page 71, but by accident was omitted.

There is a serpent called the serpent of Damel, which is very common in that westerly province of Africa. The Negroes, when bit, put powder on the wound, and apply fire; and if this operation is but a little while deferred, the poison gains ground, and death soon follows.—The Sereres, a Negro nation, take and eat them. Some of them are fifteen, some twenty feet long, and six inches in diameter. There are some green, others black spotted, and striped with beautiful colours.

On the Slave coast, in the kingdoms of Juida and Benin, all the Savages adore a kind of Serpent which they call the Fetiche. These serpents are very gentle, not venomous, and extremely familiar. It is death to kill them. The Negroes look upon them as benevolent Gods, and have particular rites for them; though they destroy, with great care, those Serpents which are poisonous.

(25) " The French of Fort St. Louis had a Lioness,
 " which they kept chained. The animal had a disease
 " in the jaw, that reduced it to extremity; and the people
 " of the fort, taking off the chains, threw the body
 " into a neighbouring field. In this state it was found
 " by M. Compagnon, Author of the Voyage of Bambuck,
 " as he returned from the chase. The eyes were
 " closed, the jaw open, and already swarming with ants.
 " Compagnon took pity on the poor animal, washed the
 " gullet with water, and poured some milk down the
 " throat. The effects of this simple remedy were wonderful.
 " The Lioness was brought back to the fort,
 " recovered by degrees; but, far from forgetting the fer-
 " vice

“ vice done her, took such an affection for her benefac-
 “ tor, that she would receive food only from him; and,
 “ when cured, followed him about the island, with a
 “ cord about her neck, like the most familiar dog.

“ A Lion having escaped from the Menagerie of the
 “ Great Duke of Tuscany, entered the city of Florence,
 “ every where spreading terror. Among the fugitives
 “ was a woman with a child in her arms, whom she let
 “ fall. The Lion seized, and seemed ready to devour it,
 “ when the mother, transported by the tender affections
 “ of Nature, ran back, threw herself before the Lion, and
 “ by her gestures demanded her child. The Lion looked
 “ at her stedfastly; her cries and tears seemed to affect
 “ him, till at last he laid the child down without doing
 “ it the least injury.—Misery and despair then, have
 “ expressions intelligible to the most savage monsters;
 “ but what is yet more to be admired, is the resolute
 “ and sublime emotion, which can make a mother offer
 “ herself a prey to a ferocious animal, before which all
 “ fly: that loss of reason, so superior to Reason's Self,
 “ which can make a despairing woman recur to the pity
 “ of a beast breathing only death and carnage. This is
 “ the instinct of supreme grief, which always would per-
 “ suade itself it is not possible to remain inflexible to its
 “ feelings.”

Abrégé, &c. par M. de la Harpe, Tom. II.

“ It is very certain, says M. de Buffon, that the Lion,
 “ when taken young, and brought up among domestic
 “ animals, may easily be brought to live, and even play
 “ harmless among them; that he is gentle to his masters,
 “ caresses them, especially in the former part of life,
 “ and that though his natural ferocity may sometimes
 “ break forth, it seldom is turned against those who do
 “ him good.

“ I might cite a number of particular facts, in which I
 “ own I have found some exaggeration; but which are
 “ sufficiently established to prove, at least by their union,
 “ that his anger is noble, his courage magnanimous, and
 “ his heart feeling. Often has he been seen to disdain
 “ weak enemies, despise their insults, and pardon their
 “ offensive

“ offensive liberties. When reduced to captivity, though
“ weary he is not peevish ; but, on the contrary, be-
“ comes habitually gentle, obeys his master, flatters the
“ hand that feeds him ; sometimes grants life to animals
“ given him as prey ; and, as if attached to them by this
“ generous act, continues afterwards the same protection ;
“ lives peaceably with them, gives them part of his sub-
“ sistence, lets them sometimes take it all, and would ra-
“ ther suffer hunger than lose the fruit of his first bene-
“ fit.”

The circumstances relative to the chase of the Lion,
are taken from *l'Histoire des Voyages*.

(26) There is a remarkable echo near Rosneath, a
fine country seat in Scotland, situated to the west of a
salt water Lake that runs into the Clyde, 17 miles below
Glasgow. The lake is surrounded by hills, some of which
are barren rocks, others are covered with trees. A good
trumpeter, standing on a point of land that gives an open-
ing to the water towards the north, has played an air and
stopped : the echo repeated the air faithfully and distinct-
ly, but not so loud : this echo having ceased, another has
done the same, and a third, as exactly as the two former,
with no difference but that of becoming more feeble. The
same experiment, several times repeated, had still the
same success.

There was formerly in the Chateau de Simonette a
windowed wall, whence what was said was forty times
repeated. Addison and others, who have travelled in
Italy, mention an echo which would repeat the report of
a pistol fifty-six times, even when the air was foggy.

In the Memoires of the Academy of Sciences at Paris,
for the year 1692, mention is made of the echo at Genetay,
two leagues from Rouen, which has this peculiarity, that
the person who sings does not hear the echo, but his voice
only ; and, on the contrary, those who listen do not hear
the voice, but the echo, but with surprizing variations ;
for the echo seems sometimes to approach, and sometimes
to retire ; sometimes the voice is heard distinctly, at others
not at all ; some hear only a single voice, others several ;
one

one hears to the right, another to the left, &c.—This echo still exists, but is not what it was, because the environs have been planted with trees, which have greatly hurt the effect.

(27) This bird is called Flamingo, or Phœnicoptera, or Becharu; which second name among the Greeks, signified the bird of flaming wing, because when it flies against the sun it appears like a firebrand. The plumage, when young, is rose-coloured, and at ten months old the colour of fire. "Its beak, says M. de Buffon, is of a very extraordinary form, its legs excessively high, its neck long and dented; its body stands higher, though it is less than the Stork's; and its form, somewhat odd, makes it distinguishable from that of every other fishing bird."

"This bird is found on the old Continent, from the coasts of the Mediterranean, to the southern part of Africa; Flamingos are plentiful to the west of Africa, at Angola and Congo; where, out of superstitious respect, the Negroes will not suffer one of them to be killed."

The Flamingo is certainly a bird of passage, and are numerous at St. Domingo and the Antilles; they fly in society, and naturally form themselves into a line, so that at a certain distance they resemble a brick-wall, and somewhat nearer, soldiers arranged in rank and file. They place sentinels, which give the alarm by a very shrill cry, like the sound of a trumpet, at which they all take flight. Their flesh is much admired as food, and ancient Epicures were very fond of their tongues.

(28) "This bird, called *Cucullus Indicator*, says M. de Buffon, is found in the interior parts of Africa, at some distance from the Cape of Good Hope, and is famous for indicating where wild bee-hives may be found; twice a day its shrill cry is heard sounding *cherr cherr*; which seems to call the honey-hunters, who answer by a soft whistle, still approaching. When it is seen, it flies and hovers over a hollow-tree, that contains a hive; and if the hunters do not come, it redoubles its cries,"

"cries, flies back, returns to the tree, and points out the
 "prey in the most marking manner; forgetting nothing
 "to excite them to profit by the treasure it has discovered,
 "and which probably it could not enjoy without the aid
 "of man; either because the entrance to the hive is too
 "small, or from other circumstances which the relater
 "has not told us. While the honey is procuring, it flies
 "to some distance, interestingly observing all that passes,
 "and waiting for its part of the spoil; which the
 "hunters never forget to leave, though not enough to
 "satisfy the bird, consequently not to destroy his ardour
 "for this kind of chase.

"This is not the tale of a Traveller, but the observa-
 "tions of an enlightened man, who himself assisted at the
 "destruction of many bee-hives, betrayed by this little
 "spy, to the Royal Society of London. He procured two
 "of these birds that had been killed, to the great scandal
 "of the Hottentots, for in all countries the existence of
 "a useful being is precious."

M. de Buffon adds, in a note, that the honey-hunter is
 sometimes devoured by wild beasts; whence it has been
 said, that they and the bird understand each other, and
 that it allures their prey.

Hist. Nat. des Oiseaux, Tome XII. Edit. in 12 mo.

(29) Mecca is a town of Arabia Felix, about as large
 as Marseilles. The magnificence of its mosque draws
 a prodigious concourse of all the Mahometan sects, who
 go thither on pilgrimages. It is the birth-place of Ma-
 homet.

(30) Medina is a city of Arabia Felix, the name of
 which signifies, in Arabic, a city in general; and here
 the city, by way of excellence; for here it was that Ma-
 homet fixed the seat of the empire of the Mussulmans,
 and here he died. It was before time called Lotreb. In
 the midst of Medina is the famous mosque, to which the
 Mahometans go in pilgrimage; and in this mosque are
 the tombs of Mahomet, Abubecker, and Omer. Me-
 dina is governed by a Scherif, who says he is of the race
 of Mahomet, and who is an independent Sovereign.—
Encyclopedie. (31)

(31) Cairo is the capital of Egypt; the Sultan Selim took it from the Maluks, in 1517; since which time it has been subject to the Turks. Old Cairo is three quarters of a league distant from it, on the borders of the Nile; the Coptes have a magnificent church there (a).

(32) The Pyramids of Egypt, were built to serve as tombs for their constructors. The Egyptians of lower rank, instead of building Pyramids, dug Caves, in which every day Mummies are discovered. Each Pyramid has an opening into a long low alley, which led to a chamber, where the ancient Egyptians deposited the bodies for which the Pyramids were built. Their construction is very regular: each of the three remaining large ones is placed at the head of others, smaller and difficult to distinguish, they are so much covered with sand. All are built on one sole rock, hid under white sand.

In all the Pyramids there are deep pits, cut square in the rock; on the walls of some are hieroglyphics, cut also in the rock. The three principal Pyramids known to Travellers, are about nine miles from Cairo; and the finest of all is upon a rock, in a sandy desert of Africa, a quarter of a league distant, towards the west, from the plains of Egypt. This rock rises about 100 feet above the level of the plains, but with an easy ascent, and contributes much to the majesty of the building.

The Pyramid contains chambers, galleries, &c. and those who ascend on the outside, rest occasionally to take breath. There is a square chamber, about half way up, which serves only for a resting-place. When arrived at the top, a platform is found, whence a most agreeable landscape is seen. This platform is sixteen or seventeen feet square, yet the Pyramid seems to end in a point; the descent, which is on the outside, must be very dangerous.

(33) " The island of Thera, in the Archipelago,
" which is twelve great leagues of France in circum-
" ference, was thrown from the bottom of the sea by the

(a) A Christian set of Jacobites, or Monophysites.

violence

“ violence of a volcano, which has since produced six
 “ other islands. This volcano is not yet extinguished, for
 “ in 1707 it broke out with redoubled fury, and sent forth
 “ a new island, six miles in circumference. The sea, at
 “ that time, appeared greatly agitated, and covered with
 “ flames, and from it rose, with dreadful noise, several
 “ burning rocks. The earth has been so rent and torn in
 “ these latitudes, that vessels can no longer find anchorage
 “ there.

“ One of the most violent eruptions of Vesuvius, (the
 “ twenty-second) happened on the 20th of May, 1737;
 “ the mountain vomited from several mouths, huge tor-
 “ rents of burning, melted, metallic matter, which over-
 “ spread the country, and took its course towards the sea.
 “ M. de Montcalégre, who communicated the account to
 “ the Academy at Paris, observed with horror, one of
 “ these rivers of fire. Its course was six or seven miles
 “ before it reached the sea; its breadth was fifty or sixty
 “ paces; its depth twenty-five or thirty French palms;
 “ and in certain bottoms or vallies, one hundred and
 “ twenty, &c.”—*M. de Bomare.*

“ The eruptions of volcanos are usually announced by
 “ subterranean noises like thunder; by dreadful hissings,
 “ and interior strife. History informs us, that during two
 “ eruptions of Vesuvius, the volcano cast up so great a
 “ quantity of ashes that they flew as far as Egypt, Lybia,
 “ and Syria. In 1600, at Aréquina, in Peru, was an
 “ eruption of a volcano, which covered all the neighbour-
 “ ing lands, for 30 or 40 leagues round, with calcined
 “ sand and ashes, which lay in some places two yards
 “ deep. The lava vomited by Mount Ætna, has some-
 “ times formed streams that ran 18,000 paces.

“ Volcanos often have been known to cast from their
 “ entrails boiling water, fish, shells, and other marine
 “ bodies. In 1631, during an eruption of Vesuvius, the
 “ sea in part became dry; it seemed absorbed by the vol-
 “ cano, which soon after overflowed the country with
 “ salt water.—Volcanos are found in hot as well as
 “ cold countries.”—*Encyclopedie.*

(34) The entrance to the Cavern of Policandro (or Policando) is grand, the bottom is covered with congelations, formed from drops of water, which distil from the summit, but of a feruginous nature, pointed and hard enough to wound the feet. The cieling affords various and great beauties.—These congelations, though exceedingly elegant, are not the only ornaments the grotto has received from nature, for here is plentifully found a species of iron ore, in the form of stars, and shining like polished steel. The pieces in some places have a red cast, and as brilliant as diamonds.

In another part of the vault are seen large masses of round bodies, pendent like grapes, some red, others of a deep black, but perfectly bright and shining. The greatest ornament of the cieling consists in the same species of congelation in the form of crystals; several are brought to a point, as if purposely so laboured; and what is more remarkable, some of them are naturally gilded, in as regular a manner as if they had just come from the hands of an able artist.

Merc. de la Nat. Tome I.

(35) Mr. Swinburne, an excellent Author already cited, has written another very interesting work, entitled *Travels through the two Sicilies*, where I have found a description of the phenomenon, called by the country people *La Fate Morgana*; which name, Mr. Swinburne says, is derived from an opinion established among the vulgar, that this spectacle is produced by a Fairy, or a Magician. The populace are enchanted at the sight of the phenomenon, and run through the streets to behold and invite others to behold it, with shouts and acclamations of joy. It seldom appears at Reggio: Mr. Swinburne did not see it, but says, its causes are learnedly explained by Kircher, Minazi, and other Authors. Mr. Swinburne gives an exact description of it, taken from the account of Father Angelucci, who was an eye-witness of the phenomenon; and it is from this same description, by Father Angelucci, cited by Mr. Swinburne, that I have made a literal translation, without embellishment, for my tale.

This

This phenomenon is mentioned but very superficially in a French work, entitled *Tableau de l'Univers*.

(36) "Lovers, says Atheneus, an ancient Greek Author, decorate with flowers the doors of their mistresses, like as they ornament the gates of a temple; whence, no doubt, the present custom of the Greeks to adorn their doors, and those of the persons they love, on the first of May, is derived. They sing and walk before the houses of their fair mistresses, to draw them to their windows; and such were the gallantries they practised in the days of Horace.—The young maidens dressed their heads with natural flowers, with which too they made themselves garlands; and the young men who wished to be thought gallant, did the same."

Voy. Lit. de la Grèce 3d Edit. Tome I. par M. Guys.

(37) "There was anciently a feast instituted in honour of Hecate, who had hospitably entertained Theseus, and who had likewise offered up victims and vows for his victory and safe return; hence she obtained her rank among the Goddesses."

"In ancient Greece, when a stranger arrived, the master of the house took him by the hand, in token of confidence, and his first duty was to lead him to the bath, and present a change of raiment.—Among the moderns, when a stranger arrives, the master of the house meets and embraces him, then conducts him to his most commodious apartment, and interrogates him concerning his travels, while the slaves prepare the bath; where he finds linen and clothes to change, and those he has left off are taken by the slaves, washed and repaired while he stays."—*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(38) "Now, as anciently, the nurse of the master or mistress, in all respectable Grecian houses, is considered as one of the family. Of old, a woman who had nursed a child, never quitted it, not even after marriage; and among the moderns, as well as the ancients, the nurse is usually a slave, purchased when the time of delivery draws near."

“ The attachment of nurses to the children they have suckled, is so strongly interwoven with their manners, that the modern name for nurse is *Paramana*, a most kind word, and even more expressive than the ancient appellation, since it signifies *second mother*. The nurse is always lodged in the house, when she has suckled a child, and from that moment is in a manner incorporated in the family.”

“ Female slaves, now, as well as anciently, are treated with much kindness and humanity by the Greeks, and, after a certain time, are freed; some are adopted while young, and these are called *Daughters of their souls*.”

“ The maids and slaves work, as formerly, at embroidering with their mistresses, and do all household duties. When their mistresses go abroad, they follow as they did of old.—The Legislator Zaleucus, to repress the vanity and luxury of his time, ordained that no free woman should go abroad attended by more than one maid, *at least unless she was drunk*.”—*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(39) “ The Grecian ladies have always delighted to adorn themselves with jewels; they enrich their girdles, necklaces, and bracelets, with them; and while their heads are decked with the most beautiful flowers of the spring, the diamond is seen sparkling beside the jasmine and rose: they dress themselves thus when not going abroad, or without an intention of being seen.”

“ These ornaments are only sacrificed to some strong cause for grief.—Almost all the Grecian women forbear to wear them in the absence of their husbands.—At present, when they go any distance, unwilling to walk through the streets with their jewels, they have them carried, put them on before they enter the house they are going to, and take them off when they return: this likewise is a very ancient custom.”

“ The use of the veil is very old; and now, as formerly, is an essential part of dress, by which rank is distinguished. The veil of the mistress and the maid,
“ the

"the free woman and the slave, all are different.—The origin of the veil is attributed by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, equally timid."

"The veil of the Grecian ladies of modern times is muslin fringed with gold.—*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(40) "The repast of the Greeks, however little animated, finished always by songs. The modern lyre of the Greeks resembles that of Orpheus, according to the description of Virgil, and is sometimes nipped with fingers, and sometimes touched with a bow (*a*)—The guittar and the lyre are the principal instruments in use among the modern Greeks. The shepherd plays indifferently the musette, the flute, or the lyre."

M. Guys, Tome I.

(41) The modern Greeks have preserved dances in honour of Flora; the wives and maidens of the village gather and scatter flowers, and bedeck themselves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, represents Flora and the Spring, which the hymn they sing announces the return of; and one of them sings,

"Welcome, sweet nymph, Goddess of the month of May."

In the Grecian villages, and among the Bulgarians, they still observe the feast of Ceres. When harvest is almost ripe, they go dancing to the sound of the lyre, and visit the fields, whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat-ears, interwoven with the hair.

(42) "Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian women; to the Greeks we owe the art, which is exceedingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the highest degree of perfection.—Enter the chamber of a Grecian girl, and you will see blinds at the windows, and no other furniture than a sofa and a chest inlaid with ivory, where are kept silks, needles, and their embroidery.

(*a*) I cannot conceive how they can play the lyre with a bow.

“ Apologues, Tales, Romances, owe their origin to
 “ Greece. The modern Greeks love Tales and Fables,
 “ and have received them from the Orientals and Arabs,
 “ with as much eagerness as they formerly adopted them
 “ from the Egyptians.—The old women love always
 “ to relate, and the young pique themselves on repeating
 “ those they have learnt, or can make, from such inci-
 “ dents as happen within their knowledge.”

M. Guys, Tome I.

(43) “ The Greeks, at present, have not a fixed time
 “ for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients,
 “ among whom the ceremony was performed in the month
 “ of January. Formerly the bride was bought by real
 “ services done the father. This was afterwards reduced
 “ to presents, and, to this time, that custom is continued,
 “ though the presents are arbitrary. The man is not
 “ obliged to purchase the woman he marries, but, on the
 “ contrary, receives a portion with her equal to her con-
 “ dition.

“ It was on the famous shield of Achilles, that Homer
 “ has described a marriage procession:

“ Here sacred pomp, and genial feast, delight,
 “ And solemn dance, and hymeneal right.
 “ Along the streets the new-made brides are led,
 “ With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
 “ The youthful dancers in a circle bound,
 “ To the soft flute and cittern’s silver sound.
 “ Through the fair streets the matrons in a row,
 “ Stand in their porches and enjoy the show.”

Pope.

“ The same pomp, procession, and music, are still in
 “ use. Dancers, musicians, and singers, who chant the
 “ Epithalamium, go before; the bride, loaded with
 “ ornaments, her eyes down cast, and herself sustained
 “ by women, or two near relations, walks extremely
 “ slow, &c.—Formerly the bride wore a red or yellow
 “ veil; the Armenians do so still. This was to hide the
 “ blush of modesty, the embarrassment and tears of the
 “ young virgin.

“ The

" The bright torch of Hymen is not forgotten among
 " the modern Greeks; it is carried before the new mar-
 " ried couple into the nuptial chamber, where it burns till
 " it is consumed; and it would be an ill omen, were it by
 " any accident extinguished; wherefore it is watched
 " with as much care, as was of old the sacred fire of the
 " Vestals.

" Arrived at the church, the bride and bridegroom
 " each wear a crown, which, during the ceremony, the
 " Priest changes, by giving the crown of the bridegroom
 " to the bride; and that of the bride to the bridegroom;
 " which usage also is derived from the ancients.—I must
 " not forget an essential ceremony which the Greeks have
 " preserved, which is the cup of wine given to the bride-
 " groom, in token of adoption; it was the symbol of con-
 " tract and alliance; the bride drank from the same cup,
 " which afterwards passed round to the relations and
 " guests.

" They dance and sing still all night, but the compa-
 " nions of the bride are excluded; they feast among them-
 " selves, in separate apartments, far from the tumult of
 " the nuptials. The modern Greeks, like the ancients,
 " on the nuptial day, decorate their doors with green
 " branches and garlands of flowers."—*M. Guys, Tome I.*

M. Guys, the eldest son of him already cited, gives an
 interesting account of a Grecian marriage, at which he
 was present.

" The young bride, richly dressed, wearing long tresses
 " of threads of gold, interwoven with her beautiful hair,
 " after the manner of the Greeks, descended from her
 " apartment; she eagerly advanced to kiss her father and
 " mother, who waited to receive her, at the head of ten
 " children.—Who, among us, could behold with dry
 " eyes, a tender and respectable mother, unable to de-
 " tach herself from a daughter, whom she pressed in her
 " arms, and whom she bedewed with tears, which an ex-
 " cess of joy and affection caused abundantly to flow on
 " her maternal bosom?—The father wept also, but,
 " with eyes raised to heaven, pronounced, with a firm
 M 4 " tone,

“ tone, a paternal benediction on his daughter, and vows
 “ for the happiness of her and her husband.—At their
 “ return, nosegays, woven with threads of gold, were
 “ given to the young men, saying, Go you and marry
 “ also.”

M. Guys terminates the recital by saying, the bride’s mother conducted her daughter into an apartment superbly furnished; the tapestry and bed of which, embroidered on a ground of white, adorned with beautiful flowers, were the work of this good mother. “ She had laboured at them privately, adds M. Guys, for ten years, without the knowledge of any one.”—*M. Guys, Tome II.*

(44) “ The Grecian houses are divided into two parts,
 “ by a great hall, which takes up the centre and whole
 “ width. In this hall they give feasts, and perform all
 “ ceremonies that require room, &c.”—*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(45) “ A Grecian woman weeps for the death of her
 “ husband, her son, &c. with her female friends, for
 “ several days, who sing their praises and regrets.—
 “ Their manner of shewing grief is now, as formerly,
 “ by plucking up their hair, and tearing their garments.
 “ Fathers and mothers follow their children, when carried to the grave; and the body is now, as of old, washed before it is buried. If it is the corpse of a young virgin, they clothe it in its finest robes, crown it with flowers, and the women throw roses and scented water from their windows upon the coffin as it passes. The ancients adorned the dead with crowns of flowers, to indicate they had at length overcome the miseries and vexations of life.—The funeral repast is not neglected by the modern Greeks; the nearest relation undertakes the charge, and with this the ceremony ends. —Fathers and mothers in Greece, wear mourning for their children (a), and this mourning is very long; which is also an ancient Grecian custom.—The Greeks have preserved the usage of dressing the dead in their

(a) They do the same in Italy.

“ best

" best habits, and of carrying them to the grave with their
" faces uncovered (b)."

In this same work, by M. Guys, is a letter from Madame Cheniér to the author, (c) which first gave me the idea of the Episode of Euphrosyne. I shall only cite such passages from this letter as I have profited by, the rest have no relation to my Episode.

" A Grecian lady, equally distinguished by her rank and
" the beauties of her mind, and who to the charms of her
" sex added those of a good education, lived with a
" younger brother, who, from excess of virtue, had re-
" nounced honours and emoluments, to which his alliances
" and rank might naturally have taught him to aspire.
" For his sister he had all the affection of a brother, and
" all the friendship of a congenial mind. This dear bro-
" ther was attacked by a malignant fever, and died.—
" His sister, according to the custom of the country, ac-
" companied the procession, preceded and followed by
" a part of the Grecian Nobility. Every thing announced
" the dejection of an affectionate heart; the disorder of
" her veil and dress, the negligence of her hair, added
" new traits to the grief visible in her countenance.—
" After the customary prayers, they performed the cere-
" mony which the Greeks have preserved, which they
" call the last farewell. When the Patriarch has embrac-
" ed the corpse, the relations, and those who walk in
" the procession, do the same. This scene, which the
" idea of an eternal adieu rendered but too affecting, be-
" came more so, when the sister, with streaming eyes,
" attending only to her cause of grief, rent her garments,
" and tore her hair up by the root, to strew over the
" coffin of a brother, whom she was soon no more to see.
" Efforts were used to shorten this gloomy scene, and bring
" back the afflicted sister to her house: she then became
" less agitated, and her grief more calm."

(b) The same custom is observed in Italy.

(c) Tome I. Page 283.

After this detail, Madame Cheniér suspends her narration, in order to describe the garden of the deceased.

" The sea was seen from this garden, which was ornamented by beautiful flowers, fruit trees, and an area full of birds; there was likewise a reservoir of water, recruited by the sea, in which all sorts of fish were kept. This garden, these birds and fish, were the amusement of the Sage, who just had been torn from his sister and friends.—*Where is my brother?* said this despairing sister, as her eyes wandered over the garden.—*He is gone—has passed away like a shadow—Ye flowers which he cultivated with so much pleasure! ye have already lost the freshness his hand bestowed!—Perish with him!—Droop and wither, even to the root!—Ye fish, since ye have no longer a master nor a friend, to watch over your preservation—return ye to the great waters!—Return and seek uncertain life!—And ye little birds! if ye may survive your grief! accompany my sighs with your plaintive songs!—Thou peaceful ocean, whose surface begins to be disturbed, art thou also sensible to my sorrows (a)?* Then turning towards her slaves she said, *Weep, my children, weep! Ye have lost one who was kinder than a father to you!—My brother is no more!—Cruel Death has dragged him from us!—He has disappeared like a shadow, and we shall see him no more!—These haunts, which his presence rendered so delightful, must now become the residence of gloom and affliction.*

" The tombs of the Greeks, like those of the Turks, and other Eastern people, are situated near the highway; and though without inclosure, are not the less sacred. The Greeks and Armenians plant elm-trees round them; which tree the ancients chose, because it bears no fruit, and therefore the representative of the dead. They likewise use the cypress.—Besides the stones which cover the tomb, there are little sepulchral

(a) The sea in the channel is smooth, evening and morning, and only begins to be agitated about ten o'clock and till sun-set. The time of day must justify the allegory.—*M. Guys.*

" columns,

“ columns, which, as formerly, bore the name of the interred; and this custom is adopted by the Turks.

“ The Grecians come occasionally and weep over the tombs.—At Easter, which the Greeks celebrate with great rejoicings, feasts, and public dances, there is one day on which they go in multitudes to visit the tombs, where they weep for their relations, their friends, and perhaps, the loss of their liberty.—At present, the Grecian women are satisfied with tearing up their hair, though they formerly cut off their long tresses, and strewed them over the tombs of those they lamented.”

M. Guys, Tome I.

Of all the people on earth, none are more magnificent in their funerals than the Chinese.

“ The idea of death ceases not to torment them; it appears, however, less cruel, if they can purchase a coffin, and erect a tomb on the side of a hill, in an agreeable situation. They expend excessive sums on their funerals, which are sometimes performed six years after death, with unexampled magnificence. They hire men, and dress them in white, for mourning, to weep in the procession for several successive days; they carry the deceased by water to the sound of instruments, while the boat which bears the body, and those which accompany it, are so illuminated, that the different coloured lights form designs even to the mast-head.”—*Voyages aux Ides Orientales & à la Chine, fait par ordre du Roi, par M. Sonnerat, Tome II.*

(46) There are two seasons of pearl-fishing in the year; the first in March and April, the second in August and September; the more rain there falls in the year, the more plentiful are the fisheries. In the opening of the season, there appears sometimes 250 barks on the banks. In the larger barks are two divers, in the smaller one. Each bark puts off from shore before sun-rise, by a land-breeze, which never fails, and returns again by a sea-breeze, that succeeds it at noon.

As soon as the barks are arrived where the fish lie, and have cast anchor, each diver binds a stone, six inches thick

thick and a foot long, under his body, which is to serve him as ballast, prevent his being driven away by the motion of the water, and enable him to walk more steady among the waves.

Besides this, they tie another very heavy stone to one foot, whereby they are soon sunk to the bottom of the sea; and as the oysters are usually strongly fastened to the rocks, they arm their fingers with leathern mittens, to prevent them from being wounded, in scraping them violently off; and some even carry an iron rake for the purpose.

Lastly, Each diver carries down with him a large net, in manner of a sack, tied to his neck by a long cord, the end whereof is fastened to the side of the bark. The sack is intended for the reception of the oysters gathered from the rock, and the cord is to pull up the diver when his bag is full, or when he wants air. In this equipage he precipitates himself above 60 feet under water. As he has no time to lose there, he is no sooner arrived at the bottom, than he begins to run from side to side, sometimes on sand, sometimes on a clay earth, and sometimes among the points of rocks, tearing off the oysters he meets with, and cramming them into his budget.

At whatever depth the divers be, the light is so great, that they easily behold what passes in the sea, with the same clearness as on land; and, to their consternation, they sometimes see monstrous fishes, from which all their address in mudding the water, &c. will not always save them, but they become their prey; and of all the perils of fishery, this is one of the greatest and most usual.

The best divers will keep under water half an hour, the rest do not stay less than a quarter; during which time they hold their breath without the use of oils, or any other liquors, only acquiring the habit by long practice. When they find themselves straitened, they pull the rope by which the bag is fastened, and hold fast by it with both hands; the people in the bark take the signal, and heave them up into the air, and unload them of their fish, which is sometimes 500 oysters, and sometimes not above 50.

Some

Some of the divers need a moment's respite to recover their breath, others jump in again instantly, continuing this violent exercise, without intermission, for many hours. They unload their barks on shore, and lay their oysters in an infinite number of little pits, dug four or five feet square; then raise heaps of sand over them, to the height of a man, which, at a distance looks like an army ranged in battle. In this condition they are left, till the rain, wind, and sun obliges them to open, which soon kills them; upon this the flesh rots and dries, and the pearls, thus disengaged, tumble into the pit, upon taking the oysters out.

After clearing the pits of the grosser filth, they sift the sand several times, to separate the pearls; but what care soever they take therein, they always lose a great many. When the pearls are cleaned and dried, the smallest are sold as seed pearls, the rest by auction to the highest bidder.

Pearls of unusual figures, that is, neither round nor in the form of a pear, are called *Baroquas*, and our's *Scotch Pearls*; those of unusual sizes are called *Parangons*. Such was that of Cleopatra, valued by Pliny at centies H. S. or 80,000l. sterling; that brought in 1574, to Philip II. of the size of a pigeon's egg, valued at 14,400 ducats; that of the Emperor Rudolph, mentioned by Boetius, called *la Pereguina*, or *the Incomparable*, of the shape of a muscade pear, and weighing 30 carats; and that mentioned by Tavernier, in the hands of the Emperor of Persia, in 1633, bought of an Arab for 32,000 tomans, which, at 30l. 9s. the toman, amounts to 110,400l. sterling.—*Cyclopædia*.

(47) The shining of the sea-water is a common phenomenon in some seas. The prow of the vessel ploughing the waves, seems, during the darkness of the night, to set them on fire; the ship rides in a circle of light, and the wake leaves a long luminous track. This happens often on the coast of Malabar, and the Maldivia islands, where M. Godeheu observed the following appearances:

The

The sea seemed covered with small stars, the wake of the vessel was of a lively bright white, strewed with brilliant and azure points. He learned that the sea, where most luminous, was full of small living animalculi, which not only shone, but gave an oily liquor, which swam on the surface, and afforded that lively azure light. The animalculi could not be seen without a good microscope, and the liquor they shed, remained on the strainer through which the sea-water passed, which by this filtration was deprived of its luminous quality.—*M. de Bonnare.*

(48) Natural Phosphori, are matters which become luminous at certain times, without the assistance of art or preparation. Such are the Glow-worms, in our cold countries; and, in hot, Lantern-flies, and other shining insects; rotten wood, the eyes, blood, scales, flesh, sweat, feathers, &c. of several animals; diamonds, when rubbed after a certain manner, or after having been exposed to the sun or light; sugar and sulphur, when pounded in a dark place; sea-water and some mineral waters, when briskly agitated; a cat's or horse's back, duly rubbed with the hand, &c. in the dark; nay, Dr. Croon tells, that, upon rubbing his own body briskly with a well-warmed shirt, he has frequently made both to shine: and Dr. Sioane adds, that he knew a Gentleman of Bristol, and his son, both whose stockings would shine much after walking.—All Natural Phosphori have this in common, that they do not shine always, and that they never give any heat.—*Cyclopadia.*

(49) Diamond, in *Natural History*, by the ancients called *Adamant*, a precious stone, the first in rank, value, hardness, and lustre of all gems.

Diamonds are found in the East Indies, principally in the kingdoms of Golconda, Visapour, Bengal, and the island of Borneo. There are four mines, or rather two mines and two rivers, whence diamonds are drawn. The mines are, 1. That of Raolconda, in the province of Carnatica, five leagues from Golconda, and eight or nine from Visapour. It has been discovered about 250 years. 2. That of Gani, or Coulour, seven days journey from Golconda,

Golconda, eastwardly. It was discovered about 170 years ago by a peasant; who, digging in the ground, found a natural fragment of twenty five carats. 3. That of Soumelpour, a large town in the kingdom of Bengal, near the diamond-mine: this is the most ancient of them all. It should rather be called that of Goual, which is the name of the river, in the sand whereof these stones are found. Lastly, The fourth mine, or rather the second river, is that of Succudan, in the island of Borneo.

The most remarkable *diamonds* for size now known, are, that known in France under the name of *Grand Sancy*, by corruption of *cent six*, which is one of the Crown Jewels, weighing 106 carats; Governor Pitt's *diamond*, purchased by the late Duke of Orleans for Louis XV. King of France, weighing 136 and three-fourths carats, and said to be bought for 125,000*l.* the *diamond* of the Great Duke of Tuscany, which weighs 139 and one-half carats; that of the Great Mogul, weighing 279 and nine-sixteenths carats; and one mentioned by Mr. Jeffries, in a Merchant's hands, weighing 242 and one-sixteenth carats.

According to Mr. Jeffries's rule, that the value of *diamonds* is in duplicate ratio of their weights, and that a manufactured *diamond* of one carat is worth at a medium 8*l.* the Great Mogul's *diamond* must be valued at above 624,962*l.* this being the value of a *diamond* of 279 and one-half carats.

(50) This account of the magnificence of the Great Mogul, is found in many Travellers.

(51) Opossum, or Possum, the name of a very remarkable American animal, the *Didelphis marsupialis* of Linnaeus. Its tail is round, and a foot long, and is of great service to it, as it uses it to twist round the branches of trees, hanging itself to them by that means; the tail is hairy, near the insertion, but naked all the other part, covered with small scales, and is partly black, partly of a brownish white; its hinder feet are considerably longer than the fore ones, and each have five toes; they much resemble hands, and the nails are white and crooked, the

the hinder one being, as in the monkey kind, the longest.

What distinguishes this creature from all the other animals of the world, is, that it has a bag or pouch into which it receives its young as soon as delivered; this is a sort of open uterus, and is placed under the belly; near the hinder legs; in this the young are sheltered till they are able to shift for themselves; and when they begin to be strong enough, they frequently run out and return in again. The creature is of a stinking smell, like our fox or martin. It feeds on sugar canes and some other vegetables; but not wholly on these, for it frequently preys on birds, which it catches on the trees, and often plays the fox's trick of stealing poultry.

The male *Opoffum*, as well as the female, has this kind of pouch under its belly, and takes upon himself, at times, the care of carrying and preserving the young, in case of any impending danger.

The flesh of the old animals is very good, like that of a sucking pig; the hair is dyed by the Indian women, and wove into garters and girdles, and the skin is very foetid.—*Cyclopædia*.

(52) "There is a tree, called the Devil Tree, which grows in America; its fruit, in a state of maturity, is elastic; and when dried by the heat of the sun, noisily splits and bursts, and darts forth its grains. To this sport of nature the tree owes its name, for at the moment of bursting, the effect of small artillery is produced, the noise of which succeeds rapidly, and is heard tolerably far off. If this fruit be transported before it be ripe to a dry place, or exposed on a chimney-piece to a gentle heat, it will have the same effect, and produce the same phænomenon."—*M. de Bomare*.

(53) "Livy relates, how Sulpicius Gallus, Lieutenant of Paulus Æmilius, in the war against Persia, predicted an eclipse of the moon to the soldiers, which should

" should happen the next evening ; and thus prevented
" the terror it would otherwise have caused.

" A total eclipse of the sun is a singular spectacle.
" Clavius, who saw that which happened on the 21st of
" August, 1560, at Coimbre, tells us, that the obscurity
" was, as he might say, greater, or at least more strik-
" ing, than the darkness of the night ; people could not
" see where to set a foot, and the birds fell with terror
" to the earth."—*Encyclopædia*.

The Acudia is a flying and luminous insect, found in America, and suspected to be the same with the Cucujus or Cocojus.

" It is of the class of Scarabeus, of the bigness of the
" little finger, two inches long, and so luminous, that
" when it flies by night, it spreads great light. Some
" say, that if you rub the face with the humidity which
" issues, in shining spots or stars, from this little living
" Phosphorus, it will appear resplendant. Before the
" arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians made no use of
" candles, but of these insects to light their houses ; by
" one of which a person may read or write as easily as by
" a lighted candle.

" When the Indians walked in the night, they fixed
" one of them to each toe of the foot, and others to the
" hand. When taken, these insects do not live above
" three weeks at most ; while they are in good health
" they are very luminous, but their light decreases with
" their powers, and after they are dead they shine no
" more. They are doubly useful, for they fly about the
" houses and devour the gnats.

" It is uncertain whether the Acudia is not the same
" insect as the Lantern-fly ; so called, because the fore
" part of the head, whence the light issues, has been
" called a lantern.—Mademoiselle Merian (a), who
" observed

(a) Maria Sybilla Merian, daughter of Matthew Merian, a famous Engraver and Geographer, was born in Germany in
1647 ;

“ observed this sort of insect at Surinam, says, their light
 “ is so strong, that one alone was sufficient, at each sit-
 “ ting, to paint the figures of the insects of the country,
 “ which are engraved in her work.

“ There are shining flies found in Italy, or rather a
 “ species of *Scarabeus*, about the size of a bee, the belly
 “ of which is so luminous, that three of them, inclosed
 “ in a tube of white glass, will light a chamber. M.
 “ l'Abbe Nollet has proved, that the light of the insect
 “ extends over the place where it has been crushed (a).”

M. de Bomare.

The most singular *Scarabeus* is that described by M. Rolander. “ The first time M. Rolander picked up
 “ this insect, which is Phosphoric, there came a noise
 “ from its body like that of fire-arms, and a clear blue
 “ smoke. Another time he pricked the insect with a
 “ pin, and it went off as many as twenty times suc-
 “ cessively.—M. Rolander opened the insect, and found
 “ a vacant bladder in its body, but could not discover if
 “ this was its reservoir for air, or some intestine. This
 “ insect may be called the Bombardier (b).”—*Diæ.
 des Merv. de la Nat. Tome II.*

(54) Machineel,

1647; and learnt, from Abraham Minion, to paint Flowers, Fruits, Plants, and Insects, in which she excelled. She understood Latin perfectly, and made Natural History her particular study. She passed two years at Surinam, painting the insects of the country; and composed a work in German, called, *A History of the Insects of Europe, with Designs after Nature; and an Account of the different Metamorphosis of Insects, and of the Plants on which they feed.* She died at Amsterdam, aged 70, leaving two daughters, whom she had taught to paint. One of them, especially, named Dorothea, was eminent for her knowledge and abilities.

Vies de Peintres, Tome II.

(a) The ditches of Mantua are full of these insects, and the grafs and trees are covered with them, which, by night, produces a most agreeable effect.

(b) The reference to this note on Phosphoric Insects is omitted, and should have been inserted Page 117, of this Volume.

(54) Machineel, *Hypomane*, in Botany, a genus of the *Monocotyledon* class.

" The wood of this Tree is much esteemed for cabinet-work, being very durable, taking a fine polish, and, as it is said, not being eaten by worms; but, the Tree abounding with a milky caustic juice, before it is felled, they make fires round the trunk to burn out the juice, otherwise those who fell it would be in danger of losing their sight, by this juice flying into their eyes. Wherever the juice touches the skin it raises blisters; and if it fall on linen, it turns it black, and it washes into holes. The like danger to the eyes is to be apprehended from the saw-dust; the workmen, therefore, generally cover their faces with fine lawn,

" The Tree produces fruit, somewhat like a golden pippin, which, if ignorantly eaten, inflames the mouth and throat to a great degree, and is very dangerous to the stomach, unless timely medicines are applied. Dr. Peyssonel, in his observations on this fruit, informs us, that the savages use the juice of it to poison their arms, the wounds of which are thereby rendered mortal; that the rain which washes off the leaves, causes blisters to rise like boiling oil; and that even the shade of the Tree is fatal to those who sit under it. Timely evacuations, however, by purges and emetics, have prevented their ill effects."—*Cyclopædia*.

" The Cassada, or Cassava, is also a remarkable American shrub, from the root of which bread is made, though the juice expressed from the root to prepare it for bread, will kill any animal that drinks it crude; as will the root eaten with its juice. Yet this juice may be boiled over the fire till a great part is evaporated; and the remainder, if it be far evaporated, will be sweet, and serve in the place of honey. If less evaporated, and set by to ferment, it will make a very good and wholesome Vinegar."—*Cyclopædia*.

(55) The

(55) The Mangle, or Manglier, is a Tree that grows in the West Indies, and chiefly in the Antilles, towards the mouth of Rivers.

“ Bunches of filaments part from its flexible branches, and hang to the earth, where they take root, and grow into new Trees, as large as those to which they originally belonged, which again multiply in the same manner; so that a single Tree may become a Forest. In the Isle of Cayenne, the marshes are covered with them; and oysters attach themselves to the foot and pendant branches, by depositing their spawn on them, which adheres, grows, and as the tide ebbs and flows, are sometimes in water, and sometimes in air.”

“ There is another very singular Tree, called the *Fromager*, or *Saamona*, which grows in the Antilles as high as the Pine. The top and bottom of the trunk are of the thickness of common Trees, while the middle is more than twice as thick. The roots, which are very thick, shoot out of the earth seven or eight feet high, and form a kind of buttresses around the trunk. It is called *Fromager*, because its wood greatly resembles Cheese: its fruit, when ripe, contains seed of a dark red colour, as large as small peas, and garnished with a kind of pearl-grey cotton, extremely fine, shining, and silky to the touch; but the filaments are so short, it is very difficult to spin. The Indians use it as we do Down, for their ears and feet.”
— *M. de Bomare*.

(56) The *Gymnotus*, or Electrical Eel, a kind of Torpedo, is a fish well known at Surinam. The common size is from three to four feet in length, and from ten to fourteen inches in circumference. Some, however, it is said, have been seen in the river Surinam, upwards of twenty feet long; and the stroke, or shock of which, was instant death.

(57) The Fountain *Acadine* is in Sicily, and is consecrated to the *Palicii*. A miraculous property is attributed to this Fountain. To know the sincerity of oaths, they are

are written on tables; if the tables do not swim, the inference is, the oaths are all false,

Argyra was a nymph of Theffaly. Celenus, her husband, seeing her ready to die, fell himself into a kind of mortal languor. Venus, affected by their tenderness, metamorphosed the one to a River, and the other to a Fountain; which, like Alpheus and Arethusa, were reunited by mingling their waters. Celenus, at length, however, forgot Argyra; since when, if Lovers drink of, and bathe in his streams, they forget their love.——
Dict. de la Fable.

“ Buxton Spring, in the county of Derry, is intermittent, as Childrey says in his *Curiosities of England*,
“ running only every quarter of an hour.”
Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome I. page 339.

It must be supposed, Thelismar knew the phenomenon, and attentively counted the minutes on his watch, without being perceived by Alphonso.

There are many other intermittent springs.

“ In Provence is a Spring, which runs and stops eight
“ times in an hour.—The Spring of Frouganches, in the
“ diocese of Nimes, runs and stops regularly twice in
“ twenty four hours.—The Springs near Paderborn,
“ called Pullerbares, are said to run twelve hours, and
“ stop the same.—That of Hautecombe, in Savoy, runs
“ and stops twice in the hour.”

Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome I.

“ At Bosely, near Wenlock, in Shropshire, there is a
“ famous boiling Well, which was discovered in June
“ 1711, by an uncommon noise in the night; so great,
“ that it awakened several people, who being desirous to
“ find what it was owing to, at length found a boggy
“ place under a little hill, not far from the Severn; and
“ perceiving a great shaking of the earth, and a little
“ boiling up of water through the grass, they took a
“ spade, and digging up some part of the earth, the
“ water flew to a great height, and was set on fire by a
“ candle.

“ candle. This water was, for some time afterwards,
 “ constantly found to take fire, and burn like spirit of
 “ wine; and after it was set on fire, it would boil the
 “ water in a vessel sooner than any artificial fire, and
 “ yet the spring itself was as cold as any whatever.”—
 “ *Cyclopædia*.

(58) “ There is a Mountain in Scotland, called Cork-
 “ head, which has the singular property of being the
 “ highest Meridian in the Universe: its perpendicular
 “ height is said to be above 400 fathoms. This Moun-
 “ tain is split open to the very top, by a crevice which
 “ faces the sun at noon; and the two summits form a
 “ kind of Dial, which indicates the hour, by shadow,
 “ on the opposite rocks.”

Precis d'Hist. Nat. par M. L'Abbe Saury, Tome I.

(59) The following is an extract of a letter, in which
 Dr. Troil gives an account of his voyage to Iceland, to
 examine Mount Hecla :

“ The sky was clear, the water of the lake resembled
 “ a looking glass, and was thrown up in eight different
 “ parts of the Lake, as from water-works. I particu-
 “ larly remarked one of these columns of water, which
 “ was from six to eight feet in diameter, and thrown
 “ from eighteen to twenty-four feet high. The water
 “ was extremely hot, and, in six minutes, boiled us a
 “ bit of mutton and some trout.

“ Reckum afforded us a similar spectacle. Some years
 “ since, the water was thrown from sixty to seventy feet
 “ high: but the falling in of the earth, has stoppt up a
 “ part of the orifice; and the water does not now rise
 “ higher than from fifty-four to sixty feet.

“ When we came to Gieser, near Skalhott, we saw the
 “ water thrown, with impetuosity, from a large mouth,
 “ and forming a Cascade, to which those of Marly, S.
 “ Cloud, Cassel, or Herrenhaussen, cannot be compared.
 “ Here we observed, in the circumference of a good
 “ league, forty or fifty *Jets d'Eau*, boiling up, which,
 “ no doubt, came all from the same reservoir. The
 “ water

“ water of some was very limpid, of others muddy ;
 “ here it was a very fine red ochre, there as white as
 “ milk. Some of the spouts were continual, others in-
 “ termittent, &c. We felt the earth tremble in many
 “ places—There was a column of water raised ninety-
 “ two feet, &c. &c.”

*Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres & des Arts,
 Année 1783, No. 9, Mercredi, 26 Fevrier.*

(60) “ During the severe winter of 1740, there was a
 “ Palace of Ice of fifty-two feet and a half long, six-
 “ teen and a half wide, and twenty high, built at Pe-
 “ tersburg, according to the most elegant rules of art.
 “ The Neva, a neighbouring river, afforded the ice,
 “ which was from two to three feet thick, and blocks of
 “ which they cut out, and embellished with various or-
 “ naments. When built up, they sprinkled them over
 “ with water of various tints.

“ Before the Palace they placed six cannon, made of,
 “ and mounted with, Ice, with wheels of the same mat-
 “ ter, and two bomb mortars. The caliber of the can-
 “ non was equal to that in which they usually put three
 “ pounds of powder: they only put a quarter of a pound
 “ in these, after which they made a hempen bullet,
 “ which, in the presence of the whole Court, pierced a
 “ board of two inches thick, at the distance of sixty
 “ paces.

“ This renders credible what is reported by Olaus
 “ Magnus, a Northern Historian, concerning fortificati-
 “ ons of Ice, which he assures us, certain nations made
 “ use of in cases of necessity.

“ An English Philosopher made a curious experiment
 “ in 1763. He took a circular piece of Ice, two-feet
 “ nine inches in diameter, and six inches thick, of which
 “ he formed a lens, exposed it to the sun-beams, and set
 “ fire to gunpowder, linen, paper, &c.”—*M. de Bo-*
 “ *mare.*

(61) “ The Silver mine of Salsberist, in Sweden, is a
 “ most beautiful spectacle. It has three large mouths,
 like

“ like wells, too deep to see to the bottom. The half
 “ of a barrel, sustained by a rope, serves for a stair case
 “ to descend these gulfs, which is worked by a water
 “ machine; only one leg, and not half the body is in
 “ the barrel. The person who descends has a compa-
 “ nion as black as Vulcan, who mournfully sings a gloomy
 “ song, holding a torch in his hand. About half way
 “ down cold is severely felt, and torrents are heard
 “ tumbling on all sides. In about half an hour they
 “ land, terror is dissipated, nothing fearful remains; but,
 “ on the contrary, all is shining in these subterranean
 “ regions. They then enter a kind of Grand Saloon,
 “ sustained by two columns of mine-silver. Four spaci-
 “ ous galleries surround it. The fires by which the peo-
 “ ple work are reflected on the silver vaults, and in a
 “ brook, which runs through the middle of the mine.
 “ Here are seen people of all nations; some drawing
 “ carts, others rolling stones, every body employed. It
 “ is a subterranean City: there are houses, inns, tables,
 “ horses; and, what is more singular, a Windmill,
 “ worked by a current of air, that raises the waters which
 “ might otherwise incommode the Miners.

“ There are various exhalations which produce various
 “ effects, to which the miners give different names: that
 “ which they call wild-fire, is seen much like the spider’s
 “ webs, or white threads, that are observed, rising in
 “ the air, towards the end of summer. When this va-
 “ pour is not sufficiently thin, it takes fire at the lamps of
 “ the workmen, and produces effects similar to those of
 “ lightning or gunpowder. To prevent this, the work-
 “ men watch these white threads, which they hear and
 “ see issuing from the crevices, seize them before they
 “ reach their lamps, and crush them between their hands.
 “ When the quantity is too great, they put out their
 “ lights, fall with their bellies to the ground, and, by
 “ their cries, advertise their Comrades to do the same;
 “ by which means the inflamed matter passes over them,
 “ and hurts only those who have not taken the same pre-
 “ caution, and who are therefore liable to be killed or
 “ wounded.

“ The most singular phenomenon these mineral exha-
 “ lations present, is, that which the Miners name Balloon.

“ This

" This appears floating near the roof of the mines, in the form of a round pocket, made of a spider's web. If the bag burst, its contents expand through the mines, and kill all those that breathe it."—*M. de Bomare.*

(62) Kraken, a most amazing large sea animal, seemingly of a crab-like form; the credit of whose existence rests upon the evidence produced by Bishop Pontoppidon, in his Natural History of Norway, published some few years since; and though the reality of it cannot be denied, the relation will be thought to require good authentication.

As a full-grown Kraken has never been seen in all its parts and dimensions, an accurate survey of which must employ some time, and not a little motion, it is impossible to give a complete description of one. Nevertheless, we shall submit the probability of its existence, on the best information our author could collect, which seems to have fixed his own belief of it; though, at the same time, he acknowledges the account is very defective, and supposes a farther information concerning the Creature may be reserved for posterity.

Our Fishermen, says the Author, unanimously and invariably affirm, that, when they are several miles from the land, particularly in the hot summer days, and by their distance, and the bearings of some points of land, expect from eighty to a hundred fathoms deep, and do not find but from twenty to thirty, and more especially if they find a more than usual plenty of Cod and Ling, they judge that the Kraken is at the bottom: but if they find, by their lines, that the water in the same place still shallows on them, they know he is rising to the surface, and row off with the greatest expedition, till they come into the usual soundings of the place; when, lying on their oars, in a few minutes the monster emerges, and shews himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear. Its back, or upper part, which seems an English mile and a half in circumference, (some have affirmed more) looks, at first, like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats like seaweeds.

weeds. At last, several bright points, or horns, appear, which grow thicker the higher they emerge, and sometimes stand up as high and large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. In a short time it slowly sinks, which is thought as dangerous as its rising; as it causes such a swell and whirlpool, as draws every thing down with it, like that of Malestrom. The Bishop justly regrets the omission of, probably, the only opportunity that ever has, or may be presented, of surveying it alive, or seeing it entire when dead. This, he informs us, once did occur, on the credit of the Reverend Mr. Friis, Minister at Nordland, and Vicar of the College for promoting Christian Knowledge; who informed him, that in 1680, a Kraken (perhaps a young and careless one, as they generally keep several leagues from land) came into the waters that run between the rocks and cliffs near Alstahoug; where, in turning about, some of its long horns caught hold of some adjoining trees, which it might easily have torn up, but that it was also entangled in some cliffs of the rocks, whence it could not extricate itself, but putrefied on the spot. Our author has heard of no person destroyed by this Monster, but relates a report of the danger of two Fishermen, who came upon a part of the water full of the creature's thick slimy excrements (which he voids for some months, as he feeds for some others); they immediately strove to row off, but were not quick enough, in turning, to save the boat from one of the Kraken's horns, which so crushed the head of it, that it was with difficulty they saved their lives upon the wreck, though the weather was perfectly calm; the monster never appearing at other times. His excrement is said to be attractive of other fish, on which he feeds; which expedient was probably necessary, on account of his slow unwieldy motion, to his subsistence; as this slow motion again may be necessary to the security of ships of the greatest force and burthen, who must be overwhelmed on encountering such an immense animal, if his velocity was equal to his weight; the Norwegians supposing that if his arms, on which he moves, and with which he takes his food, were to lay hold of the largest man of war, they would pull it down to the bottom.

In confirmation of the reality of this Animal, our learned Author cites Debes's description of Faroe, for the ex-
 illence

isence of certain islands, which suddenly appear, and as suddenly vanish. Many seafaring men, he adds, give accounts of such, particularly in the North-Sea; which their superstition has either attributed to the delusion of the Devil, or considered as inhabited by evil spirits. But our honest Historian, who is not for wronging the Devil himself, supposes such mistaken islands to be nothing but the Kraken, called, by some, the *Soe Trolde*, or *Sea Mischief*; in which opinion he was greatly confirmed, by the following quotation of Dr. Hierne, a learned Swede, from Baron Grippenhielm; and which is certainly a very remarkable passage, viz, "Among the rocks about Stockholm, there is sometimes seen a tract of land, which, at other times, disappears, and is seen again in another place. Buræus has placed it as an Island in his Map. The Peasants, who call it *Gummars Ore*, say, that it is not always seen, and that it lies out in the open sea, but I could never find it. One Sunday, when I was out amongst the rocks, sounding the coasts, it happened, that, in one place, I saw something like three points of land in the sea, which surprised me a little, and I thought I had inadvertently passed them over before. Upon this I called to a Peasant, to enquire for *Gummars Ore*; but when he came we could see nothing of it; upon which the Peasant said, all was well, and that this prognosticated a storm, or a great quantity of fish." To which our Author subjoins, "who cannot discover that this *Gummars Ore*, with its points, and prognostications of fish, was the Kraken, mistaken by Buræus for an island, who may keep himself about that spot where he rises." He takes the Kraken, doubtless, from his numerous *tentaculi*, which serve him as feet, to be of the polype kind; and the contemplation of its enormous bulk, led him to adapt a passage from Eccclus. xliiii. 31, 32. to it. Whether by it may be intended the Dragon that is in the sea, mentioned Isaiah xxvii. 1. we refer to the conjecture of the reader. After paying but a just respect to the moral character, the reverend function, and diligent investigations of our Author, we must admit the possibility of its existence, as it implies no contradiction; though it seems to encounter a general prepossession of the Whale's being the largest animal on, or in, our globe; and the eradica-

tion of any long prepossession is attended with something irksome to us. But were we to suppose a Salmon, or a Sturgeon, the largest fish any number of persons had seen or heard of, and the Whale had discovered himself as seldom, and but in part, as the Kraken, it is easy to conceive, that the existence of the Whale had been as indigestible to such persons then, as that of the Kraken may be to others now. Some may incline to think, such an extensive monster would encroach on the symmetry of nature, and be overproportioned to the size of the globe itself; as a little retrospection will inform us, that the breadth of what is seen of him, supposing him nearly round, must be full 2600 feet (if more oval, or crab-like, full 2000); and his thickness, which may rather be called altitude, at least 300; our Author declaring, he has chosen the least circumference mentioned of this animal for the greater certainty. These immense dimensions, nevertheless, we apprehend, will not argue conclusively against the existence of the animal, though considerably against a numerous increase or propagation of it. In fact, the great scarcity of the Kraken, his confinement to the North-Sea, and perhaps to equal latitudes in the South; the small number propagated by the Whale, who is viviparous; and by the largest land animals, of whom the Elephant is said to go near two years with young; all induce us to conclude, from analogy, that this creature is not numerous; which coincides with a passage in a manuscript, ascribed to Svere, King of Norway, as it is cited by Ol. Wormius, in his Museum, p. 280, in Latin, which we shall exactly translate. "There remains one kind, which they call Havguse, whose magnitude is unknown, as it is seldom seen. Those who affirm they have seen its body, declare, it is more like an Island than a Beast, and that its carcase was never found; whence some imagine, there are but two of the kind in nature." Whether the vanishing island, Lemair, of which Captain Rodney went in search, was a Kraken, we submit to the fancy of our readers. In fine, if the existence of the creature is admitted, it will seem a fair inference, that he is the scarcest as well as largest in our world; and that if there are larger in the universe, they probably inhabit some sphere or planet, more extended than our own. Such

we

we have no pretence to limit; and that fiction can devise a much greater than this, is evident, from the Cock of Mahomet, and the Whale in the Bava Bathra of the Talmud, which were intended to be credited: and to either of which our Kraken is a very shrimp in dimension.—*Cyclopædia*.

(63) Pliny has mentioned an extraordinary effect of oil, in stilling the surface of water, when it is agitated with waves; and the use made of it, by the Divers, for this purpose.

Dr. Franklin was led, by an accidental observation made at sea, in 1757, to attend particularly to Pliny's account; and the various informations which he afterwards received relating to it, induced him to try some experiments on the subject. Standing on the windward side of a large pond, the surface of which was rendered very rough with the wind, he poured a tea spoonful of oil on the water. This small quantity produced an instant calm over a space of several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually, till it reached the lee-side, making all that quarter of the pond, perhaps half an acre, as smooth as a looking-glass. On repeating this experiment, which constantly succeeded, one circumstance struck him with particular surprise: this was the sudden, wide, and forcibly spreading of a drop of oil on the face of the water, which, he adds, "I do not know that any body has considered."

When a drop of oil is put on a looking-glass, or polished marble, it spreads very little; but on water it instantly expands into a circle, extending several feet in diameter, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colours, for a considerable space, and beyond them so much thinner, as to be invisible, except in its effects of "smoothing the waves at a much greater distance. "It seems," says Dr. Franklin, "as if a mutual repulsion between its particles took place as soon as it touched the water, and a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, &c. forcing them to recede every way from the drop, as from a centre, leaving a large clear space." The

quantity of this force, and the distance to which it will operate, the Author says, he has not yet ascertained; but he thinks it a curious enquiry, and wishes to understand whence it arises.

Upon the whole, there is great room to suppose, (notwithstanding the partial failure of an experiment made at Portsmouth, by Dr. Franklin, and others) that seafaring people may derive advantages from using oil, on particular occasions, in order to moderate the violence of the waves, or to lessen the surf, which sometimes renders the landing on a lee-shore dangerous or impracticable.

To this purpose we are informed, that the Captain of a Dutch East-India ship, being overtaken by a storm, found himself obliged, for greater safety in wearing the ship, to pour oil into the sea, to prevent the waves breaking over her, which had an excellent effect, and succeeded in preserving her.—*Cyclopædia*.

(64) Spider, a genus of the *optera* order of insects. The characters of which are, that they have eight feet and eight eyes; the mouth is furnished with two claws; the two palpi are articulated; and the anus is provided with papillæ, or nipples, for weaving. Linnæus enumerates 47 species.

Of the Spider, we have a great number of species common among us, which all agree in the general marks and characters.

They all have weapons issuing out of the mouth; but these are of two kinds, according to the two principal distinctions of the Spiders. They consist, in some, of two specula, in the manner of a forked hook: this is their structure in all the kinds which have eight eyes. In others they are composed of two forcipated arms, or are divided into two claws, in the manner of the legs of a crab: these are the weapons of all those Spiders which have only two eyes.

The belly of the Spider is remarkably divided from the head and shoulders, so as to adhere only by a thread: this

is the case in all, except the two-eyed kinds; and in the different species the body is variously painted.

Spiders frequently cast their skins, which may be found in the webs perfectly dry and transparent; and from such skins the forceps, or claws, for they are always shed with the skins, may easier be separated, and examined with much greater exactness, than in the common Spider while living.

The Spider's manner of weaving its web is very wonderful. The creature has five little teats, or nipples, near the extremity of the tail: from these there proceeds a gummy liquor, which adheres to every thing it is pressed against; and being drawn out, hardens instantly in the air, and becomes a string, or thread, strong enough to bear five or six times the weight of the Spider's body. This thread is composed of several finer ones, which are drawn out separately, but unite together at two or three hairs breadth distance from the creature's body. These threads are finer or coarser, according to the bigness of the Spider that spins them. Mr. Leuwenhoek has computed, that a hundred of the single threads of a full-grown Spider, are not equal to the diameter of the hair of his beard: and, consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not bigger than such a hair. He calculates farther, that when young Spiders first begin to spin, four hundred of them are not larger than one which is of a full growth; allowing which, four millions of a young Spider's threads are not so big as the single hair of a man's beard.—*Cyclopædia*.

(65) Polype, or Polypus, a fresh water insect, belonging to the genus of HYDRA, in the class of *worms*, and order of *Zoophytes*, in the Linnæan System; which, when cut into a number of separate pieces, becomes, in a day or two, so many distinct and separate animals; each piece having the surprising property of producing a head and tail, and the other organs necessary for life, and all the animal functions.

The production of its young is, indeed, different from the common course of nature in other animals: for the

young one issues from the side of its parent, in form of a small pimple or protuberance, which, lengthening and enlarging every hour, becomes, in about two days, a perfect animal, and drops from off its parent to shift for itself: but before it does this, it has often another growing from its side; and sometimes a third from it, even before the first is separated from its parent.

If the method of this little animal's producing its young be very amazing, its reproduction of the several parts, when cut off, is much more so. The discovery of this was perfectly accidental; for M. Trembley, who had often met with the creature in the water, and from its fixed residence in one place, and some other observations, not being able to determine whether it were an animal or a vegetable, made the trial by cutting it asunder, when, to his amazement, he found, that in a few days each of those pieces was become a perfect animal, the head part having shot forth a tail, and the tail a head.

A thousand other trials, by cutting the animal in different manners, first by M. Trembley, and afterwards, at his request, by Mons. Reaumur, and Bernard de Jussieu, at Paris, and Mr. Folkes, Mr. Baker, and the other Naturalists in England, were the result of this; and all succeeded in the same manner by those who repeated them.

The several strange properties recorded of this animal, though very surprising, are, however, none of them peculiar to it alone. The Surinam Toad is well known to produce its young, not in the ordinary way, but in cells upon its back. Mr. Sherwood has, very lately, discovered the small eels in sour paste, to be each, without exception, full of living young ones. And as to the most amazing of all its properties, the reproduction of its parts, we know the crab and lobster, if a leg be broken off, always produce a new one: and M. Bonet, M. Lyonet, Mons. de Reaumur, and Mr. Folkes, have all found on experiment, that several earth and water worms have the same property, some of them even when cut into thirty pieces. The *urtica marina*, or sea nettle, has been also
found

found to have the same : and the sea star-fish, of which the Polype is truly a species, though it had long escaped the searches of the Naturalists, was always well known by the fishermen to have it also.—*Cyclopædia*.

(66) The Toucan is a very singular bird, particularly for the largeness and disproportionate length of its beak, which, far from being a useful instrument, is only, says M. de Buffon, "a mass to lift which hinders the flight of the bird. This excessive and useless beak encloses a tongue more useless, not fleshy or cartilaginous, but a real feather, and certainly very ill placed. Its name, Toucan, signifies, feather in the Brazilian tongue."

The Toucans are spread through all the hot climates of Southern America : its plumage is very beautiful.

(67) The Kamichi is a large black bird of America, "very remarkable, says M. de Buffon, for the strength of its cry, and of its arms. It carries, on each wing, two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed crown, of three or four inches long, and two or three lines in a diameter at its base, &c."—*M. Buffon*.

(68) But, a genus of Quadrupeds, of the order of *seræ*, the characters of which are these. The fore-teeth of the upper jaw are six in number, acute, and distant from each other ; the fore-teeth of the lower jaw are also six, and acute, but contiguous ; the canine teeth are two both above and below, on each side ; the feet have each five toes ; the fore-feet have the toes connected by a membrane, and expanded into a kind of wings, whereby it flies ; whence this animal has been generally, but with the utmost impropriety, ranged among birds.

The Bat, called also by us *Lapwing*, and *Flittermouse*, by the Latins *Vespertilio*, seems a medium between the quadruped and the feathered kinds ; but it partakes most of the former tribe. In reality, it only appears to be a bird by its flying. They lay themselves up in winter in the driest apartments of caves ; where planting their talons to the roof, they cover their bodies with their wings, and so hanging perpendicularly in great numbers, but so as not to touch each other, they sleep for some months.

Travellers

Travellers speak of a sort of Bats in Golconda bigger than hens.

In Brazil there is a large species of this animal, which if men lie asleep with their legs naked, will, it is said, make a wound in them so gently, as not to wake them, but so deep, that they will suck the blood at it, and leave the person in some danger of bleeding to death.—*Cyclopædia*.

(69) "The Wax-Tree is a shrub of which there are two species: the one grows in Louisiana, the other in Carolina. This shrub has the appearance of myrtle, and its leaves are nearly of the same colour. Its berries, about the bigness of coriander-seed, contain kernels, covered with a kind of resin: this has some resemblance to wax, and the inhabitants make it into candles.—*M. de Bomare*.

(70) Sensitive Plant, in Botany. The structure of which is this: from the large stems, or main branches of the whole, there part off several other lesser ones, and from these there grow of others still less, which, by way of distinction, may be called the ribs of the leaves, as they serve to support a number of leaves arranged on each side, and standing on short pedicles in pairs, over against one another. Several other plants have this sort of compound leaves, as the cassia, colutea, and the like; and all these shut their leaves together at night, and open them again in the morning, in the same manner as the Sensitive Plant does. The periodical opening and shutting of the leaves are therefore common to many plants, not peculiar to the Sensitive Plant; but the marvel in this is, that beside having this motion periodical and regular, it is to be brought on at other times, and by accidents, there requiring no more than the touching the plant, to make it close its leaves at any time of the day, which it soon afterwards naturally opens again. This is peculiar to this plant, and resembles the action of an animal, which had been injured or frightened.

Mr. Ellis has lately described a Sensitive Plant, which is a native of the Swamps, in North-Carolina, called *Dionea Muscipula*, or *Venus's Fly-trap*; and which, from his account of it, appears to be the most animated of the whole

whole sensitive tribe of vegetables. Its sensibility exists in its leaves, each of which exhibits, in miniature, the figure of a rat-trap with teeth, closing on every fly, or other insect, that is tempted to taste the sweet liquor, which is supposed to be secreted in certain minute red glands, that cover its inner surface; but before it has had time to taste it, the lobes of the leaves rise up, and inclose and grasp the invader; and he is soon deprived of his life, by the action of three small direct spines, fixed near the middle of each lobe; nor do the leaves open again, while the dead animal continues there. The same effect is produced by a straw, or a pin.

Mr Ellis conjectures, that in the construction and motive powers of this plant, nature may have had some view to its nourishment, by forming the upper joint of each leaf, like a machine to catch food; and by having laid a bait upon the middle of it, to entice the unhappy insect that becomes its prey. But, perhaps it may be equally probable, that nature has armed and animated this plant, for the preservation of its juices, against the depredation of insects.—*Cyclopædia*.

(71) “Fraxinella, or White Dittany, is a plant which grows spontaneously in the woods of Languedoc, Provence, Italy, and Germany. The extremities of the stalks, and petals of the flowers, produce a quantity of essential oil, as may easily be shewn by the microscope. Morning and evening, during the summer, it sends forth ethereal inflammable vapours in such abundance, that, were a lighted candle put at the foot of the plant, it would suddenly be all in a flame, and form a very curious kind of burning bush.”—*M. de Bomare*.

(72) “The Amianthus is a fossile substance, composed of very fine threads, and is found of various colours. From these threads a cloth is made, which fire will not consume: on the contrary, it is thrown into the fire to be purified, from any dirty or extraneous matter, though it loses a little of its weight each time it is thus washed. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, they bound the bodies of their Kings in cloth, made of the Amianthus, to prevent the ashes mingling
“with

“ with the materials of the funeral fire. It is very proper for wicks to burn in oil, because it is not liable to any change which might impede the light. The Pagans used it in their sepulchral lamps.”—*M. de Bomare.*

(73) China owes, to this Prince, the abolition of a custom equally barbarous and irrational. “ It was common enough among the Tartars, when a man died, for one of his wives to hang herself. In 1668, a Tartar of distinction died at Peking; a young wife of seventeen was preparing to give this proof of her affection; but her parents presented a request to the Emperor, supplicating him to abolish an usage so odious. This Prince ordained it should be abandoned, as an ancient remain of barbarism. The same custom has been established among the Chinese, but was practised less frequently; and their Philosopher (a) denied it his sanction.

“ The character of the Chinese, in general, is mild and tractable: they have great affability in their manners, without the least mixture of harshness, passion, or pettishness, which moderation is remarkable among the common people. Europeans, who have any business to transact with the Chinese, ought to carefully forbear all kinds of vivacity, tending towards passion; such excesses being held in China, vices contrary to humanity. Not that the Chinese are not as lively as we are, but they learn betimes to vanquish the defects of temper.

“ The modesty of Chinese women is extreme: they live constantly retired, and cover their bodies with such attention, that the ends of their fingers are hid by their sleeves; and if they present any thing to their nearest relations, they lay it on a table, for fear their hand might be touched.

“ The following are the most remarkable causes of discordance among the Chinese. 1. A babbling wife, who makes

(a) Confucius.

" makes herself disagreeable, is subject, for this defect,
 " to be repudiated, though she has long been married,
 " and has borne her husband several children. 2. A
 " woman who fails in submission to her father or mo-
 " ther-in-law. 3. Sterility. 4. Jealousy, &c.—On
 " the nuptial night, the young Bride is led into her hus-
 " band's apartment, where she finds scissors, thread,
 " cotton, and other working materials laid upon a table;
 " by which she is given to understand she must love la-
 " bour, and avoid indolence.

" The respect which children pay to their parents,
 " and scholars to their masters, is incomparable; they
 " speak little, and stand always in their presence. Cus-
 " tom obliges them, especially on the first day of the
 " year, the day of their birth, and other occasions, to
 " salute them kneeling, and several times bow the fore-
 " head to the ground.

" Although an eldest son inherits nothing from his fa-
 " ther, he is still obliged to bring up his brothers, marry
 " them, and stand instead of the father they have lost.
 " Those who have no heir male, adopt the son of their
 " brother, or some other relation, sometimes even of a
 " stranger. The adopted son is invested with every le-
 " gitimate privilege, takes the name of the adopter, and
 " becomes his heir. Should another son happen to be
 " born in the same family, the succession is divided be-
 " tween them. The Chinese are permitted to take
 " more than one wife; the second ranks after the first;
 " the law, however, does not grant this privilege, till
 " the first is forty years of age, without any mark of
 " fecundity.

" Colours are not all worn indifferently in China;
 " yellow appertains only to the Emperor, and the Princes
 " of the blood; sattin, with a red ground, belongs to a
 " certain class of the Mandarins, on days of ceremony;
 " the rest usually wear black, blue, or violet; the peo-
 " ple commonly wear blue or black: the shirt is of dif-
 " ferent sorts of stuff, according to the seasons. Its com-
 " mon enough, during the great heats, to wear silk next
 " the skin, that the sweat may not stain their habits.
 " The

“ The colour of the women is either red, blue, or
“ green ; few of them wear black, or violet, till they
“ are old.

“ Mourning, for a father or mother, continues three
“ years in China ; which custom, as they pretend, is
“ founded on the gratitude a child owes its parents, for
“ their trouble and care during their first three years of
“ infancy. White is the colour for mourning ; but, du-
“ ring the first month after the death of a father or mo-
“ ther, children wear hempen sackcloth of a bright red,
“ not finer than a common sack. The Chinese are per-
“ mitted to keep a corpse as long as they please in their
“ houses ; and they sometimes do not remove them for
“ three or four years, during all which time their seat is
“ a stool, and their bed a mat of reeds, placed near the
“ coffin. They forbear the use of wine and certain
“ meats ; they do not assist at feasts, nor frequent pub-
“ lic assemblies. At last, however, the body must be
“ buried ; for it is the indispensable duty of a son,
“ carefully to deposit a parent in the tomb of his an-
“ cestors.

“ The Chinese have two famous feasts ; the first, of
“ the new year ; the other, of the Lanterns. During
“ the latter, all China is so illuminated, that it might
“ be thought on fire. Every inhabitant of the empire,
“ in town or country, light up different-coloured lan-
“ terns, and hang them in their courts, at their win-
“ dows, and in their apartments. The rich, on this
“ occasion, go to a prodigious expence ; their lanterns
“ are of various forms, and most of them gilded and
“ magnificently ornamented ; though nothing gives so
“ much brilliancy to the rejoicings as the fire-works,
“ which are seen in every part of their cities. This
“ feast continues five days. The common opinion con-
“ cerning its origin, is, that it was established soon after
“ the foundation of the empire, by a Mandarin, who
“ having lost his daughter on the banks of a river, went
“ in search of her, though without success, with torches
“ and lanterns, accompanied by a crowd of people,
“ who loved him for his virtues. The learned, how-
“ ever, give another origin to the feast of the lanterns :
“ they

“ they pretend that the Emperor Kye, last Monarch of
 “ the family of Hya, complained of the division of
 “ nights and days, which rendered one half of life use-
 “ less. He therefore built a Palace without windows,
 “ in which he assembled a certain number of persons ;
 “ and that he might totally banish darkness, established
 “ a continual illumination by lanterns, which gave birth
 “ to this feast.

“ The magnificence of the Chinese is conspicuous in
 “ their public works, fortifications, temples, bridges,
 “ towers, triumphal arches, high ways, canals, &c.
 “ There are about 3000 towers on their great wall, in
 “ the building of which, one-third of the inhabitants of
 “ the Empire were employed. This famous work is at
 “ present as perfect as the first day it was built. Their
 “ most famous edifice is, the Grand, or Porcelain Tower,
 “ at Nankeen: it is an octagon, of about forty feet in
 “ diameter, each side presenting a face of fifteen feet :
 “ it is nine story high: the wall of the first story is not
 “ less than twelve feet thick, and eight and a half high :
 “ it is faced with porcelain, which porcelain is in fine
 “ preservation, though it is three hundred years old.
 “ This tower is said to be about two hundred feet high.
 “ China contains 1100 triumphal arches, built in honour
 “ of Princes, illustrious men and women, and persons
 “ renowned for their knowledge and virtue.

“ Agriculture is highly honoured in China: a season-
 “ able rain gives occasion to the Mandarins to visit and
 “ compliment each other. In the spring, according to
 “ ancient custom, the Emperor fails not, with great so-
 “ lemnity, to hold the plough, and sow different sorts of
 “ grain. Twelve Lords are selected to assist in his la-
 “ bours ; besides which, he is accompanied by fifty res-
 “ pectable and aged Farmers, on whom he bestows va-
 “ rious presents. The Mandarins observe the same ce-
 “ remony in every town. The Emperor Yongchin
 “ commanded the Governors of towns, every year, to
 “ remit him the name of a Peasant of their district,
 “ distinguished for his application to Agriculture, his
 “ irreproachable conduct, his family union, his fru-
 “ gality, prudence, or peace-making among his neigh-
 “ bours.

“ hours. The Emperor, on the Governor’s testimony,
“ raises this man to the degree of a Mandarin of the
“ eighth order, and sends him honorary patents of his
“ rank, by which he is qualified to wear a Mandarin’s
“ habit, visit the Governor, and sit and drink tea in his
“ presence.”

Abrégé de l’Hif. gen. des Voy. par M. de la Harpe.



END OF VOLUME II.

11